June, 1963 35¢

TRUE WEST

The Heritage of Charlie Russell

Did heredity or environment—or both—make Russell a "white Indian"?

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Battle of the Mighty Three —Bill Judge • High Rock Canyon —Nell Murbarger

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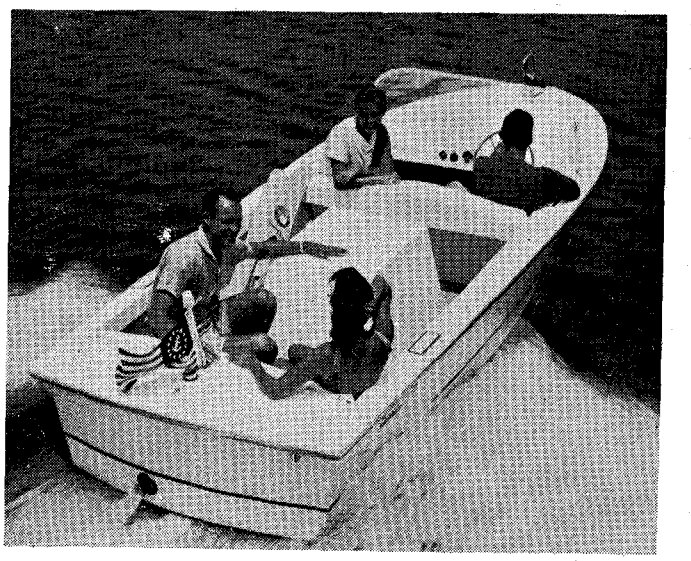

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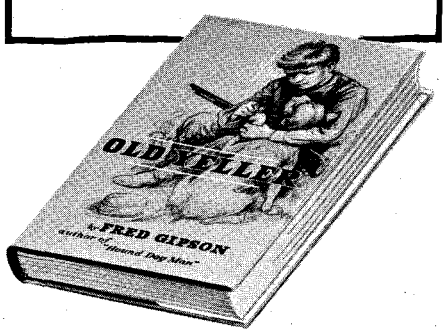

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May-June, 1963
Volume 10, No. 5
Whole No. 57

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: "Wild Horse Hunters" by Charles M. Russell
Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas
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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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FREIGHTING IN TO DEADWOOD

BY CHARLEY ZABEL

(in collaboration with J. L. Beardsley)

Taken from the book, ROUNDUP YEARS, this is a gripping story of the days when old coaches used to roll into the Black Hills on the gallop—drivers cracking their whips like pistol shots. It was a different world and the men who lived in it were different, too—they had to be!

Also included in this issue:

WOMEN WARRIORS By Bill Judge

An exciting story unfolds of Indian women who fought beside their young braves and battled for honors usually given only to the men of their tribes.

JIM REYNOLDS AND HIS GANG By Luella Shaw

Again we are bringing you a story from a rare old book, "True History of Some of the Pioneers of Colorado." Outlaws who dared to operate while the country was under martial law often took a ride with no return.

BUTTERFIELD'S BACK BREAKERS. Bob Crawford, a hardware dealer, sure had a lot to say about the Butterfield Stage. Even if a man could escape the Indians, he was a hospital case from the bad food, the grime and the bruises!

THREE-STORY TOWN. Auburn, California, was a town full of good-hearted people who always seemed to get into trouble. There was a lot of yellow metal around and the citizens kept busy trying to take it away from each other!

A WAGON ROAD THROUGH CROW COUNTRY. John Bozeman takes the initial step in opening what was to be one of the West's most important trails!

MASSACRE AT SAN TIMOTEO. A soldier of fortune and his band of cut-throats made a stand in a blind canyon. They were stalked by a man who had but one thought—revenge.

GREATEST OF THE PLAINSMEN. Leading the great Pawnee battalion, Major Frank North was more than a match for the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Sioux.

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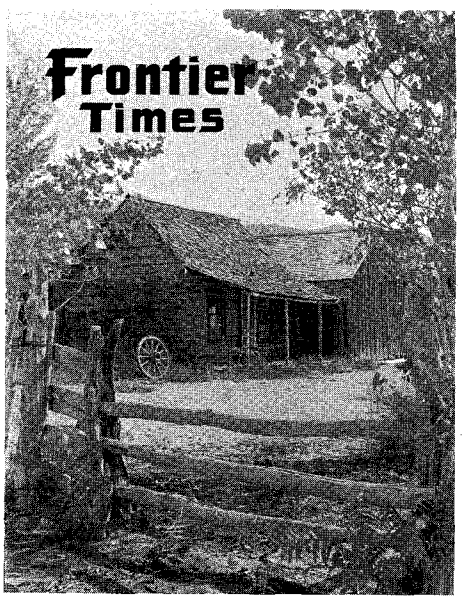

PLUS: THE MOUNTAIN THAT DISAPPEARED, "BONES" HOOKS OF THE PANHANDLE, CELILO ON THE COLUMBIA, TREASURE FEVER, NAMING THE WESTERN STATES, IN THE DAYS OF TENTS AND DUGOUTS, MONTY'S REVENGE, JIM BOWIE AND THE ALAMO, SLIPPERY GULCH, FRONTIER POST, WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP AND NUGGETS.

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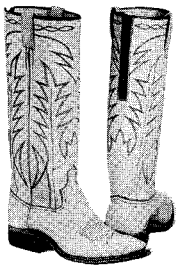

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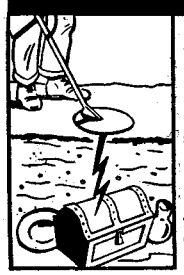

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True Western

The Vanishing Past

Dear Joe:

The letter from reader McElroy against saving our ghost towns (TRUE WEST, December, 1962) is the general sentiment of our fast-moving civilization. But I am in complete support of Kenneth Sherwood Roe. Preservation must be done immediately. For instance, in 1962, our own Department of Interior obliterated two old camps in southwestern Arizona. One of them, Quitobo Quito Springs, was more than a hundred years old. These old camps were "unsightly and dangerous" according to a Parks Department employee.

At this time some of us are trying to save Old Tombstone from being destroyed by modern U.S. Highway 80. Many Tombstone residents are in favor of the new highway covering old Fremont Street and the O. K. Corrall.

But back to the camps—there are still many old ones in the Southwest worth saving if we can put up a loud enough howl in the right places.—Glenn Lott, 104, Stanfield, Arizona.

Editor's Note: This seems a good time to announce that in the next issue of TRUE WEST (August—on sale June 20) we are publishing a sequel to the "Save Our Ghost Towns" article. The response was really great and author Roe is bringing the whole problem up to date in the interest of vacationers or anyone else who is concerned with preserving our heritage—not bulldozing it. Don't miss this feature! We've actually got something to go on now—you readers seem to have made up your minds that our old Western towns are not going to wind up in the scrap heap, after all!.

The Death of Billy Grounds

Sirs:

Who is right? In your TRUE WEST issue of February, 1963, Mr. Heald leaves the impression that Billy Grounds, then nineteen years old, was killed at the Stockton Ranch around August or September, 1881.

I see in an eastern Western that C. Mays states that Grounds was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1862 and was killed on March 25, 1888. That would make Billy twenty-six at the time of his death which would give him seven years to get this treasure and dispose of it.—George L. Swim, Route 1, Box 1559, Spanaway, Washington.

Author's Reply: In researching buried treasure or lost mine stories, you find that accounts vary endlessly and often contradict each other. Perhaps dates are worst of all. However, I believe that 1888 is impossibly late, as the burning of the Contention Mine and water infiltration shut down Tombstone as an active mining camp in 1886-87, and Deputy Sheriff Breakenridge had his day long before that.—Weldon F. Heald, 2137 East Eighth Street, Tucson, Arizona.

Worth the Price

Sir:

Your FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST are sure worth the price! I remember many of the events your writers give us articles about.

I came to Kansas from Missouri in a covered wagon in the spring of 1893. A tall skinny Missourian operated the ferry at White Cloud Crossing. He had the longest paddle I ever saw. He charged $2.25 for ferrying my father's covered wagon across the Missouri River and carried, on a second trip, three horses (one a three-year-old unbroken gelding). The river was high and muddy.

I have seen a number of places where placer gold was visible at my feet. One place, in Adams County, Idaho, an iron rock formation showed four large colors equal to twelve colors in some hard rock Colorado gold-bearing quartz I have seen. (Six colors usually means pay dirt if there's a wav to get it to a smelter.)

There's one place in Colorado where an outcrop shows a green-tinted gold ledge which assays over $3,000 to the ton. It's on private property and, as far as I know, no one has bothered to mine it during the past forty years. Perhaps someone will sometime.—Floyd F. Stambaugh, General Delivery, Topeka, Kansas.

Name Yer Pizen

Dear Sirs:

Referring to the bootlegging story in your April 1962 issue ("The Last Marshal"), when my sister lived at Gowan,

(Continued on page 51)

THE WILD HORSE HUNTERS

Our cover this issue is one of the paintings that made Charles M. Russell's 1914 exhibition at Dore Galleries in London such a success. The vivid hues lend excitement to the frantic struggling of the wild horses and the sure, confident movements of the experienced men and their trained mounts. Russell leaves little doubt that victory over the black stallion will be achieved in short order and the entire herd eventually corralled. The original oil on canvas is 47" by 30" and was painted in 1913.

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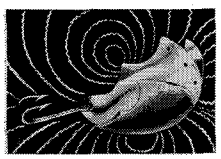

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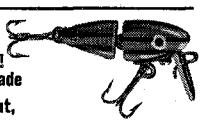

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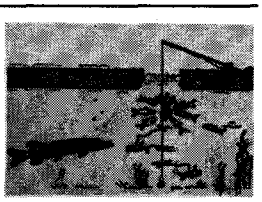

- ★ Attracts Large Quantities Of Minnow
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Bait maintains rich flavor through submerged service due to "Killies" special formula. Attracts minnows from way down stream in water current.

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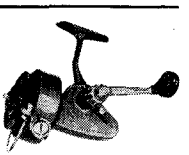
Precision engineered by Italy's most distinguished manufacturer of top quality reels. Made to outperform any other reel in its price range. Built to withstand salt water, it is the reel for both salt and fresh water use. Weighs approx. 11 oz. Ratio 3.8 to 1. Chrome plated pick-up bail. Genuine agate line roller. Push-button spool release. Built-in drag. Spool changes without resetting. Gunmetal blue.



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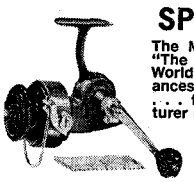

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M33LH for left-handers

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CATALOGUE #	LENGTH	WEIGHT	PRICE
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BROOK'S PUTS THE WIGGLE IN THE WORM

The up-and-down and side-to-side swimming action of the Brook's Reefer gives the squirmy worm a live swimming action that makes it one of the most exciting baits you've ever used — especially for Bass and Walleyes. Bait and worm colors are: Orange & Black, Yellow & Red, Frog & Natural, Shiner & Natural, Redhead & Red, Black & Black — Your choice of 6" worm attached to either Regular Reefer or Baby Reefer, or 4" worm attached to Tiny Reefer. $1.35.

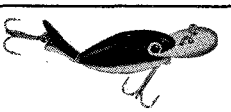
BROOK'S JOINTED REEFER

Same crawling, rolling movement as the Brook's Reefer but jointed tail provides a wider action.

This little extra wiggle drives fish STRIKE CRAZY

Brooke Oertel, professional designer of over 1,000 lures, calls the Jointed Reefer his finest. Special jointed tail and body design gives extra wiggle that makes Jointed Reefer swim from side to side with excited crippled action like an injured minnow.

Available in Orange, Yellow, Frog, Shiner, Perch, Red Head, Black.
JOINTED REEFER — for casting and trolling for all larger inland game fish. ⅜ oz., $1.35.
BABY JOINTED REEFER — A great spinning lure for above fish when they're hitting smaller lures. 1/5 oz., $1.35.
TINY JOINTED REEFER — for light and ultra-light spinning and trolling for smaller game fish, all pan fish. ⅛ oz., $1.35.



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BROOK'S JOINTED DIGGER
"Gets 'em even when they're not hitting!"

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BROOK'S NO. 7
The Weedless Lure THAT Catches The BIG ONES

This is the lure you can cast or troll over and through weed beds where the Big Ones hide. It won't snag or hang up even in tough cover. Has non-cocking spinner shaft and flashing spinner that gives splashing, whirring sonic effect. Great for bass and pike . . . In Yellow, Frog, Shiner, Perch, Red Head and Black; approx. ⅝ oz. $1.25.

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Perfect for Closed-Face and Open-Face Spinning and Bait Casting Reels

THE WALLEYE MURDERER

Did the Rughead drive the Walleye from Lake Erie? Nobody knows why the Walleye left but the Rughead was considered the outstanding Walleye killer on the lake. Will catch Walleye wherever they are! — also terrific for Big Northern, Large Mouth Bass. Its metal trace stops line tangle. Flashy Spinners, colorful reefer tail and fluorescent beads with brightly trimmed hooks drive 'em crazy. In Yellow or Red; 2 sizes ½ oz. & ¼ oz. $1.25.

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The Heritage of Charlie Russell

Russell was a man with a foot in both camps. Who knew the cowboy better? Who knew the warrior better? Who else could have loved them equally--except "the white Indian"?

By 'TANA MAC

Charles Marion Russell as he worked in his log cabin studio at Great Falls Montana. This building has become a museum.

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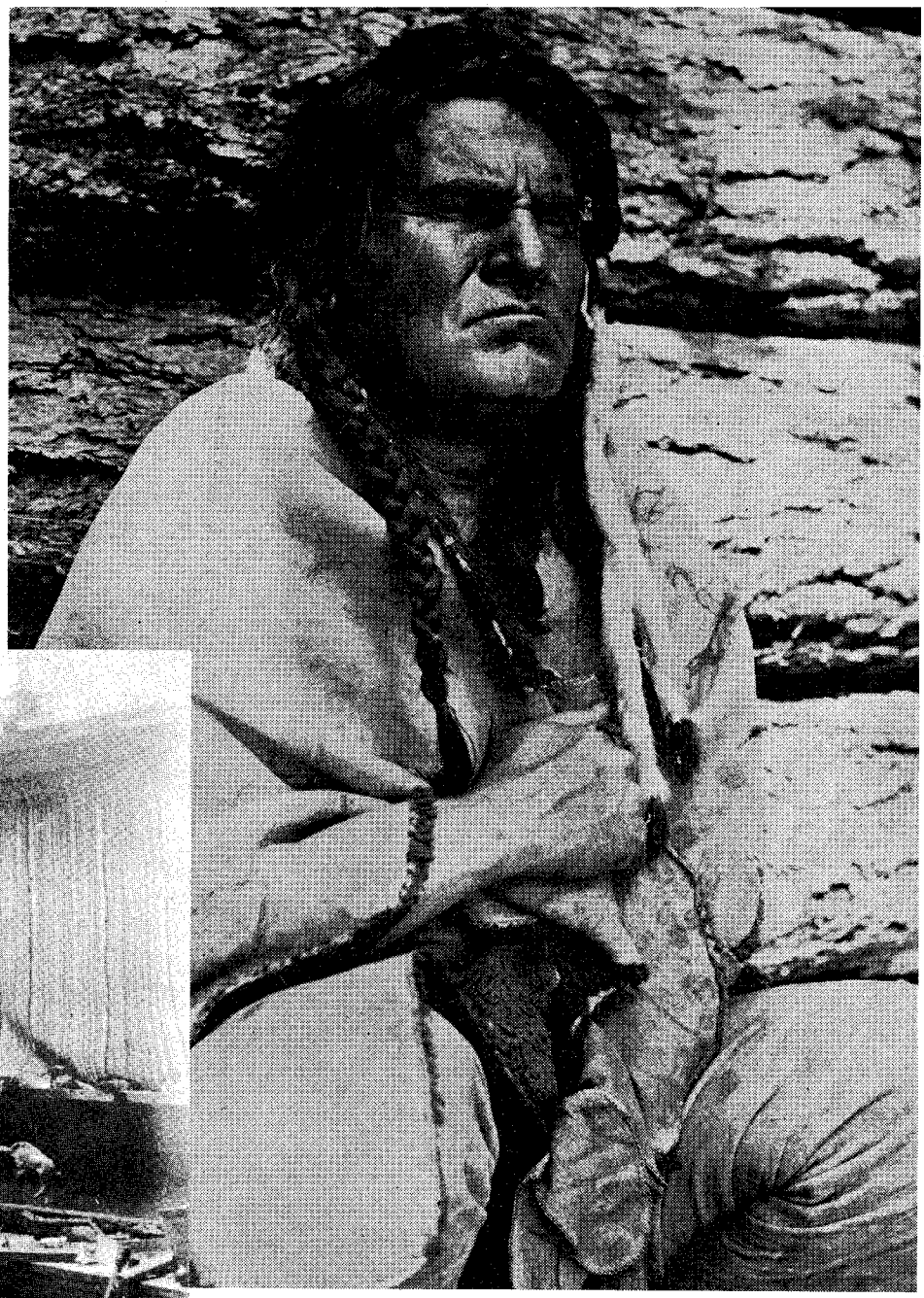


"The White Indian," Charles M. Russell, as he was called by sculptor Lorado Taft.

ADMIRERS of the canvases and sculpture work of Charles Marion Russell acknowledge his creative genius and striking individualism—a cowboy who spent his young manhood on the range, employed usually as nighthawk, and who, after his marriage, devoted his time and talents to art.

But there are many followers of his who do not know that his family heritage was a great one and that, if it is true that "blood tells," his veins were fed from rich sources. Charles Russell traced his ancestry on the paternal side back to the great family of Bents. In Colorado history, the name Bent is a revered word. To one generation, it was even a fearful word, for two half-breed sons turned renegade, bringing disgrace to their names. It is a strange story and it signifies much in understanding Russell's make-up.

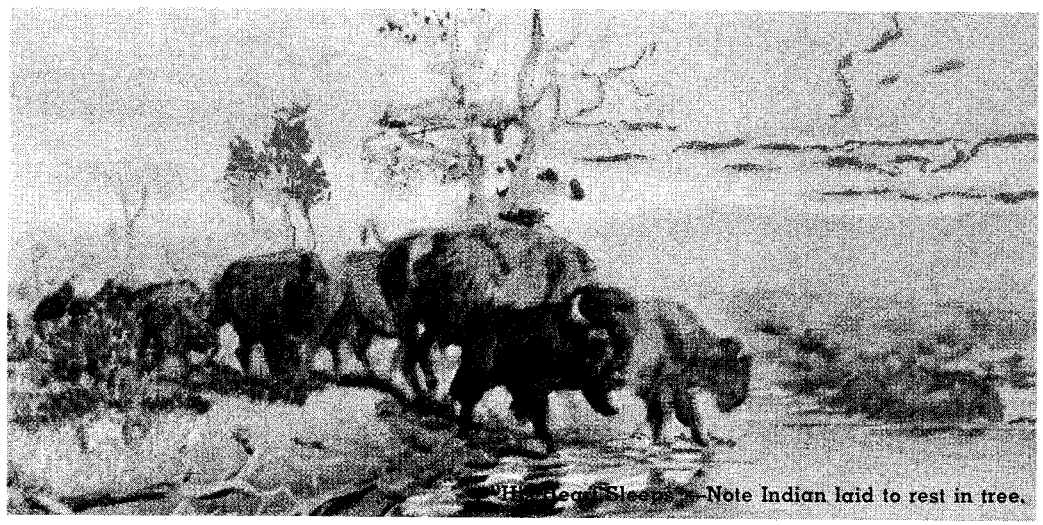
The Bent ancestors came to the New World eighteen years after the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Like other colonists, they were anxious to escape the heavy taxes of Charles I. These Bent pioneers settled in Massachusetts. The great-great-grandfather of Charles Russell was Silas Bent, a Minute Man in the American Revolution. He later became a lieutenant colonel in the 7th Regiment of Massachusetts Militia.

Not content to settle on the land which he had fought for and defended, he took his family to Ohio. This desire to strike west was inherited by future generations. Charles Russell knew it well when he was a dreaming boy in St. Louis.

Silas, Jr., Russell's great-grandfather, applied himself to the study of law. He was given responsible positions as surveyor and associate justice. Well-to-do, his friends among the educated and elite were many.

It was his daughter, Lucy, who was to become Russell's grandmother. Lucy had ten brothers and sisters, but the two most famous were Charles and William Bent. Their names shall be in prominence in the West as long as history is studied.

David Lavender, in his superb book, *Bent's Fort*, gives a powerful picture of the Bents. "Obviously," he writes, "Silas's eleven children did not grow up in the traditional semi-literate, semi-indigent cabin-in-a-clearing. They knew, as few other American youngsters did, the proud French houses set amid deep lawns and fragrant fruit trees, where sumptuous breakfasts were served alfresco on wide galleries overlooking the Mississippi. Inside the iron-studded doors they tiptoed decorously across gleaming inlaid



"His Last Sleep"—Note Indian laid to rest in tree.

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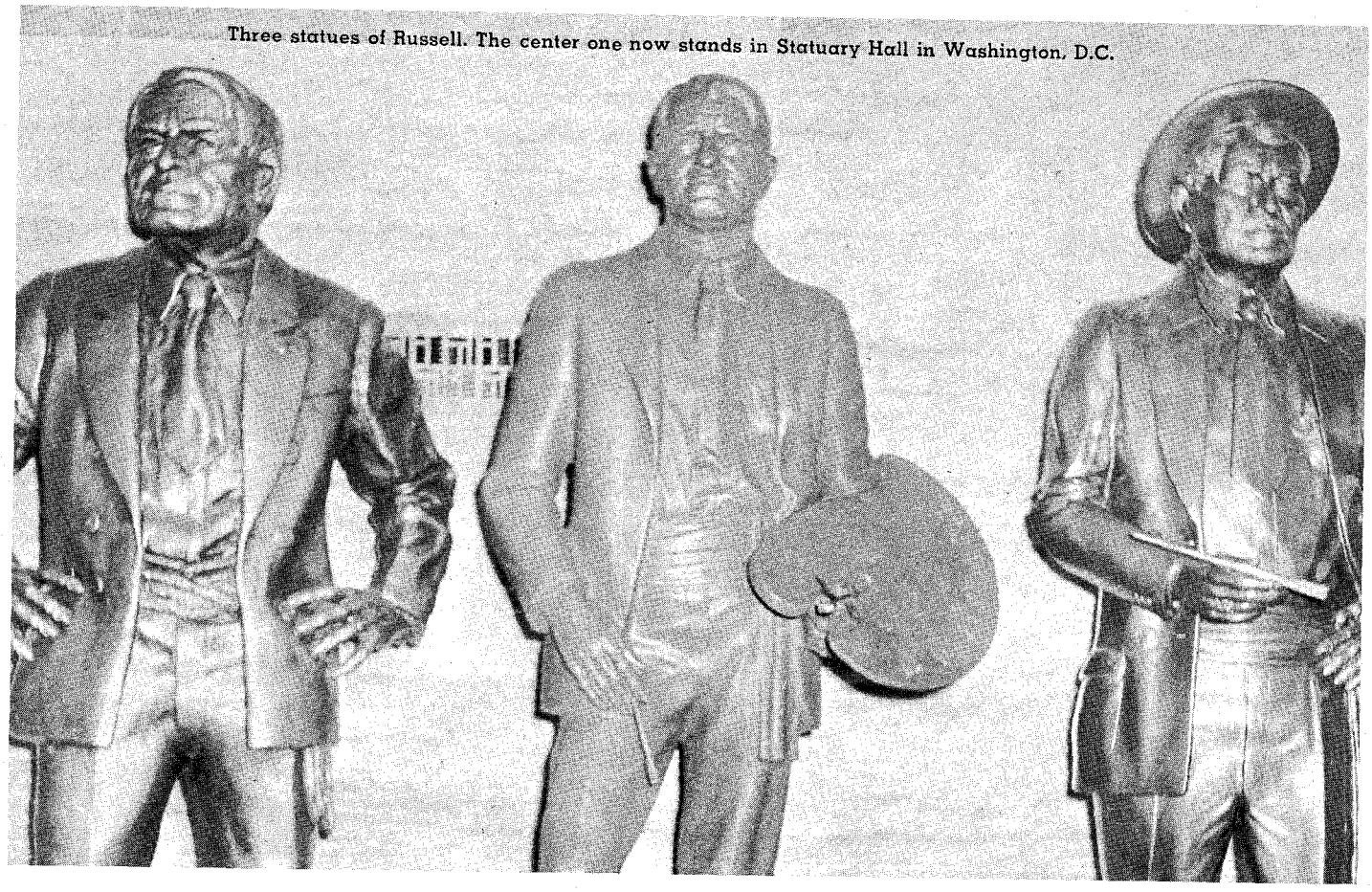

Three statues of Russell. The center one now stands in Statuary Hall in Washington, D.C.

Nancy and Charlie Russell

floors and beside massive mahogany furniture brought from homes across the sea. Down in the cool, paved cellars they dipped deep drinks of water, clarified by alum and burnt almonds, from red stone jars almost as tall as their heads.

"It was gracious living at the edge of the wilds—but it is hard to believe that it was the Bent boys' kind of living. To Charles and later to his favorite brother, William Wells Bent, born on May 23, 1809, the vibrant town (St. Louis) and its surroundings were far more exciting."

SILAS, JR. and his family arrived at St. Louis in September, 1806, just six days prior to the return of Lewis and Clark from their famous expedition. Silas was made principal deputy surveyor in charge of Louisiana Territory. He also audited territorial accounts. In 1807 he served as Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Around 1812 he was made Judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory. His reputation was great, his character sterling. He was received in all circles with the greatest of respect.

There can be no doubt that environment helped mold Charles and William Bent. Their father, as Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was associated with Auguste Chouteau and Bernard Pratte, serving in the same capacity; these two men were to try their hand at dominating the fur trade of the Missouri.

David Lavender contends that Charles probably met Manuel Lisa across his father's table, and Charles was the first of the sons to champion Lisa's cause for the Missouri fur trade. But competition was too great and within a few years Manuel was backed against the wall.

Charles and several others formed a partnership to salvage what was left, organizing under the name Pilcher &

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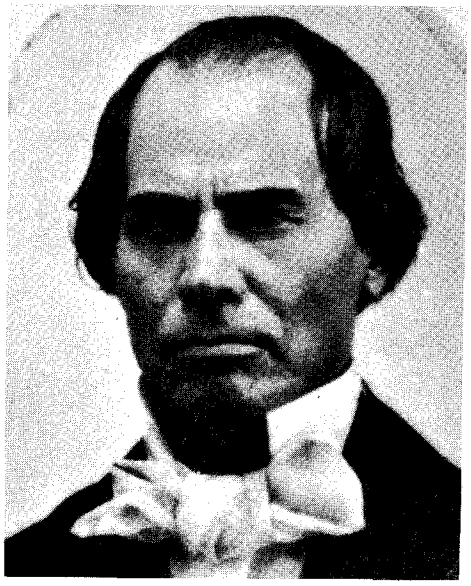

Kansas State Historical Society

Above, William Bent; left, this bronze originated with prints left by Russell. At his death Nancy had sculptor Henry Lion make up the figures of Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea; below, a self-portrait of Russell. The red "breed" sash was part of his make-up, as were his rings, boots, and Stetson.

Company. Moving in to help was Charles's younger brother, William.

Whoever studies the history of Charles and William Bent must also study a third person who joined them to set up a great trapping-trading triumvirate. He was Ceran St. Vrain, who traced his heritage directly to French nobility. St. Vrain was schooled in the same game as the Bent brothers, having been reared by Bernard Pratte.

Furs were their business, and to implement the laborious work of outfitting trappers and winning their loyalty, they decided to erect a trading post in the heart of the wilderness. Bent's Fort, which was named in honor of William, became their headquarters.

In Colorado, between present-day Las Animas and La Junta, Bent's Fort was built to facilitate trade with the Indians. That fort housed most of the great figures of early western history at one time or another: Kit Carson, "Old Bill" Williams, Dick Wootton, Blackfoot John Smith, Mexican Sol Silver, Lucian Maxwell, Bill Sublette, Baptiste Charbonneau (Sacajawea's son), Tom Fitzpatrick, Billy Mitchell, Tom Smith, James Beckwourth and many others.

Incidents in the Bent history which might have influenced the life of Charles Russell can be only conjecture. Yet it makes interesting speculation when examining various facets of his behavior.

It is known that Russell loved an Indian girl. Sculptor Jessie Lincoln Mitchell, who was a neighbor of the Russells for a couple of years, identified this girl as Kee-oh-mee and states that Charlie painted several pictures of her, some under her own name, and one titled, *The Water Girl.*

Mrs. Mitchell states that she was the daughter of an old chief of the Blood Indians of Canada. Russell lived with these Indians some six months, but he never married Kee-oh-mee, and he never disclosed his reasons. Perhaps the history of the Bents offers the strongest clue to his decision.

His grandmother Lucy's brother, William Bent of Bent's Fort, married a Cheyenne named Yellow Woman. Two of their half-breed children broke his heart. Both boys were named after beloved brothers of his, Charles and George. The latter died at the age of thirty-three, probably of consumption.

During the widespread Indian uprising in 1864, sons Charles and George went over to the Indian side, and Charles became such a renegade that his father was compelled to disown him.

William had loved the Cheyennes as his own people. He had seen them betrayed again and again by false promises from the whites and the far removed Government. But perhaps the greatest crime perpetrated on them was when Colonel J. M. Chivington attacked the village of Black Kettle on Sand Creek. Camped in the village were William's sons, Charles and George, and leading the troops of Chivington was their brother, Robert (named after his handsome uncle who had been killed at twenty-five by the Comanches). Robert thought he was leading the whites to the Indian village for a visit or "powwow," but blood lust, spurred by a desire to make a name for himself, possessed Chivington.

Although the Indians raised an American flag, with another white flag of truce flying beneath it, the order was given to mow them down, one and all. It was a betrayal that caused Charles and George—half-white, half-Indian—to renounce their white blood and take to the renegade life. They saw their mother's people slaughtered in a useless mas-

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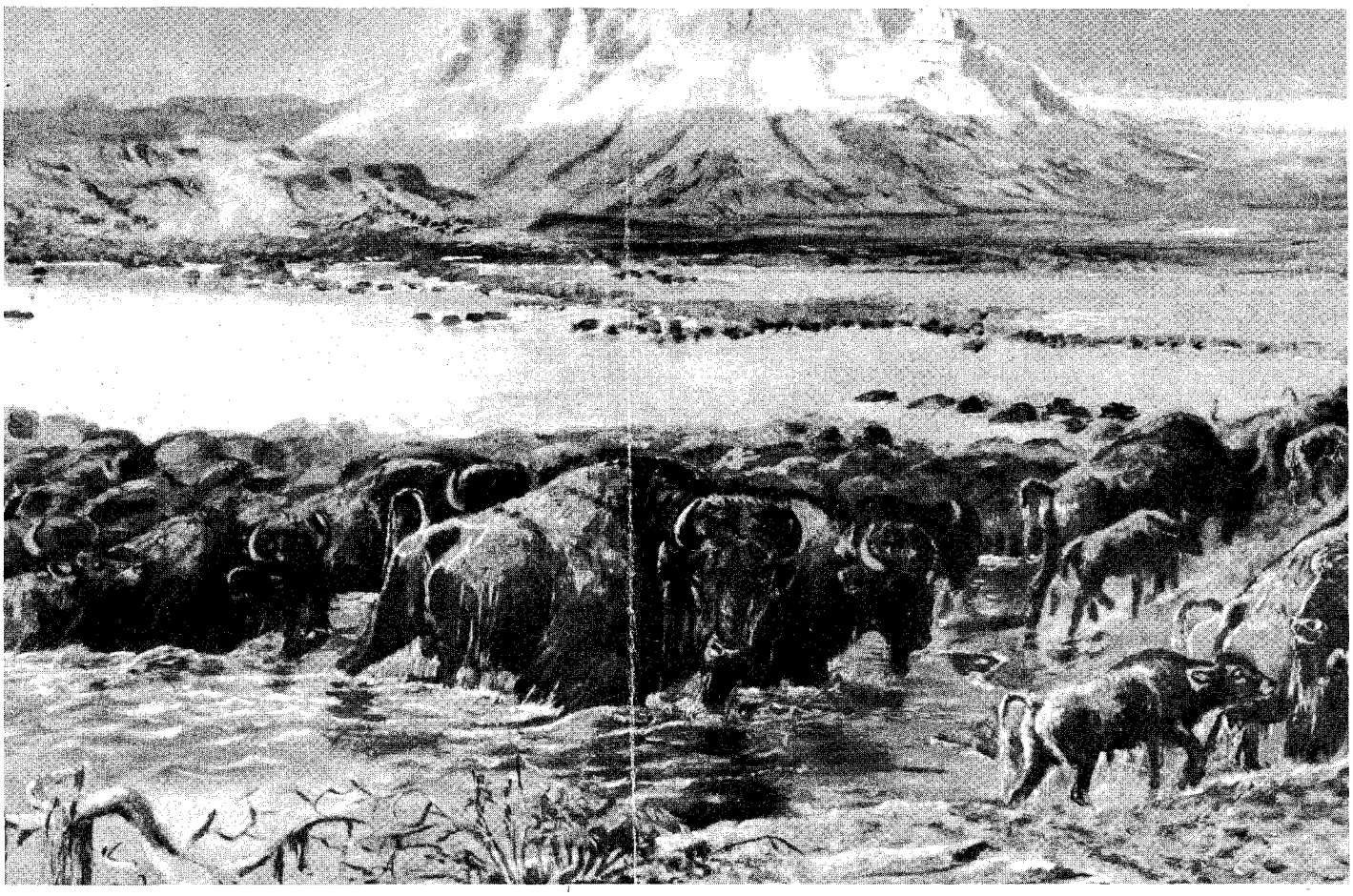

"Buffalo on the Move"

sacre; they meant to avenge her. Robert Bent's account of the tragedy is a sad one.

So great did Charles' depredations become that there was widespread relief when in 1868, wounded and weakened with malaria, he died. His father had disowned him by then, ashamed of the ruthless torture Charles had inflicted on white prisoners before he killed them. But William, too, died the following year. Gone were his beloved Cheyennes, herded and shipped away to the barren reservation land of Oklahoma. The West he had known had vanished.

THIS IS the sad story that Charles Russell carried around in his heart. It helps to account for his great sympathy for the Indians, recounted by all who knew him. It is evident, too, in his writing and his paintings.

He did not marry the Indian girl he loved. No half-white, half-red children would be his to find themselves torn between two worlds. Instead, he married a white woman, Nancy Cooper, and if his past life with the Indians haunted him, he kept it to himself. His high regard, however, cropped out again and again in his works: "The Red man was the true American . . . their God was the sun their church all outdoors their only book was nature and they knew all its pages." And supporting this attitude, he wrote a short poem:

"Nature taught her child
To read, to write and spell,
And with her books before him
He reads his lesson well . . ."

Several verses follow, and then the poem concludes in a sad, ironic note:

"He loves his mother country
Where all her creatures trod,
Yet he is called a heathen
Who always lived with God."

In *Trails Plowed Under,* Russell tells about an old white man named Lindsey. The reader wonders if Russell was writing his own sentiments when he presents the man's philosophy.

"He says he's talkin' to the sun; he's thankin' him for the warm wind that melts the snow.

" 'Do you believe in God?' says I.

" 'Yes,' says he.

" 'What kind of a one?'

" 'That one,' says he, pintin' with his staff to the sun. 'The one I can see an' have watched work for many years. He gathers the clouds an' makes it rain; then warms the ground an' the grass turns green. When it's time he dries it yellow, makin' it good winter feed for grass-eaters.

" 'Again, when he's mad, my people say he drives the rain away, dryin' up the streams an' water holes. If it wasn't for him there couldn't nothin' or nobody live. Do you wonder that we pray him to be good an' thank him when he is? I'm all Injun but my hide; their God's my God, an' I don't ask for no better.' "

There were many people who thought that Russell had Indian blood in his veins. He had the features of an Indian as well as their quiet mannerisms. His biographer, Harold McCracken, expresses it well when he writes that his "deeply lined face had so much the look of a leathery old Indian sage." Lorado Taft called Russell "the white Indian." The Bloods named him "Au-Wah-Cous" meaning "Antelope."

In many of his letters Russell adopted the speech of the red man. To artist Ed Borein, he wrote: "My Brother we are both from the big hills But our fires have been far apart We met in a strange land Lonesumniss makes strong friends of Shy strangers In this big camp where the lodges hide the Sun and its people rube sholders but do no speek Your pipe was mine It is good our harts are the same."

He could express genuine sentiment in the language of the Indian. His understanding went deep. His protegé, Joe De Yong, states that Russell's employment of his hands in the universal sign language was a graceful thing to behold.

A LETTER collection, compiled by his widow, Nancy Russell, in the book, *Good Medicine,* holds many fine examples of the Indian mode of speech. To artist Will Crawford in New York, he wrote:

"The trail is long it is good if Seldom Writes makes maney moccasins an when the grass comes let him travel to the big hills where the sun sleeps

"Three times have the dogs howled at my lodge door while I ate smoked an slept by the fire of Seldom Writes but never has the grass been bent my way by his moccasins Has Seldom Writes grown fast to his shell like the littel water people that live about him?"

To war correspondent Edward Emmerson he wrote: "The Manhatten has sent for the pigan it is good the Antilopes hart would be glad to smoke with maney tribes at the big camps but for three moons the trails have hidden beneath the snow an it is not good to

(Continued on page 66)

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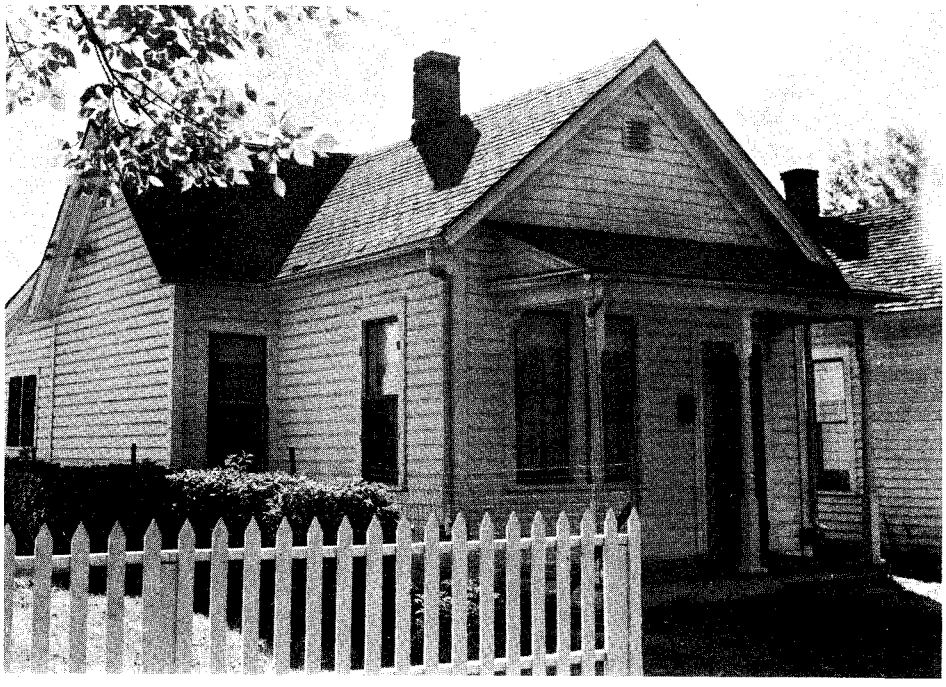
State Historical Society of Colorado

Governor Charles Bent

Reproduced by Eklund Studio

Above, the proposed Russell stamp designed by his friend Bill Arnold; below, Jack Dempsey and Russell. Russell was a great boxing fan.

Russell's first home in Great Falls, on 6th Avenue North.



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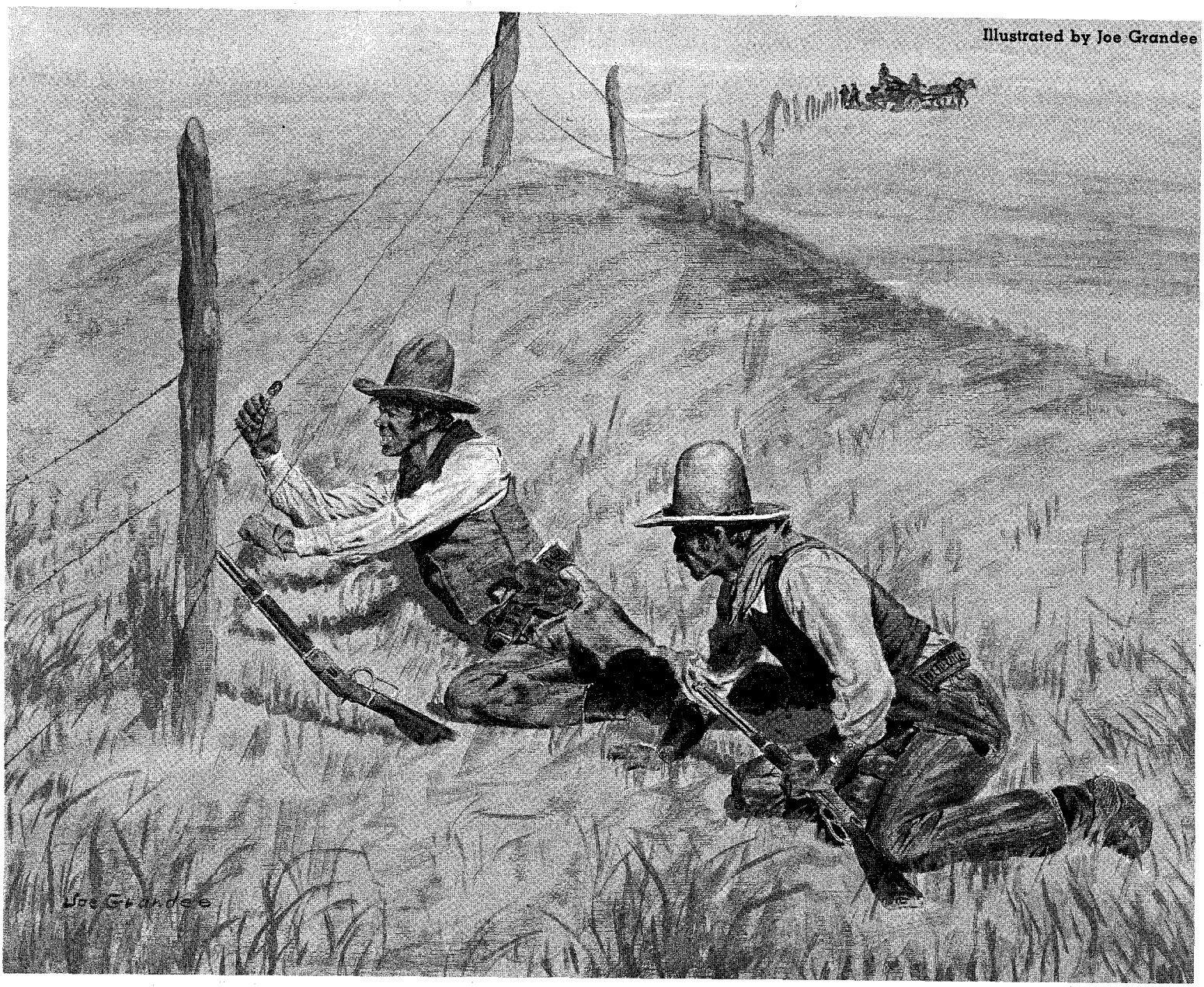

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

There's nothing that will eat up a man like pretending he's something he isn't. Follow these two Rangers on a "spying expedition" that wore them right down to the nub!

By WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

The Fence-Cutters

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THE INVENTION of barbed wire in 1873 made it possible for the first time to fence the western, or plains portion, of Texas. The fencing was well under way by 1880, and was practically complete by 1890. Though the day of free grass was about over, many men—long accustomed to believing that the Great Plains could not be used by farmers—were loath to accept the fact. When they saw all the lands going under fence, they seized their wire-cutters and used them in determination to keep the free range.

The result was a fence-cutters' war between the fence men and the free grass men. In Texas the trouble became so acute that the legislature was called in special session in 1884 to pass a law making fence-cutting a felony. The law also provided that the big pasture men should leave gates every three miles and forbade them "fencing in" the nesters who were spotting the West with shanties, dugouts and large families.

From the first, the Texas Rangers were called in wherever fence-cutting was prevalent. The crime was particularly hard to handle because the fence-cutter carried no evidence of his deed. The horse thief was caught with the horse and the cow thief with the cow, but the fence-cutter rode away from the curling steel tendrils with no evidence upon him. He had to be caught on the job through detective work.

Some idea of the trouble and the difficulty of its remedy, between 1880 and 1900, may be gleaned from the letters and petitions that poured in on the governor and adjutant general, from reward notices in the newspapers, and from reports made by Texas Rangers who were sent to stop the work. One came from a young county judge of Uvalde County who later became Vice-President of the United States. On November 13, 1893, John N. Garner wrote General W. H. Mabry in part as follows:

"I write at the request of several of the most prominent citizens of this county to inform you of violations of the law in this county and to ask your assistance.

"Francis Smith & Co. some weeks ago fenced their pasture on the Nueces River with a splendid four wire fence. It had only been up some four weeks when *an entire side* was cut between every post. They rebuilt it at once and in less than ten days it was cut again. They rebuilt it again and last Friday night it was cut a third time just as before. . . . What we want is about three good Rangers to come here and catch these law breakers. They can catch them within a week or ten days."

Sheriff J. C. Wall and other county officials wrote Governor Culberson from Brady, McCulloch County:

"There is in a portion of this county a lawless class of people who cut fences, burn houses, etc. The grand jury, which has just adjourned, can not get sufficient evidence to indict guilty parties.

"It will take some detective work to get evidence sufficient to punish the guilty and check the lawlessness. We think it advisable for you to quietly send one or two Rangers here to go and stay among the lawless element and find out who the guilty parties are. The local officers can not find out."

From Brown County came the following:

"We have two small pastures near Brownwood. The fences around these pastures have been cut and broken down fifty times during the last five months. We have been notified by letters (signed 'White Cappers') that the stock in the pastures would be poisoned. That we would be killed. That our homes would be blown up with dynamite. And that the grass would be burned. The grass has been set on fire three times in the last ten days and a large part burned.

"We would like to have a man sent here . . . to try and capture the perpetrators. We think that one man of the proper kind would be sufficient. . . . We have been informed that you have the proper kind of men among the Rangers."

A petition signed by a number of women showed the terrible conditions in Waller County.

"This combination of lawless men is so strong that the sheriff of Waller County has failed to give us protection. . . . They cut our fences and threaten us with death if we dare to repair them. They have overawed the officers of the law who fear to incur their enmity. They have fired shots into the houses of our good citizens at night in the attempt to assassinate them or to overawe them.

"They have openly and in the daytime rode up in squads to citizens engaged in repairing cut fences and pushed the muzzles of guns against their persons and threatened them with instant death if they continued their work."

GOVERNOR CULBERSON offered a reward for the detection and capture of the depredators, and it was not uncommon to see such notices as the following in the newspapers:

$100 REWARD

I will pay the above reward for information which will lead to the conviction and incarceration in the penitentiary of the felon who maliciously cut the Hamilton pasture on the Bandera Road last night.

W. G. Hughes

Boerne, August 6, 1889.

The manner in which the Rangers worked is told briefly by John R. Hughes in a report to General L. P. Sieker, written from Richland on May 26, 1888.

"I am now staying with a man who is suspitioned of cutting wire and have almost gained his confidence. He talks freely to me about stealing cattle. He and I stold a stake rope a few days ago and expect to kill a beef as soon as we eat up what he had on hand when I came. Then if he knows who the wire cutters are I think he will tell me."

The experiences of two young Ranger detectives who were sent to work among the fence-cutters in Navarro County is graphically told in a series of five letters which Ira Aten, Sergeant of Company D, wrote from camp and field to his superior officer at Austin.

These letters—written in pencil on rough paper—are worthy of preservation because of their quaint humor and their revelation of a singularly original and audacious character. They give the Ranger's attitude, not only toward fence-cutters, but toward grangers, manual labor, matrimony, superiors, shotgun law, mob law, and dynamite.

Sometime in August, 1888, one might have seen a plain farm wagon drawn by a horse and mule making its way slowly into Mexia. On the spring seat of the jolting vehicle were two young men roughly clad as farm laborers. Behind them in the wagon-bed were some crude cooking utensils, an axe, some spare clothing, and such other equipment as might be of use to hard-working and simple-minded country boys in search of honest employment.

A casual examination might have uncovered two or three six-shooters, a pair of Winchesters, and perhaps a shotgun—such weapons as travelers in Texas carried at that time. There was nothing to indicate that these two young men were Jim King and Ira Aten, Texas Rangers in search of the fence-cutters of Navarro.

They stopped at Mexia only to learn that the sheriff of Navarro and posse had captured some of the fence-cutters. They concealed their camp in a thicket near Mexia, and while Jim King remained with the wagon, Sergeant Aten took the train to Corsicana to make some preliminary investigations. His letter reporting his activities follows:

CORSICANA, TEXAS
August 20, 1888

Captain L. P. Sieker,
Quartermaster Front. Batt.,
Austin, Texas.

DEAR SIR:

Seeing in the newspapers when I got as far as Mexia where the Sheriff of Navarro County and a posse had waylaid a fence and caught some fence cutters in the act of cutting Judge Frost's pasture fence, I thought it prudent to run up here on the train and learn full particulars. . . . I have seen Judge Frost and Mr. West today and they say the parties that were captured was not in the neighborhood of where they want us to work, and they were not bad men at all like the ones they want us to work after. The ones that were captured was only petty cutters. . . . It is a question now whether the fence cutters will let up on their midnight work or not. Judge Frost thinks they will cut all the more now, but I am unable to say what they will do. . . .

I left J. W. King and our outfit concealed near Mexia in the brush. I will go back to Mexia tonight and then we will proceed on our journey to where we want to stop at, which is some 15 or 20 miles from Mexia. We will do our best although it may be a failure. . . .

I will ask it as a special favor of the Adjutant General's office never to ask me to work after fence cutters again under any and all circumstances for it is the most disagreeable work in the world and I think I have already done my share of it for the State of Texas and her people. . . . I would rather be at the camp and only get $30 per month than get $50 per month and have to work after fence cutters. If it was any other detective business besides fence cutting where I would not have to be as guilty of the same crime as (the criminals) themselves, I would like it. However, being I have consented to try these villians, I will ask for plenty of time, etc., so dont get out of patience with me if we dont do anything right away. . . .

You may hear of a killing if everything works right up here, but it may be some time yet. I dont know when I will have a chance to write again. . . .

Remember me kindly to all in the office.

Yours very Respt'ly,
IRA ATEN
1st Segt. Co. D. Rangers

RICHLAND, TEXAS
Aug. 31, 1888

Capt. L. P. Sieker,
Austin, Texas.

DEAR SIR:

We are among the fence cutters in

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the best shape of the world. My plans have so far worked as I expected and we are here without the shadow of suspicion as far as we are able to tell.

We came through Wortham and up to Richland and inquired the way to Kauffman Co., so everybody in Richland thinks we are going to Kauffman. However our wagon tyre run off about a mile on the other side of Richland and in a little rough place our wagon wheel broke down and of course we didnt have money enough to get it fixt. Besides, the blacksmith (as luck would have it) had went to Corsicana on a spree and never came back for a week and of course we could not get our wagon wheel fixt if we had wanted to but we didnt want to very bad.

After our wagon broke down soon came along another wagon and the man helped us to move our wagon out of the road and sympathiz with us very much owing to it looking so reasonable of breaking itself down. However, I had a hard time pounding off the tyre and then had to break the wheel with an ax. This was about 4 o'clock in the morning 22nd inst. I came on back to Richland then on the mule and made a pitiful talk and all seemed to sympathiz with us in our break down.

I went back to where I left Jim King and the wagon and fell in with a noted fence cutter and he told me where he thought we could get work making hay. We went by our wagon and took a good look at things etc. We camped at our wagon that night and the next morning drug it back to Richland on a pole and a large crowd of the fence cutters all seen us and I dont think any of them suspicioned us being detectives for a moment.

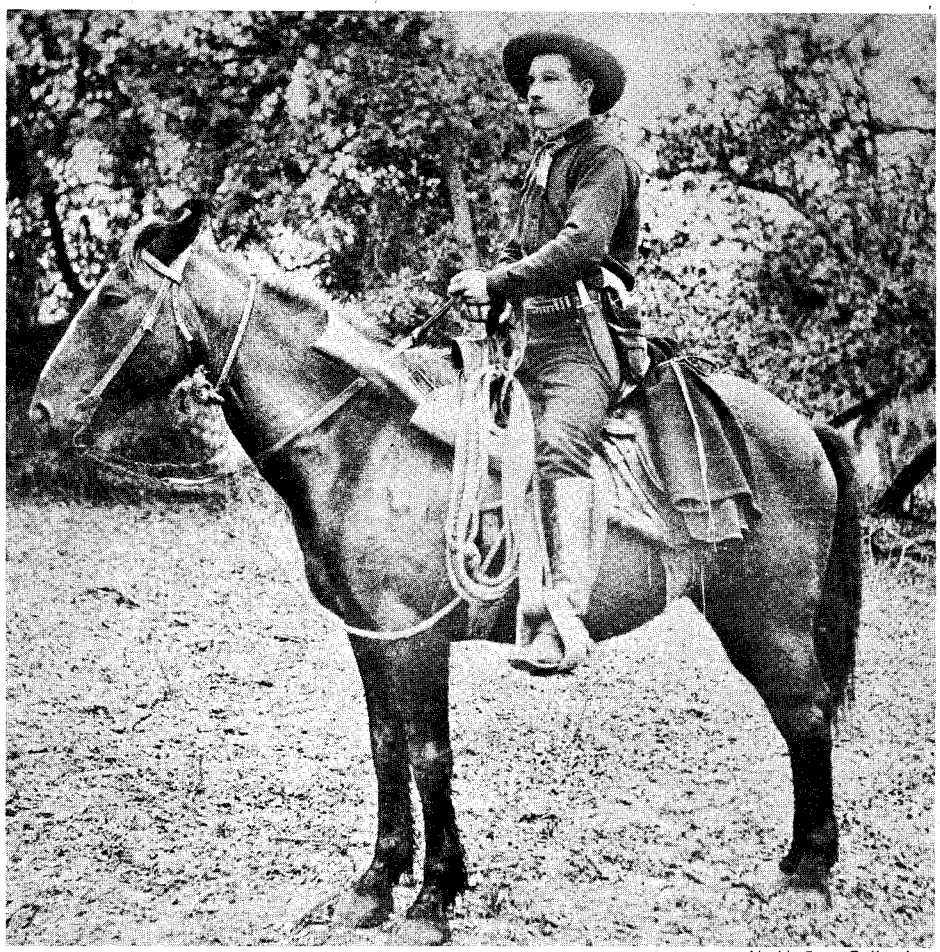
We stayed around Richland all day and established camp under some trees close by. We had most of the names of the fence cutters . . . and when one was called we would locate him right then and there. . . . They would talk very freely about fence cutting and didnt seem to care who was around, but I guess they thought we were all fence cutters.

That night they had a meeting of indignation in regards to the fence cutters . . . caught cutting the fence by the sheriff and posse. . . . The meeting was about six miles from Richland at the little station called Angus. Lots of these fence cutters went and they made big war talk against the pasture men, Sheriff, and everybody that would try to stop fence cutting etc. . . .

The next day I went over to see if I could get work making hay where the noted fence cutter told us he thought we could. However they had already got a supply of hands and didnt need any more. . . . The next day I went over to see the gin man that run the gin right in Richland. Well, I got Jim King a job baling cotton for the season and I took a job picking 35 acres of cotton out for the son of the man that runs the gin and he is under bond now for fence cutting.

We have been working all this week building a rock furnace around the gin boiler. It has been awful hard work handling the rough and large rocks but we never grumbled in the least but went at it like we were raised to it. Jim King says he would not work at it for less than $5 per day only under these circumstances. We got our furnace job done yesterday and wont have anything else to do but odd jobs until cotton picking time.

We got to see lots of the fence cutters every day as they came to Richland and often came down to the gin. We are slowly getting acquainted with the villians but it will take a long time to get their confidence sufficient to cut fence with them as I have heard them say often that their crowd didnt need any help to cut fence and an outfit was a fool to take in any outsiders to help them. Lots of such talk I have heard them make.



N. H. Rose Collection

Texas Ranger, Ira Aten

These fence cutters are very near as hard as my Brown Co. fence cutters and when they once suspicion us they will no doubt try and murder us but we will be at the killing, etc. I dont feel any uneasy-ness as long as we are not given away by our friends unintentionally. Should they give us away I will leave the Co. in disgust and say they dont need any assistance for they cant keep their mouths shut long enough for it to be given to them.

The fence cutters here are what I would call cowboys, or small cow men that own . . . from 15 head all the way up to perhaps 200 head of cattle and a few cow ponies etc. Some have 100 acres of land and some more and some not so much and perhaps a little field in cultivation etc. They hate the Grangers as they call them for it is the Grangers (or farmers) that have the pastures with the exception of Frost & Barry and a few others. In fact they hate anybody that will fence land either for farming or pasture.

They are a hard lot of men in here and they are thieves as well as fence cutters. They are talking about going to Corsicana in arms and taking them fence cutters out of the jail etc. That is all talk, they wont go. They had another indignation meeting over at Angus night before last. . . . The most of these men that are holding these meetings etc. are villians of the deepest dye and death would be to good for them. . . .

Now for the good citizens, what do they deserve? I will simply state this that a great many good citizens that dont own one-half as much as the parties that has been the instigator of all this fence cutting in this section have had their fence cut from around their little horse pasture and even in several instance have had it cut from around their cultivated lands where corn and cotton was planted.

They have quit cutting from around fields now but there are not a pasture of no kind up on the west side of the Houston & Texas Central Railway in this section where these wild and wooly wire cutters operate. . . . Small pastures have been cut time and again until the owners have not the means to put up the wire any more and now all pastures are down and this is called the free range country.

Many have took down their wire and rolled it up to save it from being cut etc. The fence cutters themselves have told me that while a man was putting up his fence one day in a hollow a crowd of wire cutters was cutting it back behind him in another hollow back over the hill. They delight in telling all such things and most of it is true also. . . .

I have dropped on another plan to catch the villians much sooner I think than working in with them. That is this, to have two or three of these good citizens put up their fence and I with one of the pasture men . . . watch the fence

(Continued on page 50)

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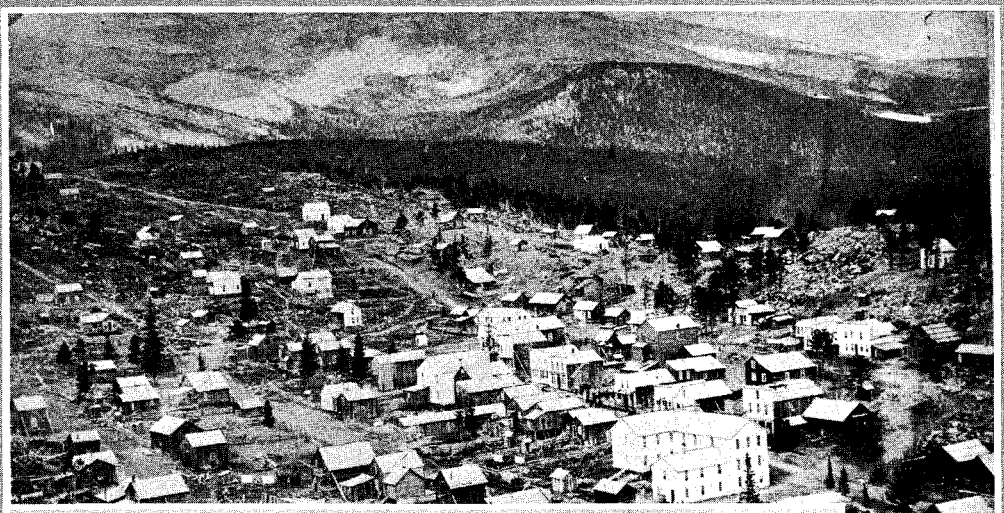

By DUANE SMITH

Photos by the Author

The red threat of death always lurks in the mountains. All it needs is its brother—the wind

Above, Caribou as it appeared in the late 1870s; at left, Caribou today. Photo was taken from same general location.

THE FIERY DEATH OF CARIBOU

FIRE! PROBABLY few other words could strike such fear into the hearts of people who lived in western mining camps. Flimsily built of any available material, these towns were easy prey to burn-outs. Few camps survived their life-spans without suffering at least one serious conflagration. Virginia City, Nevada, Central City and Cripple Creek, for example, met with this calamity. If a camp were fortunate and prosperous enough, it bounced back; if not, it drifted onto the downward trail toward oblivion.

Caribou was one of those towns which was not vigorous enough to return to its past glory. Nestled in a small valley, 10,000 feet above sea level and some twenty-two miles west of Boulder, it was one of Colorado's most prominent silver camps during the 1870s. Its life was centered about one big mine, the Caribou, which had gained some notoriety when it was sold in 1873 to a Dutch firm for $3,000,000.00. It was over Caribou silver bricks that President Grant walked when he visited Central City during his western trip of 1873.

In late 1875, after a two-year frenzy of exploitive mining, the Dutch company went bankrupt. The blow hurt the camp and it was not until three years later, under the careful guidance of Jerome Chaffee and Eben Smith, owner and manager respectively of the Caribou, that prosperity returned to the mine and, in turn, to the camp. The year 1879 dawned auspiciously for Caribou; seldom, in fact, had the future looked better. Miners were returning to the region and business was booming.

Spring grew into summer and summer into fall, and times continued to be prosperous. It was an extremely dry season in the mountains, but it had been that way before, so there appeared to be no unusual danger. Especially now, the people could rest easy about fires, for the long-planned water system, with its strategically placed hydrants, had been completed the year before. Although having no regular fire company, the town had purchased hoses and these could be quickly brought into play by volunteers.

In early September a grass fire had been observed near Arapahoe Peak; it was rumored in town that a carelessly left campfire had started it. For two weeks this fire burned, rising and falling with the wind, and slowly creeping toward Caribou.

On Sunday, September 14, the sun rose red through the smoke drifting over

(Continued on page 58)

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Excerpt taken from the latest addition to Western Americana:

Another TRUE WEST BONUS!

THE GOLDEN FRONTIER: THE RECOLLECTIONS OF HERMAN FRANCIS REINHART, 1851-1869

—Edited by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

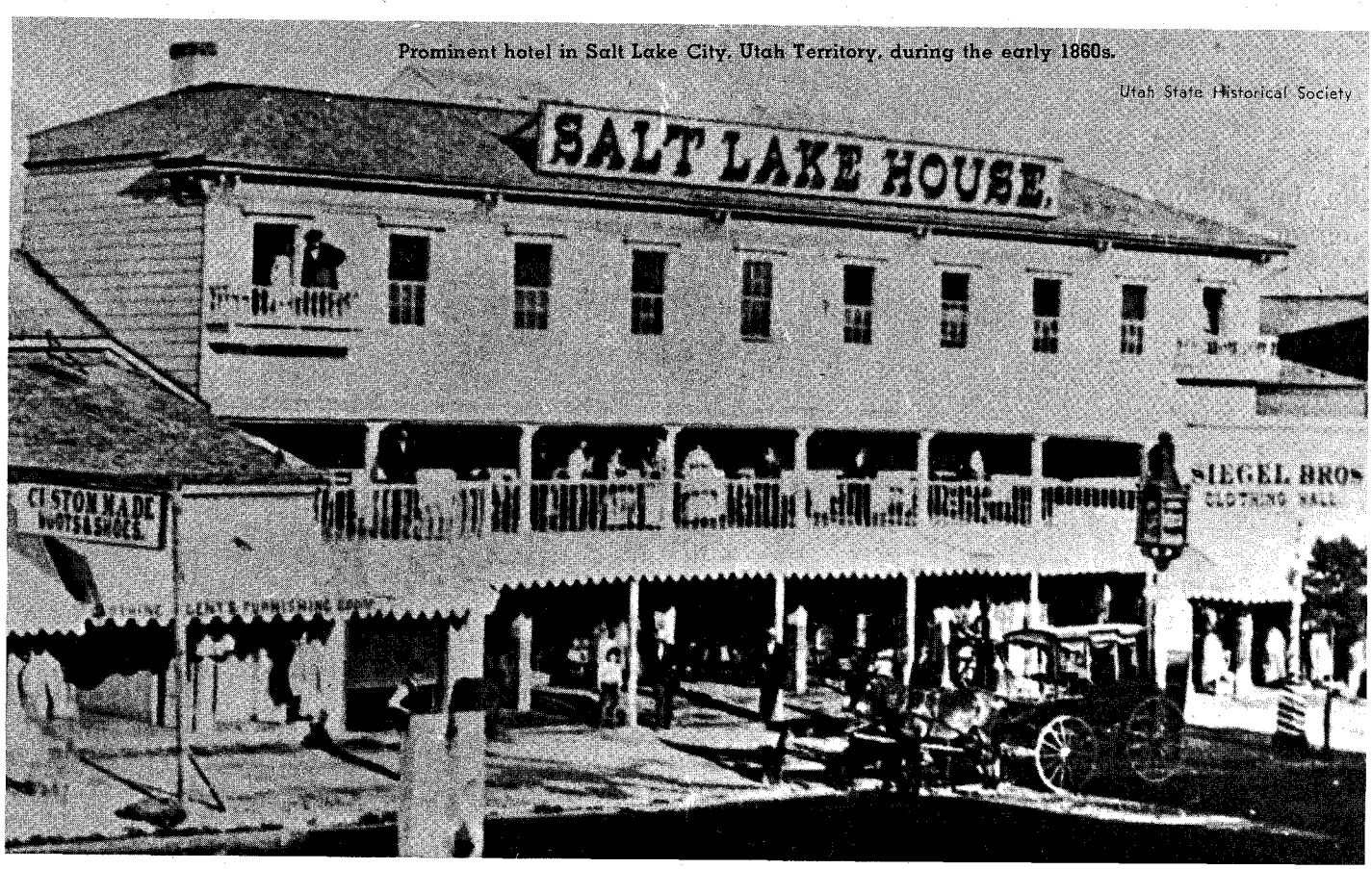
THE BIG DOUBLE CROSS

By

HERMAN

FRANCIS REINHART

Eighteen years of hard work were bound up in the stolen horses. Reinhart was going to find them or tear up Utah singlehanded!



Prominent hotel in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, during the early 1860s.

Utah State Historical Society

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Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Editor's Note: Herman Francis Reinhart spent twenty years in the mining country or on the fringe of it, and when he finally climbed aboard an eastbound train at Evanston, Wyoming, in 1869, he had an indelible memory of the hopes and frustrations of the West.

The men who, like Reinhart, sought the golden frontier were not an articulate group, and the written records of their lives are few and fragmentary. But Reinhart in his later years recorded his experiences in five long narrow ledgers. After his death, his daughter allowed the diaries to be typed for publication.

The incident printed here occurred in the winter of 1868 when Reinhart was working as a teamster, hauling passengers, supplies and equipment in Utah and Montana.

THE DAY I got (to Salmon City) Ed Hutchinson, an old Indian Creek, California, acquaintance, came down from Leesburg with another gambler named Hill, and they wanted to go right down to Salt Lake City, and I found some more passengers who wanted to go to winter there, and in the Spring they wanted to go to the Sweetwater or South Pass City Mines, a new discovery. So I concluded to load up the two wagons that I had with me with passengers and freight . . . and let George Woodbury take them down, and then take the eight horses and the two wagons and go some place and stay and recruit horses until I came, for I concluded to winter in Salt Lake Valley. . . .

I kept with them until I got to my turning-off place to go back to Helena. We all stayed at Hall's overnight, and old Major Henry Switzer, the passenger who was to drive the teams with George Woodbury, had been stopping here, and we had some way freight for Hall. I bid the boys all goodbye and took my pinto horse with his saddle, and I left George some money for expense, and told him to collect freight at Salt Lake City, and I started back towards Helena to get my other horses I had left on the ranch at a little town called Montana. . . .

I got back the 19th of November, and found I could get a lot of passengers to Salt Lake City at a good price if I had a good conveyance. I found an eleven-passenger heavy thorough-braced coach, one of the J. C. Oliver Stage Company's, and bought it for about $300, with some harness; and I bought another set of harness, so as to work six horses on the coach. I got some repairing and bought a large brown horse of one of the passengers who was to go to Salt Lake City with us, for $75, making me fourteen head. The man was a carpenter, and I took a chest of tools for him. I sold my Schutler wagon for $125, for I had no use for it, and got all ready, with provisions for the trip, for we expected to have a chance of being caught in the storms in crossing the Rocky Mountains so late in the season.

My passengers were George Hurt, Alex Williams, Charles Fish, William Richmond, Robert Rippley, Clay Thompson, Willey the carpenter, Frenchy Duvall and Fuller—in all, eight passengers, at $246. We got all started and had a good time until we got into the mountains in the snow, and had to do some hard roughing and driving, but got over the mountains to Idaho Springs in some awful snowstorms and snowdrifts. But by all working well we got over the Rocky Mountains all right and got nobody froze or hurt.

The boys passed their time in keeping the curtains down and keeping the snow and cold out, and playing cards. I had to sit on the outside and drive, but sometimes one would spell me for a while till I got a little warm inside, but I was dressed warm in a good cavalry overcoat and fur cap, and plenty of buffalo robes to wrap up in. We had so many toll roads, bridges, and ferries that it took quite a little pile of money to pay our way, and when we stopped close to houses in rough weather we would get the privilege of making our beds down on the floor by paying 50 cents per bed near the fire. . . .

Got to Case Ward, a small town, next to Sessions, where I found George Woodbury and the eight horses and two wagons. I changed horses and put on my two blacks and two bays, and with the two roans made a spanking six-horse coach team.

We got into Salt Lake City in good style, drove up to the Salt Lake City Hotel, kept by Little, son-in-law of Brigham Young, Sr., where several of my gambling passengers got off, and Clay Thompson too. The City looked fine to me, and I thought it was the nicest small city I ever saw. The streets were very wide, the gutters flowed with cool clear water from the mountains above, and the buildings were fine brick, some of them four stories high. The Tabernacle and theatre and Bee Hive Buildings were all very fine, and on the side of the mountains northeast, not over one mile, was Fort Douglas flying the United States flag, the old Star Spangled Banner—it was a great sight. . . .

NEXT DAY we got all unloaded, bought some provisions, and prepared to hunt up a place to make our winter quarters. On December 19th started in the morning with the two four-horse wagons and the six-horse coach to go west some forty-five miles to a place called Stock-

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ton or Silver Canyon. The first day out we stopped at an English Mormon's. The next day, the 20th, we got to a small town called Tooel(e).

It commenced to snow fearfully that night, but the Mormon we had put up with gave us a good supper. There was a wedding of his daughter, and they danced all night, but we slept well and had a splendid breakfast in the morning. Our landlord was a New Yorker (State), and his wife from Connecticut, and were both regular Yankees and knew how to get up a good meal, and after we went into camp six miles away, sometimes we used to come to get a good meal got up for us. They were fine clever old-fashioned farmers, but Mormons (he had two wives). The last wife a young healthy robust English girl, not over nineteen or twenty years old; some of the first wife's children as old if not older, but she seemed to make a good servant for his first wife, and she did not seem to care.

We got a late start on account of the snow still falling, and we got to Stockton, a mining town of 200 or 300 inhabitants, a hotel, two or three stores, two saloons and blacksmiths, butchers, etc. We got some dinner and inquired for a good place to winter our stock, and were told of a place up a canyon, called Silver Canyon. . . .

Our big tent had been the hospital tent of the Gallatin Army, when Governor Thomas Francis Meagher went out from Virginia City; I had bought it at auction after the war. It was about 12' or 14' by 22', high wall. The wagons all around made a good shelter, and we built a fireplace at the front, cut cedar boughs and covered the ground and spread blankets and made us bunks, and when we had a good fire we felt quite comfortable.

There was an old adobe house a quarter of a mile above us, but it looked too damp and cold to fix up to live in, but two miners came in with a few pack animals, and lived in it, and they were good company for us to pass away the long days and nights. One named Burns, an Irish sailor, was good company, and he and his partner had been in the Blackfoot Mines and at Deer Lodge. We got all straightened up in a few days, and had our Christmas suppers in Stockton at the hotel. . . .

New Year's Day, 1868, George and I went on horseback to our Yankee Mormon friends at Tooel(e), and had a good dinner, and I bought a lot of reading matter, papers, magazines and books, for $3 the bunch, and it kept me in good reading for the time. We used to go up in the hills about twice a week, and bring down the horses to make them drink, for they would eat snow and not come down if not drove down. The weather was awful cold, and considerable snow, but somehow the horses kept under the low cedar trees and would paw the snow off and get to the green bunch grass, and got fat.

Some four or five years before, some soldiers or California Volunteers (miners) with General Connor had found some silver ore, prospecting in this canyon, and there was great excitement about it, and some New York company, and some German company and several different ones had built up smelting works close to Stockton (the town being named after the California town of Stockton, General Connor's home), and the whole country was staked off and hundreds of shafts sunk, and tunnels run into the hills, and found very rich.

But the cost of transportation to the East was too high, for the ore would have to be hauled in wagons to the Missouri River, and then on trains by rail to New York, and on to Wales, for there was no works to separate the silver ore from the lead, and transportation from Salt Lake City to Omaha was worth 25 cents per pound. It was found they would have to wait until the railroads would be built before it would pay. I heard old General Connor had about broke himself up prospecting and then building the smelting works. . . .

I had partly made up my mind to run in eggs, butter, and peaches as soon as they got ripe, by fast stages, and stationing my teams so as to carry passengers back and keep supplying Helena and Virginia City and all other mining camps. I had made a calculation that by investing my profits into more teams and wagons I could clear about $8,000 the coming year of 1868. My expenses for provisions and repairing was fearful high, and I had to take some medicines myself. I felt nervous and asthmatic and I had to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at $3 per bottle, and all we bought was two or three prices, but I could not help it. . . .

I heard that there would be a rush to the Sweetheart Mines as soon as the Spring opened up, and I had just the outfit to carry passengers and fast freight at good prices. . . .

ONE DAY a man with two ponies rode up to the tent, and I knew him. I had known him at Coffee Creek, Ore-

Old Theatre and City Hall on First Street in Salt Lake City. N.H. Rose Collection

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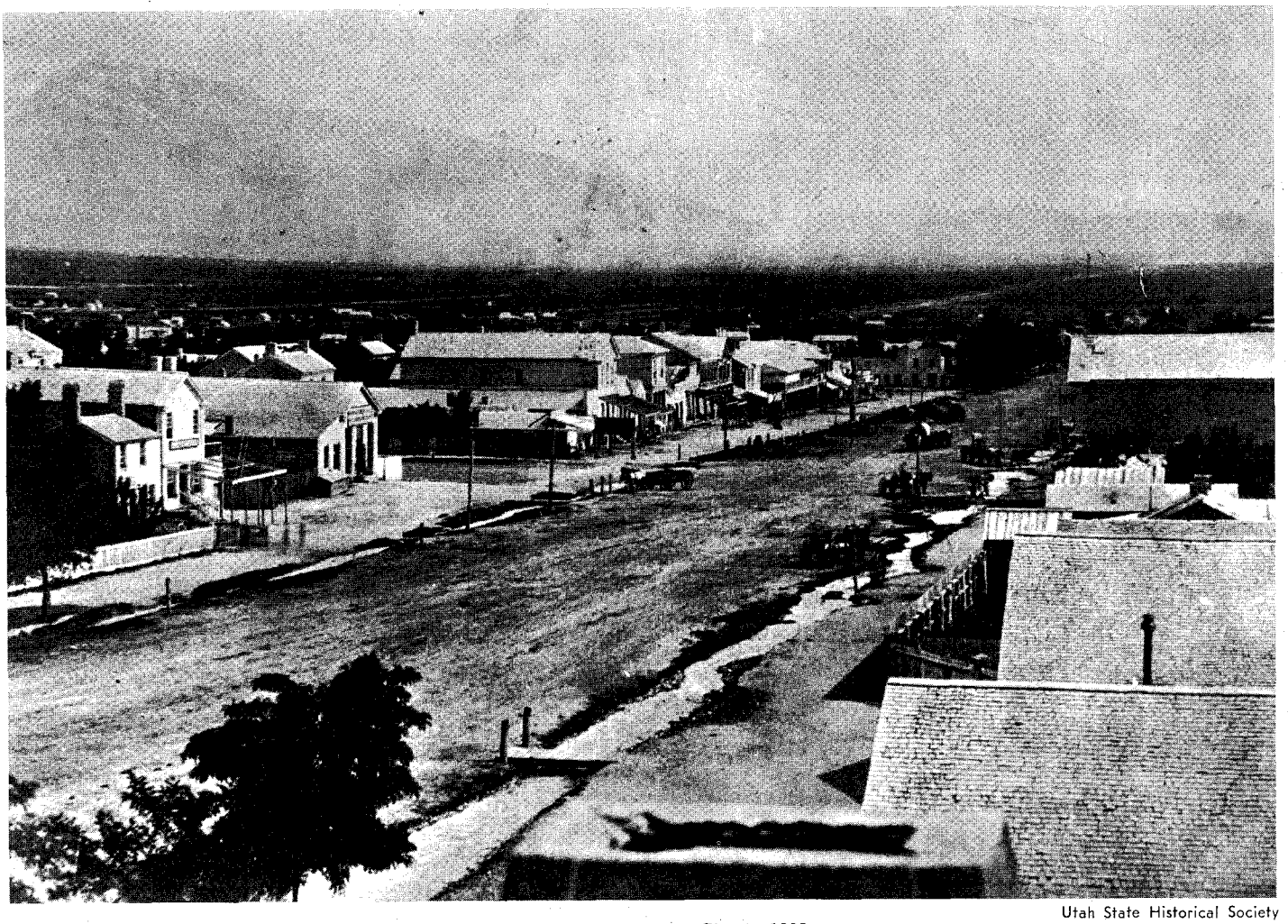

Utah State Historical Society

Main street of Salt Lake City in 1860s.

gon, Roseburg, Jacksonville, and at Walla Walla. His name was James Wilson. I was surprised to see him. He told me he had wintered four or five miles west of Stockton at a sawmill. He had heard I was at Stockton but had not seen me. He had been at Tooel(e) some, too. I asked him where he was going; he said to South Pass City—that he had been there last Fall and had taken up some claims and he wanted to get in as soon as possible. I asked him to stay overnight, which he did.

Next day I drove in my six horses on my coach, and he rode in with me. He left his ponies at my camp; one he had packed, and the other he rode. I looked about town, and saw the passengers, to see how soon to start, and engage more, and let them see my team and coach. It was on a Monday, and I made my arrangements to start on the following Monday (a week from then), and I went back to camp. Wilson left next day with his two ponies; he carried a rifle and wore a coonskin cap.

Wednesday evening we had up our horses and salted them all, and then hobbled four of the largest leaders and kept Whitey or Pinto staked close to camp. I took my night glass, or field glass, and just dusk could see the thirteen head grazing off west towards the lake. We had been cautioned not to let our horses go on to some wheatfields north and east of us, where a German Mormon named H(i)skey lived. He was a fine old Pennsylvania farmer, and we got our milk and butter from him, and we were on good terms with him and all the Mormons close by, so we took pains to keep our horses from molesting them.

I considered they were all right and away from the wheatfield direction, so we went to bed, all quiet. Next morning early George or Sol went out for the horses while I was getting our breakfast. They should have taken the saddle horse staked close by, but they found he had pulled up his picket pin and rope and was gone, and they thought he had gone on to where the others would be, but found no trace or saw no horses.

So we all got breakfast and two of us struck out on foot. I found the tracks which led off South, and after going some four or five miles lost track of them, there were so many other tracks. . . . I saw cattle that I would take to be horses until I would get nearly to them before I would see that they were cattle, and I got off ten or twelve miles and it commenced to get dusk.

I found a cabin but no one in it, nor could I open it, and I was so tired that I could go no further so I laid down in a shed. I had no overcoat . . . and I had to pass a cold night, and I had a scant early breakfast. I was much troubled with my ankles; I would wrench them every little while; they seemed weak, and I suffered from them.

When it came daylight I took a look as far as I could see, and looked at the tracks, but there had been cattle and horses all over the country, and my eyes got weak and watery in looking long distances on the plains or prairies, and I struck for our camp, about twelve miles off. I was in hopes the other boys would find them while I was gone, but when I got to camp there was no sign or news of them.

Some of us thought that some of the Mormons had drove them into the hills so that they would not get on their wheatfields. The hills were seven or eight miles west and we thought they might have struck back to Silver Canyon, where we had wintered, and Sol Norton had gone back a ways. Some thought they had been stolen.

I got my breakfast, and I was nearly used up. I told George to go to where I had left off, and get out of the valley where all the cattle and stock tracks were, and strike a ridge beyond the valley, and he could examine the tracks, for our horses were all sharp new shod, and fourteen head would surely make a plain trail.

I went to the City to make inquiries, but could hear of none. I got back to camp at night and George had returned but no news of the horses; he had gone over the same ground I had gone over already, instead of going beyond the regular stock grazing part of the valley.

I BEGAN to get uneasy and thought they might have been stolen, and I wrote a letter to South Pass City to James Wilson to look out for my horses up there as my whole fourteen head were gone, and he would know my horses, as he had stopped in my tent at Brighton several days and saw all the horses. I told him to look for them and let me know at Salt Lake City. I addressed the letter to South Pass City, Wyoming

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Territory.

We were all on foot and could not get horses to ride, for the farmers were all busy with their horses plowing, so we had hunted our stock afoot. It was tiresome, and we could not get far away to look, so I went to Salt Lake City to the livery stables to get horses to ride and hunt mine on, but they made all kinds of excuses, that they had no saddle horses, and did not like to let their driving horses go to hunt horses on, as they would be rode hard and fast; so I could get none.

Everybody had his opinions and advice to offer, that the Mormons had stolen them, and the Mormons said it might be that the notorious Bill Hickman and his brother George had stolen them and drove them into the mountains southwest of Salt Lake City, some twenty or thirty miles, and kept them hid there, as there were plenty gulches to hide them in, and a stranger would not find them in a year.

I went to the United States Judge in Salt Lake City, and he said I had better get a good hunter or mountaineer, who understood the country, and get him to hunt for me. I telegraphed west and north, and I found two young men, Mormons, who kept a general store in the City, named the Shaw Brothers, and I got two ponies to hire at $5 per day, and I had to promise to keep it secret, as the livery stable keepers would have prosecuted them for doing livery business without a license.

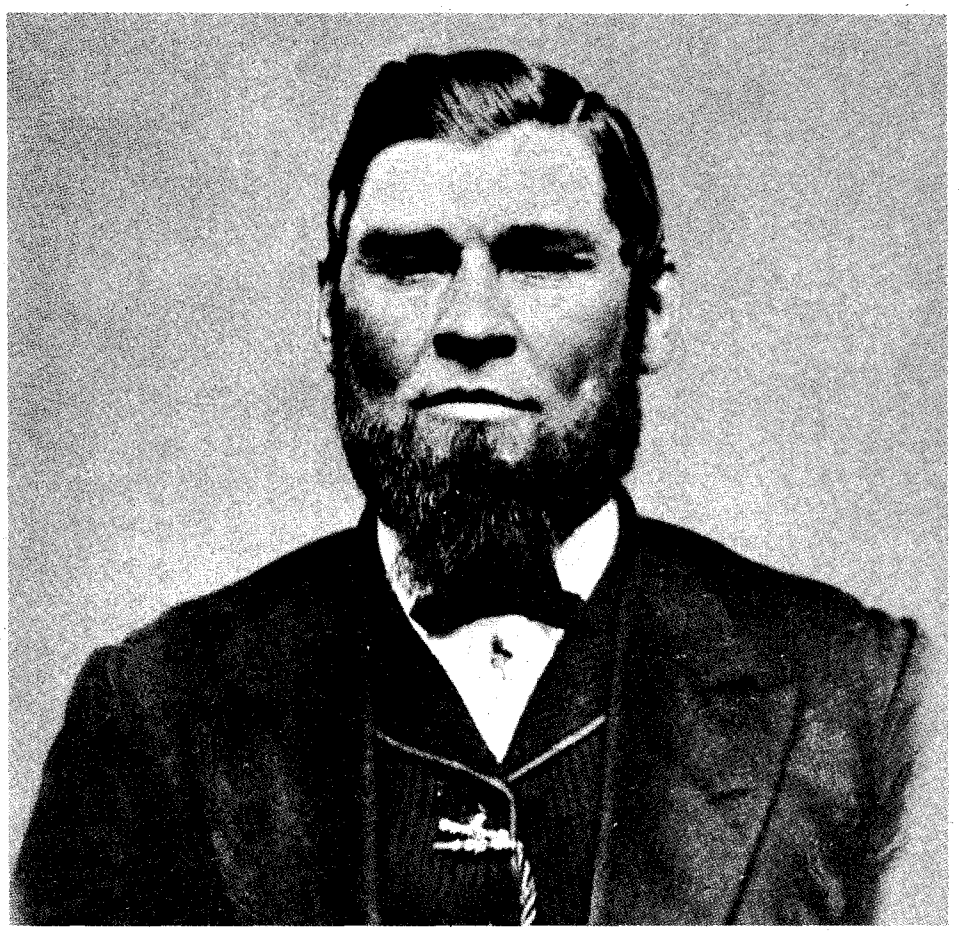
So I got George to take one horse, and Norton the other, and they took along blankets, and some provisions to last them two days and nights. I kept making inquiries in town of all those passing through the City. I went to see Brigham Young, and he could only refer me to a stockman who had a big stock ranch about 180 miles west, at Point of Rock, close to Nevada. On that road he had herders herding his stock, and if the horses were stolen and drove west they might see or hear of them, for seven or eight were large American work horses about 16 hands high. I went to see the man.

He was the famous or infamous, Porter C. Rockwell of the Destroying Angels; he was their leader when they massacred the immigrants in the Mountain Meadows in 1857. He made me a fair offer, better than any Gentile or white man in Salt Lake City. He said he would take one of his horses, let me have one, and we could put a pack of blankets and provisions on the third, and he would go with me to his place at the Point of Rock, 180 miles, and hunt all the way there, and then get his herders to start from there to hunt my horses.

He would be out all expense and if we got the horses I was to let him have a choice of two horses for his trouble. He seemed to act perfectly square and like a liberal gentleman, (if he was a Mormon). I was to let him know in a few days if I should conclude to take his offer, so as to prepare for our trip.

I had about run out of money in fitting out my teams and my expense had been high, and the passengers that I had engaged began to feel that I would not be able to go, for I had not heard of the horses.

After being out two days George came in. He had heard of some horses being seen at Bingham Canyon, a new discovery about twenty-seven or thirty miles in the west mountains, and he had gone over there and found some horses, but not mine. Sol Norton came in, and he had heard of nothing.



Herman Francis Reinhart

—Frontispiece from The Golden Frontier

WHILE WE were getting supper, a man with a load of hay on his wagon came up to camp, and George Woodbury said he was Brigham H. Young, the nephew of old Brigham Young, and George knew him. George had been in Salt Lake City a year before, and had got acquainted with him (he, George, was a distant relation of Brigham H. Young on his mother's side). George spoke to Mr. Young, and asked him to stay all night with us, as it was still four miles to the city and getting dusk. So he stayed with us, and as we had supper about ready, he eat with us.

After supper George told me to tell Brigham H. Young how I was situated —my horses all stolen and I was about out of money to hunt them with (I had only some seven or eight dollars of gold specimens left). We told him about the livery men not letting us have any horses to hunt ours with, and one of us had to stay and watch camp while the others hunted the horses.

He told me I could have my coach and two wagons hauled to his barnyard in town, and we could put our seven sets of harness in his granary, and he had a small house close by the barn with a stove in it where we could cook and stay, and he would loan me $50 on one of my wagons. If I got back my horses I could pay him back; if not, he would pay me the balance of the wagon, $100 more, and keep it, and I might then dispose of my harness, coach, and other wagon. and any provisions I needed I could get from him, such as flour, meat, vegetables, potatoes, butter, milk, eggs, and I could settle when I got ready to leave.

Now I was surprised at his splendid offer right in time of need, and I was awful thankful, and next day moved all my things into the city to his place, and found everything just to suit me, and we got our meals in the little house. I sent George Woodbury out again and Norton in another direction. I got the $50 from Mr. Brigham H. Young, and let George and Norton have some money along to pay their expenses while out.

Mr. Young had two wives and families in separate houses, all well fixed. His first wife was a fine lady. They were all from Massachusetts. He had a daughter, a fine player on the piano, and their house was furnished all first class, and his children well raised. They lived in houses one on each side of our little house; each one had a fine house, and a quarter block of a lot to their houses, all in good style.

Now I felt quite bad to be here at Salt Lake City with but seven sets of harness and my coach and wagons, and no money to buy horses with, and if I should have to sell, all I had left would not have brought over $700. I was owing George about $80 or $90 and I was under obligation to take George and Norton to South Pass City anyhow, but here I was, after being away from home eighteen years, not heard of any of my relatives for fourteen years, had spent the best part of my life roughing it, and taking all kinds of risks of my life, and after having got property to the amount of about $2,500, to lose it all at once, when I had the prospect of making from $5,000 to $8,000 the coming year—it was discouraging.

I felt very revengeful toward who must have stolen my horses, and it

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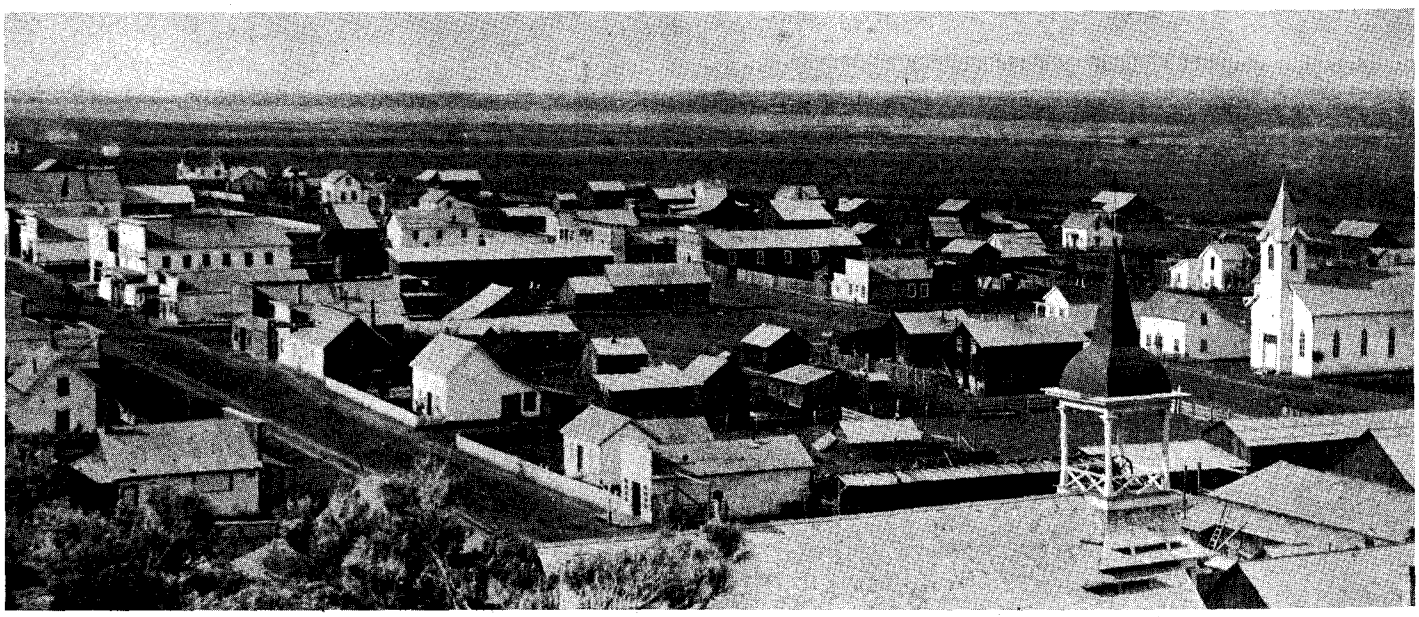

Lakeview, Oregon in 1889. The Dix Ranch was near this town.

Photo by

Oregon Historical Society

My Trail Boss Was a Woman

By LYNN S. LANGFIELD

IN THE hard winter of 1916-17, Nel Rombough had 1,000 head of cattle in Goose Lake Valley in California, wintering on "boughten" hay. By February, she had run out of feed and there was nothing to do but move the herd to Paisley, Oregon, until spring.

The Dix Ranch was a stopping place for all cattle drives going either way. We got there late one night and had to count the cattle in. We were one head short, so we had to round them all up and drive them through the gate again to count them over. Nel was that particular. We were still short one head.

After supper we were sitting around the fireplace, when three of the riders discovered they were getting snow-blind. Their eyes hurt so bad Mrs. Dix fixed some tea leaves bandages for them and the boys went to bed. The rest of us sat up and talked.

The next morning we were ready to start when Nel Rombough asked me to go back to Salt Creek Station after the cow we left behind. I was sure in hopes we had not left the missing cow in town. I rode right along and got to Salt Creek Station at 8:00 A.M.

There I found the lone animal—a yearling steer. I didn't lose any time but hazed him right along, and got back to Sam Dix's that night. The next morning I had my yearling out early and at noon I passed where the cattle had stopped the night before. About sundown I caught up to the herd at the old 70 Ranch at Valley Falls.

The sun had been shining on the snow, and even those of us who wore sunglasses were affected. Our eyes burned and itched and the three men who were snow-blind were still wearing tea leaves at night and keeping away from any fire. During the day, they would rub charcoal on their faces. Men riding the lead were bad off, as they didn't have as many cattle to break up the reflection and glare.

The next day we had to fight the cattle every step of the way. Some of the older cows were having a hard time making it. We made twelve miles that day and stayed overnight at one of the Z.X. Ranch houses, at the lower end of the Chewaucan Valley. A man and his wife were living there, cooking for a number of ranch hands who were feeding cattle for the Z.X.

Our herd was getting weary on account of deep snow and no water along the line. On the last day of the drive to Paisley, we had a long sagebrush flat to cross, and some of the older cows wanted to lie down. We had a hard fight to keep them going.

I noticed Nel having a little trouble with a cow. She was trying to drive the animal back to the herd, but all it would do was to stand there and shake its head and try to charge. That's a sign of death approaching, but there's not much you can do, so we rode away and left it. We arrived at Bill Dobkins' late that night and old Bill came out to help us take the cattle where he wanted them.

NEXT MORNING Nel Rombough paid the extra help and they went back to Lakeview and Davis Creek. Then she came to me and said, "I want you to go back and skin that cow we left behind yesterday, and don't come back and say you couldn't skin her." I told her okay.

It has been many years since that cattle drive, but the memories are still fresh in my mind. It was seven miles back to the cow and when I got there, she was still alive. I tried to drive her, but she would not drive. I was told not to come back without that hide.

Well, there the darn thing stood. It wouldn't drive, and it wouldn't die. I had left my gun in my room at Bill Dobkins'. I threw my rope around its horns and took a run at it sideways, but couldn't make it fall down.

There was a fence about a half-mile away, so I rode over there and picked out a ten-foot rail I could handle good, tied my rope on it, and dragged it over to the cow. Then I got off my horse, took the rail, put one end against the cow's

(Continued on page 42)

I'd always prided myself on being able to take orders but how're you going to bring back the hide of a "dead" cow that's still alive?

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HIGH ROCK CANYON

Somewhere north of that rock barrier lay the promised land of Oregon. The Applegate brothers found one narrow passage and a thousand men and wagons pushed through

MY INTEREST in High Rock Canyon was born many years ago when I read a stirring adventure story about the Applegate emigrant trail. In that story the strange deep chasm in northwestern Nevada figured so prominently I never forgot it. In later years, I encountered further references to High Rock; as a matter of fact, I don't believe I have ever read a journal of Applegate Trail days that has not mentioned this great earth fissure with its sheltered meadows and flowing stream. Here oxen, near exhaustion after crossing Black Rock Desert, were afforded water in plenty and abundant grass.

White man's knowledge of the canyon had its beginning when our present states of Nevada, Utah and California were a part of Mexico. Between that nation on the south, and Canada on the north, lay "The Oregon Country," a No-Man's-Land in the early years of the 19th Century. Even after the United States and England entered into a boundary agreement in 1843, colonists in the disputed territory regarded their isolation from "The States" as a matter for constant apprehension.

Should England attack in winter, it was reasoned, help from the East would be cut off by the mountain snows which blocked the Oregon Trail through much of each year. Too, emigrant travel was increasing and would increase even more rapidly with a more southerly point of ingress.

It was John Charles Fremont who unwittingly showed the way. He and his Topographical Engineers, seeking a possible railroad route, trekked south from Oregon through High Rock Canyon and the present state of Nevada in December, 1843. Full particulars of that journey were made public in the *Pacific Railroad Report of 1844-45.*

WITH THE knowledge that Fremont's party had made its way through in the dead of winter, Oregon settlers were greatly encouraged. They subscribed funds to outfit an expedition charged with locating a wagon road to connect with the Humboldt River Trail in what was then still Mexico. This first expedition failed—due mainly to desertion of its men through fear of Indian attack—but on June 22, 1846, a second expedition left Polk County, Oregon, under the leadership of Jesse and Lindsay Applegate, brothers.

Proceeding south to the foot of the Siskiyous, the party turned eastward past Klamath and Tule Lakes and embarked on a wide sage plain. Everything went well until July 10, when the weary explorers were crossing what is now the northern end of Washoe County, Nevada. There they found further passage barred "by a huge volcanic wall, varying in height . . . to several hundred feet, extending north and south as far as the eye could reach, and apparently without any gap through it."

Ranging desperately along this great barrier, the discouraged explorers took heart when at last they found that formidable wall pierced by the upper end of High Rock Canyon, "a very remarkable chasm. . . . The little bottom was grassy and almost level . . . a remarkable track for a road."

The Applegates followed this strange defile completely through the mountain range, continued across Black Rock Desert to the Humboldt River, and on to Fort Hall, in what is now southeastern Idaho.

With their arrival at Fort Hall, the men began extolling the advantages of their new southern road to Oregon. Not only was the route much shorter than the "old" Oregon Trail along the Snake and Columbia Rivers, they declared, but there were no bad grades or hostile Indians, no rivers to cross, and there was good grass and water all the way.

By virtue of these glowing recommendations, the Oregon men recruited a large party of emigrants, and the first wagon train over the Applegate Trail left the Big Bend of the Humboldt in midsummer, 1846.

By October, that train reached Oregon—but it had not been an easy trip. Scores of oxen had died along the way, wagons had been wrecked and white men's graves had sprouted for the first time in that part of the wilderness. Both the Applegates and their asserted "cut off" were soundly damned and denounced, but the brothers had proven their point: By means of the new route, wagons—and American troops, if needed—were assured all-year access to Oregon, and colonists in that remote outpost no longer need fear the real or imagined threat of British invasion.

DURING THE following decade, thousands of wagons passed over the Applegate Trail. West from the Big Bend of the Humboldt to Antelope Spring, on to Rabbit Hole and Big Boiling Springs, across the Black Rock Playa to Mud Springs, up the mountain to High Rock Canyon, over to Massacre Lakes . . . slowly, painfully, the wagons lurched onward.

Before the first year's end, what little grass the route originally had afforded was completely gone; the waterholes were tramped to muck; Indians had grown hostile; and throughout its length the cut-off was bordered by dead oxen, abandoned wagons and gear, and new graves. The Applegate Cut-Off was to come down in history as one of the most infamous routes in the annals of westward migration.

Israel Foote Hale's diary records hardships scarcely to be imagined today. Before reaching Black Rock Point the oxen of Hale's party had traveled thirty hours without food and only one small drink of water. "We have not seen fifty spears of grass since we took this road," wrote Hale.

J. D. Bruff, who captained a wagon-train over the trail in September, 1849, kept accurate account of the dead oxen along the roadside and near each spring.

"There was scarcely space for the wagons to reach the (water) holes for the ox carcasses," he noted at Rabbit Hole Springs. Noon that same day was spent "surrounded by . . . 66 dead oxen, burnt remains of several wagons, and innumerable ox yokes, chains, bows, etc." That night Bruff's party camped at Black Rock Point. "Scattered about here," wrote the wagon captain, "are 150 dead oxen, 2 horses and 2 mules, to which we add here, 3 mules and 1 horse . . ."

In that one day's travel of only twenty-one miles, Bruff had tallied 359 dead oxen. Nor was this any passing phase.

James D. Lyon, whose journey over the Applegate Trail was reported in the Detroit *Advertiser*, February 22, 1850, wrote: "On the last 16 miles of this des-

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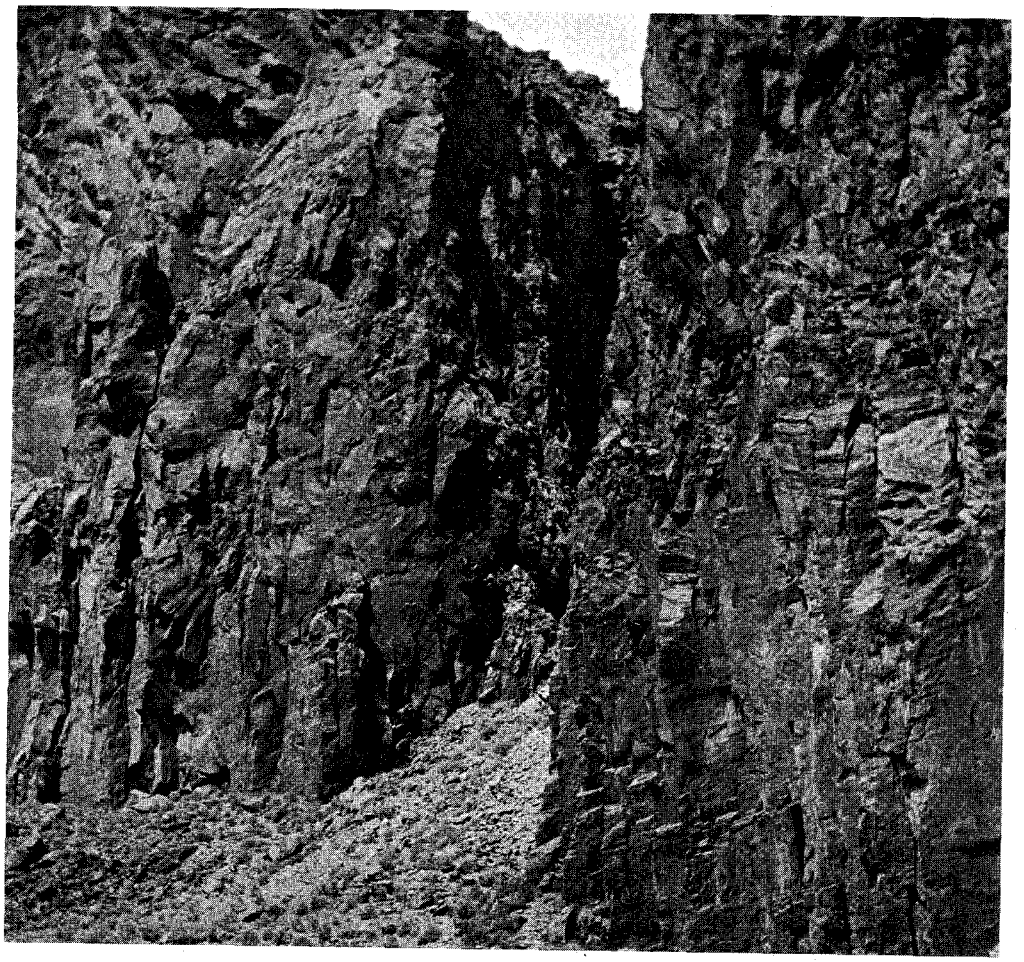


At left, the author made camp at the base of these huge rock cliffs in High Rock Canyon; below, author behind old emigrant breastworks near cave containing the emigrants' names.

By

NELL

MURBARGER

Photos by the Author

ert (Black Rock) there were nearly 100 wagons abandoned; and dead oxen, horses and mules were thick enough to have formed a complete line the whole distance. . . ."

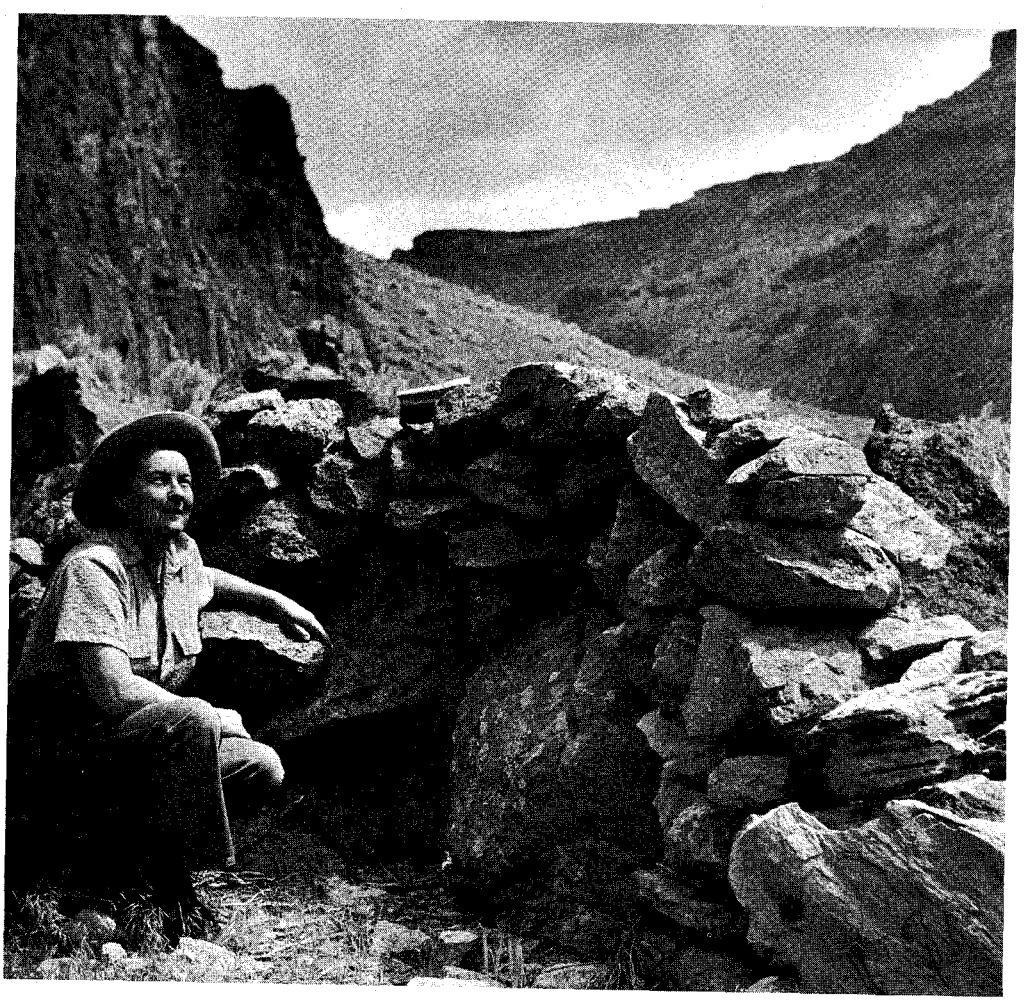
Seventy-seven miles of this sort of trail lay between the Big Bend of the Humboldt and Mud Springs—providing scarcely any forage or water and requiring between six and seven days of travel by ox team. At the conclusion of that grueling lap, wagontrains were faced by a rocky, six-mile-long grade. Two miles beyond its termination—like a final and impossible test of courage and endurance—loomed the barren heights of a volcanic mountain range.

To men and oxen, weary and worn from their terrible crossing of the desert, such a barrier could never have been scaled without staggering loss of life. Had it not been for High Rock Canyon—a natural passage through that tortured range—no one can estimate how many more emigrants would have left their bones to mark the Applegate Trail.

But in High Rock Canyon lay a temporary end to privation and hardship. Here was a small stream of clear, cold water, green grass in plenty for starving cattle, and a well-defined road on a grade averaging only thirty feet to the mile!

"Without this singular avenue," wrote the emigrant, Delano, "a passage across the mountains in this vicinity would have been impossible, and it seemed as if Providence, foreseeing the wants of His creatures, had in mercy opened this strange path by which they could extricate themselves from destruction and death. . . ."

IN THE COURSE of several years' prowling in northwestern Nevada, I



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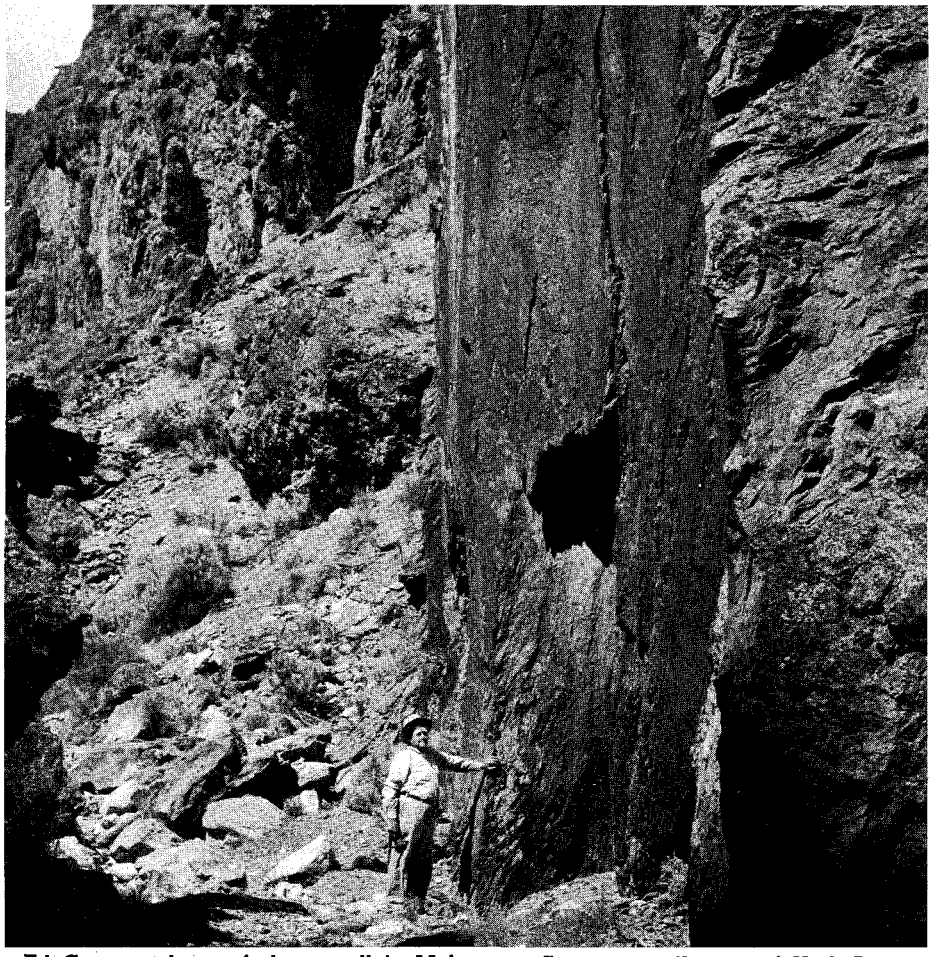

Ed Green at base of sheer wall in Mahogany Canyon, a tributary of High Rock.

had retraced several sections of the Applegate Cut-Off, but I was most interested in those highly significant miles from Mud Springs to and through High Rock Canyon. This is an especially isolated area and my opportunity to retrace that part of the trail did not come until the summer of 1955.

My exploring companion was the late Ed Green, of Lovelock, who had buckarooed in the Black Rock country even before I was born.

It was our decision to hit the Mud Springs-High Rock section of the trail at the mouth of High Rock, and work both ways from the middle.

After staying overnight at the Dave Iveson ranch, we drove north past the old ghost town of Leadville and the Ogle Swingle ranch. A little beyond Swingle's we turned right at a pair of dim wheel tracks. There was a signboard at the junction, but whatever name it once may have borne had been sandblasted away in the course of years.

As we followed this side road to the northeast, the country roughened. Steep buttes and mesas crowded in upon the road, and sage-gray hills plunged away steeply toward the distant valley. Jack rabbits loped along in front of us, great coveys of sage-grouse whirred up from beside the trail, and once we glimpsed the white flags of two antelopes as they disappeared over a distant ridge.

Eleven miles from the turn-off was the mouth of a narrow canyon, bordered by sheer rock walls. From Dave Iveson's description we knew this must be Little High Rock, scene of the last Indian massacre in the United States. In the winter of 1911, five stockmen from Cedarville, California, were murdered here by a renegade band of Indians, who later were pursued to Kelly Creek in Elko County. A volunteer posse annihilated the entire band with the exception of one young squaw and two children. Improvised stretchers, used to bring the bodies of the murdered stockmen out of the canyon, are said to be cached in a cave near the canyon's mouth.

Three miles beyond was the mouth of Big High Rock, most significant pass on the southern route to Oregon! I think I was a little disappointed by my first glimpse of this place I had longed to see for so many years. Its entrance, strangely, is far from impressive. The mountains flanking it on either side are no more spectacular than half the mountains in northwestern Nevada, and its floor, at this point, is flat, about a quarter of a mile wide, and thickly grown in head-high sagebrush.

Investigation of this sage forest revealed a trail that came in from the right, crossed our road, and headed up-canyon. Before we had followed it more than half a mile, the hills on either side had risen to summits capped with brown rimrock. The canyon narrowed and the north wall became a series of tall, thick, stone columns that sprang skyward for several hundred feet above the floor of the gorge.

The canyon was barely wide enough to accommodate the stream bed and the deeply-cut road over which we were moving at five miles an hour.

SUDDENLY it came to me that this road we were traveling was the original emigrant road, ground out more than a century before by the laboriously-turning wheels of covered wagons! The gorge was not wide enough to afford passage to any but the one road and this one had been cut so deeply by prolonged travel that it was virtually an earthen trough. On either side, the walls of the old trail stood shoulder high to a man, and low bunch grass growing on the canyon floor swept the top of our car as we crept by.

Three and a half miles above the mouth of the canyon, was the mouth of a cave. As surely as if there had been a bronze plaque at its entrance, we knew this was the cave referred to by Hale, Delano, and Bruff—and likely by countless other emigrants who had passed this way.

"A short distance before we reached our halting place," Delano had noted, "we observed a cave on the right . . . and the remains of fires, grass beds, and burnt bones showed it to be the habitation of the miserable race of beings who dwell in these mountains."

Describing the same cave, Bruff had noted the presence of names and dates "scratched all over the outer wall around the mouth . . . and . . . within. I wrote the name of the company and date of passing, signed it, and pinned it up to the roof of this grotto. The part of the wall in which this cave is, gave name to the canon High Rock . . . it rises in a vast spire, I judge to be 400 feet high. . . ."

We found the cave to be roughly 40 by 15 feet in area, and 15 feet high. The "grass beds and burnt bones" had long vanished but the arched ceiling was still blackened by the smoke of remote Indian fires, and cattle bones lay strewn upon the floor. Although our flashlights revealed faint tracings of printed names, we were unable to decipher more than a few isolated letters in each.

On the main face of the rock wall, to the right of the cave entrance, a vertical seam contained cemented fragments of beautifully agatized jasper. The material, although of good cutting quality, proved singularly hard to collect but we managed to disengage a few small cobbles.

ABOUT 200 feet up-canyon from the cave a narrow flat between the road and the cliff face was one of the campgrounds described in the old diaries. Even before we stopped, Ed had spotted rough breastworks built along the north wall of the canyon, adjacent to the campground.

Laid up of native stones to a height of four feet, the fortification could have shielded forty or fifty men. It was easy to imagine the stalwarts of a wagon-train taking position behind this stone wall to defend their party against possible attack via the canyon's mouth. The breastworks also commanded an unimpeded view of a considerable length of canyon rim to the south.

While prowling through the sage that blanketed the hundred-year-old campsite, I turned up a steel table fork and an iron pot-hook, heavy with rust. Meanwhile, Ed had located the first emigrant name we were able to fully decipher.

Chiseled neatly into the rock wall, to the rear of the breastworks, appeared the inscription:

George N. Japwith,
July THE 16th, 1852
from WIS.

(Continued on page 72)

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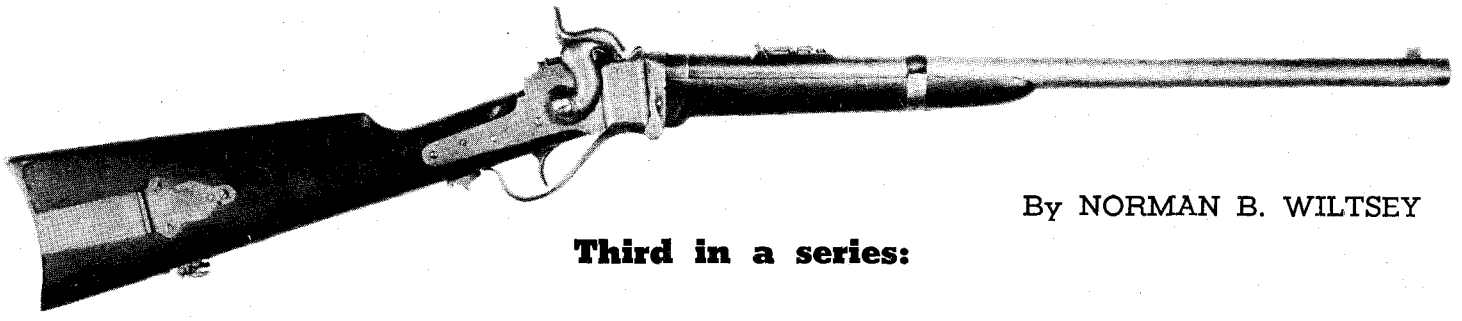
Sharps .50 calibre rifle



By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Third in a series:

Guns of the Old West: The SHARPS

IN 1848, Christian Sharps developed the first of his famous breech-loading rifles, a gunmaking event that was to directly influence the course of history in the American West. For—as General Sheridan was to point out thirty years later—the defeat of the proud, independent Plains Indians and the subsequent opening of the West to white settlement, depended solely upon the destruction of the huge buffalo herds that comprised the Indians' commissary. The Sharps Rifle was the weapon the buffalo hunters needed to do this monumental job. It, more than any other firearm, had enabled the rugged buffalo hunters to accomplish the greatest large-scale massacre of wildlife in all history.

Although previously used in limited numbers by both cavalrymen and settlers against Indians in the Southwest, the Sharps received its greatest impetus through its excellent combat record in the Civil War. Nearly 90,000 Sharps rifles and carbines were used by Federal troops during the four-year struggle. Colonel Berdan's Sharpshooters—the apt title was purely coincidental—was the scourge of the Confederate Army. Many of Berdan's carefully trained marksmen carried .54 caliber Sharps equipped with telescopic sights. Officers and artillerymen were the primary targets of the Sharpshooters, who brought down their human prey at incredible ranges with all the cool efficiency of pioneer riflemen at a turkey shoot.

Until 1869 all Sharps were of percussion type, designed to handle linen cartridges ranging from .36 to .54 caliber. In 1869, 30,000 Model 1859 and 1863 .52 caliber Sharps were converted to take metallic cartridges. A new vertically sliding breech-block was used and the barrels were bored oversized with a liner inserted. The liner was then rifled to .50 caliber size and chambered to take the .50/70 caliber metal center-fire Army cartridge. Known as the "Big Fifties," along with a later rifle using the .50/90 cartridge, these rifles were favored by many hide hunters.

MEN SUCH AS Bill Tilghman, Billy Dixon, Brick Bond and Tom Nixon used Sharps in the bloody business of decimating the buffaloes. Tilghman hung up a slaughter record of 7,500 with his Sharps—a rifle which is still in the possession of his widow. Mrs. Zoe Tilghman of Oklahoma City. A photo of this famed rifle made by Texas gun collector Shy Osborn shows the stock wrapped in rawhide that Bill had used to repair a crack in the wood. Tilghman took good care of his rifle, a virtue not always found in other avid hunters. Tom Nixon, for example, once burned out the barrel of his new Sharps in a forty-minute shooting spree that dropped 120 buffaloes. Champion killer of all, over a two-year period, was Brick Bond. In the fall and winter of 1875-76, Bond averaged 97 buffaloes a day for a record one-man bag of 5,855 animals. Brick alternated two rifles during this barrage, using water to cool the heated barrels and wash away the residue of burned black powder.

Jim "Rawhide" Wilson noted humorously in his journal that, "When the water cask and canteens were empty, you called on yourself to supply the necessary liquid solvent. And when *you* were empty, you quit for the day!"

Such continuous practice made the hide hunters the best rifle shots in the world, as the Indians discovered on numerous occasions, notably in the Second Battle of Adobe Walls in late June of 1874 in the Texas Panhandle.

Three years later, in the bleak winter of 1877, the deadly Sharps boomed a death-knell for the starving Comanches. Lanky Pat Garrett, later to win fame as the sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and as the killer of Billy the Kid; Limpy Jim Smith, a former member of the notorious Plummer gang of road agents in Montana; and an ex-Confederate soldier known only as Squirrel-eye, were among the buffalo hunters who routed a Comanche war party in a bitter canyon battle in the *Llano Estacado.* Thirty-five braves were killed and twenty-two wounded by the sharpshooting hide hunters.

MOST SCIENTIFIC of all the hide hunters was Colonel Frank Mayer, who arrived in Texas in 1872. His first Sharps was a .40-90 which he bought from Colonel Richard I. Dodge, famed frontier officer and Indian fighter, for $125. This was an 11-pound rifle with a 32-inch barrel, fitted with a full length 20 power telescopic sight made by A. Vollmer, of Jena, Germany.

Toward the end of his hunting career —he quit the game in 1881—Mayer obtained one of the new 45-120-550 Buffalo Sharps. This rifle weighed 16 pounds, had a 32-inch barrel, and the long 3¼-inch chamber. Mayer fitted to it another 20 power scope by Vollmer. Mayer later wrote: ". . . with that old Sharps in my hands I had the deadliest rifle ever made in America. . . ."

Wisely, he also spent $225 for a complete reloading outfit, including hundreds of cases, primers, etc. His best shooting record was made with this rifle—a string

(Continued on page 54)

Photos courtesy the Author

Frank Mayer

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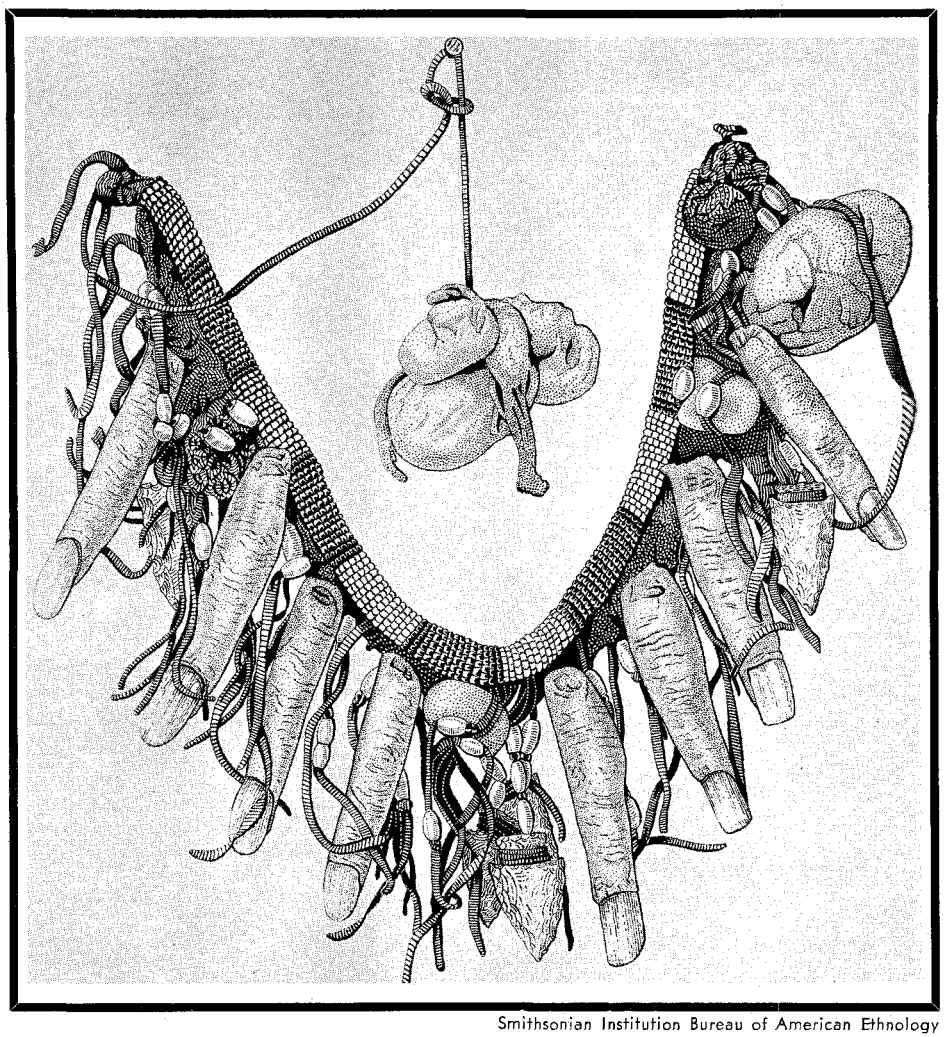

Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology

This necklace of human fingers was taken from a Cheyenne lodge on the Powder River in Wyoming, November 25, 1876.

"Little Bear," Arapaho

Museum of American Indian

"White Buffalo," Cheyenne

Museum of American Indian

THE YEAR 1876 had been full of action for the Indian fighting army. The Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes had outfought the soldiers in every encounter—the high tide of resistance culminating in June with the defeat of Custer and his men at the Little Big Horn.

The primary objective of the Government seems to have been the weakening of the Indians, in one form or another, so that they could no longer live off the reservations. Fighting was not to be avoided, but more emphasis was put on the destruction of supplies that permitted Indians to maintain their own way of life, independent of the wishes of the white men.

General George Crook was, perhaps, the most able and experienced fighting general in the West. Known as "Gray Fox" among some of the western tribes, his fighting traits were more closely akin to a tenacious and stubborn bulldog. He never admitted defeat and each setback found him returning to the attack stronger and more determined than before.

Crook had commanded two expeditions against the Sioux in 1876. First, he had attacked a Cheyenne village on the Powder in the early spring. There, a subordinate had burned the very supplies that Crook badly needed to keep his own men in the field. This shortsightedness had forced Crook's return east, just in time to re-outfit and take part in a new three-pronged attack on the Sioux with Gibbon and Custer. Crook met Crazy Horse on the Rosebud and was temporarily forced out of action, permitting the Sioux a free hand with Custer.

The Powder River Expedition was formed in the fall of 1876 with the purpose of punishing this same Crazy Horse and his followers, the most formidable and aggressive of the non-treaty bands still roaming the western Plains.

As in his previous expeditions, General Crook selected a mixed personnel of cavalry and infantry. The cavalry was under the leadership of Brevetted Brigadier General Ranald S. Mackenzie, whose command comprised eleven companies of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Cavalry regiments. All companies had been recruited up to full company strength. The new recruits were nicknamed "Custer's Avengers."

Lt. Col. R. I. Dodge of the 23rd Infantry, commanded the combined infantry and artillery companies. The latter, four companies of the 4th Artillery, served as infantry in the expedition. In addition to these, there were six companies of the 9th Infantry, two companies of the 14th, and three companies of Colonel Dodge's own regiment, the 23rd.

Cavalry officers and men totaled 818 men; infantry, 679. There were nearly 400 Indian scouts accompanying the column. A supply train of 168 wagons, 7 ambulances and 400 pack mules with 285 drivers, assistants and packers swelled the total to over 2,000 men.

REASONS FOR the winter campaign were many. During the summer, hostile warriors had proved they could outmaneuver and outfight any column of soldiers on a battleground of their own choice. In winter camps, the Indians were handicapped by the presence of their families. Their ponies were not in the best of condition. Indian tactics of sudden attack and swift evasion, as well as distance-covering ability, were set at

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BATTLE OF THE MIGHTY THREE

Was Custer looking down on this struggle between Dull Knife, Mackenzie and Crook? You can be sure the men fighting it out were thinking of him!

By BILL JUDGE

naught by the deep snows and frigid weather. In addition, they left a plain trail easily followed and their villages advertised their location by the presence of smoke in the cold air.

The expedition was assembled and fitted out at Fort Fetterman on the Platte River, above Fort Laramie. The first leg of the campaign ended at Cantonment Reno, the site of old Fort Connors on the Powder River. Established as a quartermaster depot some months earlier, it was under the protection of two infantry companies living in dugouts. (Cantonment Reno is not to be confused with old Fort Reno which had been burned some nine years previously.)

Here the expedition was delayed by a severe blizzard. After several days the storm abated and the men marched on to the Crazy Woman Fork of the Powder River.

Following an established custom of General Crook, the wagontrain was corralled while ten days' rations and extra ammunition were packed on mules for a swift strike at the Sioux.

During these preparations, word came from a reservation Cheyenne that Crazy Horse was encamped on the Rosebud, near the location of his fight with Crook the previous spring. The Cheyenne also brought information of a large village of Cheyennes camped for the winter within reach of the expedition. Previous plans were postponed and new orders issued.

General Mackenzie was to strike swiftly with all of the Indian scouts and all cavalry companies except one. This company was to be left behind with the infantry, under General Crook.

THE EFFECTIVE strength of this task force numbered 1,100 men, one third of whom were Indian allies. Marching twelve miles up the Crazy Woman Fork, they made a concealed camp, while scouts were sent out to locate the Cheyenne village. Shortly, Arapaho scouts reported its location and plans were made for an all-night march to strike the village at dawn.

Over frozen, broken ground in below-zero weather, they passed through the lower canyon of the Red Fork, entering the valley from the south. Here, as they formed below the Cheyenne village, on the south side of the creek, they could hear the throbbing of drums and voices raised in a victory dance. Dancing figures were silhouetted by the flickering firelight in several places through the camp.

The Shoshone allies were on the extreme left, or southern flank, of the battle line. Next to them on the inside were the Sioux, treaty (or friendly) Cheyennes and Arapahoes. A large group of Pawnees formed in the left center under Major Frank and Captain Luther North. Their instructions were to ride through the village to drive out the Cheyennes.

On the right center was Captain Taylor's Co. L of the 5th Cavalry and on the right flank, Captain Hamilton's Co. H of the 5th. Troops had formed into attacking columns of fours.

The word to advance was quietly spoken but the excited Indian scouts swept forward barking their short guttural war cries.

The drumming of hoofs and the noise of the scouts alerted the camp and an alarm was sounded on the big bass drum that had been a present from the Great White Father in Washington. (This drum was later captured by the Shoshones who staged a mock dance to ridicule and enrage their ancient enemies, the Cheyennes.)

On the south side of the creek was a large hill, isolated, but as high as the southern wall bordering the oval basin, and sloping to the edge of the creek. While there was room to accommodate an organized charge of columns of four, the hill was an obstacle and bottleneck to a mass formation of the Indian allies. It forced the Pawnees to cross over the creek to the north side. They recrossed to enter the village as soon as the hill was bypassed.

The Shoshones found a trail to the top of the south wall, but were immediately pinned down by the fire of Cheyennes who had gained a tall peak immediately west.

The Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho allies followed along at the foot of the South wall, flanking the village and cutting off escape to the south.

The first casualty occurred when the Pawnees recrossed the creek after bypassing the bottleneck hill. A Cheyenne warrior popped up out of the brush and snapped a shot at Captain Luther North. The warrior missed and Captain

Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie
U.S. Signal Corp No. 111-SC-87407 National Archives

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Major General George Crook

North didn't. The dead Indian was later identified as the twenty-year-old son of Dull Knife.

The Pawnees' first sortie into the village was unsuccessful due to the fire of the hostile Cheyennes in front and that of the Sioux allies in their rear. (The latter, in the misty dim light of early dawn, could not distinguish between friend and foe, or so it was claimed.)

On the north side of the creek, they re-grouped with the leading companies under Captains Taylor and Hamilton. As the combined force again advanced to attack the village, Cheyennes fired on them from the protection of a gully directly to their front.

General Mackenzie ordered Co. M of the 4th Cavalry under the command of Lieutenant McKinney forward and to the right of the two leading companies to outflank the Cheyennes and cut them off from escaping to the northern mountainside. Captain Wessels with Co. L of the 3rd Cavalry was ordered to support Lieutenant McKinney.

INSTEAD OF CUTTING to the right of the two advanced companies, McKinney drove between Taylor and Hamilton. The latter companies, to advance into the village, had to make a turn to the left since there simply wasn't room for the three companies to maneuver and avoid conflict.

Captain Taylor's Co. L and the Pawnees almost made it, but McKinney attempted to gain his assigned position and as he made the right turn, the Cheyennes rose from the gully and fired upon the head of the column. Lieutenant McKinney was hit in six places, four of them mortal wounds. Six of his men were wounded and many of the horses killed or wounded. The trumpeter was pinned under his horse but was later rescued after putting up a valiant fight. Lt. McKinney was saved from mutilation and scalping but three Cheyennes counted coup upon him by seizing his guns and ammunition.

For a short time confusion reigned but officers soon had order restored, and Captain Taylor and the Pawnees drove out the remaining Cheyennes from the village.

At the ravine the hardest fighting of the battle began, some of it hand to hand. Lieutenant Otis assumed command of McKinney's remaining men and joined Captain Hamilton and Captain Wessels in an advance on foot. That was the battle at the gully. From then on it was a mopping-up operation.

The Cheyenne warriors fought a rear-guard or protective cover action, deliberately sacrificing their lives that their families could escape up the ravine to the hills on the north. Little Wolf, the renowned war leader, was out in plain view of the troops, disdaining their concentrated rifle fire while directing the women and children to safety. He was wounded seven times but recovered to add further fame to his distinguished record.

Captain Wessels' company occupied the large hill at the head of the ravine, the key position on the north side of the creek. It was the most important move of the fight. Had the Cheyennes gained the hill, they would have overlooked and outflanked the entire northern position of the troops under Mackenzie and the battle might have had a different ending.

This hill became a hot spot and difficult to hold, for it was under continuous heavy fire from a mound to the southwest, rocks to the west and the mountainside on the north. General Mackenzie established his headquarters behind the protection of his hill for several hours. It also served as the first shelter for the wounded on the north side of the creek.

IT RAPIDLY became evident that neither side would be able to gain ground without risking a prohibitive cost in men. Mackenzie had the advantage in numbers, but any reduction in those numbers by an attack on the Cheyenne defensive positions could result in the entire loss of his command.

The Cheyennes occupied a high peak that overlooked the entire area south of the creek. In addition, they occupied the ridge to the west. The troops could not advance farther than the fringe of trees on the creek; the Shoshones were pinned down behind rocks on the south wall.

The Cheyennes were said to have had rifles with an effective range of 500 yards; the range of the cavalry carbines was estimated at 300 yards. The Indians fully exploited this superiority. It was for this reason that Mackenzie later asked for Crook's infantry and their rifles. The carbine used by the cavalry was described by the Army Ordnance Department as caliber .45-70 M1873. It was eleven inches shorter, but of the same caliber as the infantry rifle. The carbine had a barrel of twenty-two inches. The carbine cartridge was loaded with fifty-five grains of black powder, while the infantry rifle ammunition was loaded with seventy grains. The larger powder charge of the infantry ammunition and the longer barrel length gave greater accuracy and distance to the shots of the foot soldiers.

All of those writing of the battle mention the marksmanship of one Cheyenne. He was said to have been located behind a tree on the north mountainside. He was responsible for more white casualties than any other Cheyenne. It is believed he was armed with a Sharps buffalo gun.

In one instance, two troopers riding over the field at a distance of 500 yards were knocked off their horses with one shot per man. Another trooper of Captain Taylor's company was killed in the fringe of trees on the north side of the creek. One man was killed at General Mackenzie's headquarters on the hill just to the north of the creek. Mackenzie himself narrowly avoided being another victim while riding from his old headquarters to his new one. All of these shots were at a minimum distance of 500 yards.

The sharpshooter's location, gun and marksmanship are highly suggestive of the Indian on the hill overlooking Reno's position at the Little Big Horn, said to be such a deadly shot that it was rumored there were white renegades fighting with the Indians there. As these Cheyennes were at that battle, it is not unreasonable to assume that it could have been the same warrior. Rumors persist to this day that the Indians on the frontier were poor shots, despite many proofs to the contrary.

AROUND TWO o'clock in the afternoon, General Mackenzie held a parley with Dull Knife, seeking a satisfactory ending to the stalemate. His efforts being unsuccessful, he sent courier

(Continued on page 70)

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The worship of God as discerned by man has varied in ways since belief began——

THE PENITENTES. A RELEGIOUS SECT OF NEW MEXICO.

By FRED LAMBERT

"HERMANOS DE LUZ" are the Brothers of Light. The Penitent Brotherhood originated among the Aztecs in 1794. During the advent of the Spanish Conquistadores and the Franciscans into New Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, it was practical wisdom on the part of these old Padres to begin their efforts at civilizing the Indians with symbols of Christ. The aboriginal mind was swift to grasp the drama and imagery of the crucifixion and so evolved the order of Hermanos de Luz, an order so strong in numbers, so deep in faith, and with a record so deep in blood, that it dominated the entire western country in the early day. This brotherhood practiced its rites in Colorado, New Mexico, and parts of Arizona and Utah.

The brothers dictated to the churches, schools and courts of the land. In one county alone in Northern New Mexico, there were 5,400 members. If one of them should be held by the court for some offense, the prosecution ended with the action of the Grand Jury, for invariably certain jury members were Penitentes.

The fact still remains that the ritual and songs of the Penitente brothers are deeply devotional, are an earnest attempt to visualize the gripping drama that is read in Catholic and Protestant churches during Passion Week, and reflect fundamental religious doctrines.

I once talked with an old Catholic Padre and he had this to say: "With regard to the Society called Los Penitentes, I think it should not be fostered. This society was once considered by the old Padres legitimate and religious in its beginning, but in later years, it has degenerated until it no longer has fixed rules. It is governed in everything according to the pleasure of the leader in each locality, and in many cases is nothing but a political society. I have always followed this rule—that Mass must not be celebrated in the chapels of the Morada where the Penitentes observe their rites and abuses. The Penitentes who celebrate the wake over dead bodies with scourgings, not excluding eating and drinking, and openly despising our ordinances and penalties, should be deprived of the Sacrament until they amend."

For some unknown reason, the Penitentes build their Moradas (houses of worship) near the Catholic churches, and most of the members and their families attend the Catholic Church. Each room of the Morada has only one door and a tiny window, a low vega ceiling, wooden benches and a chapel in one end of the room. The altar is draped in black and decorated with candles, crucifixes, and skulls cut out of white cloth. I know of one such altar on which lie a number of actual skulls. Only one picture adorns the blood-spattered walls, that of Mary and the Babe, and black hoods and Amole whips hang on nails beside it.

"Disciplina" is a name given to the whips used for self-flagellation. Made from cactus roots and plaited amole weed, they are about three feet long, three inches wide, and as thick as one's hand. When new they are beaten over a rock until they form long tough fibers,

The Penitentes, stripped to a black cap and clout, appear with their leader.

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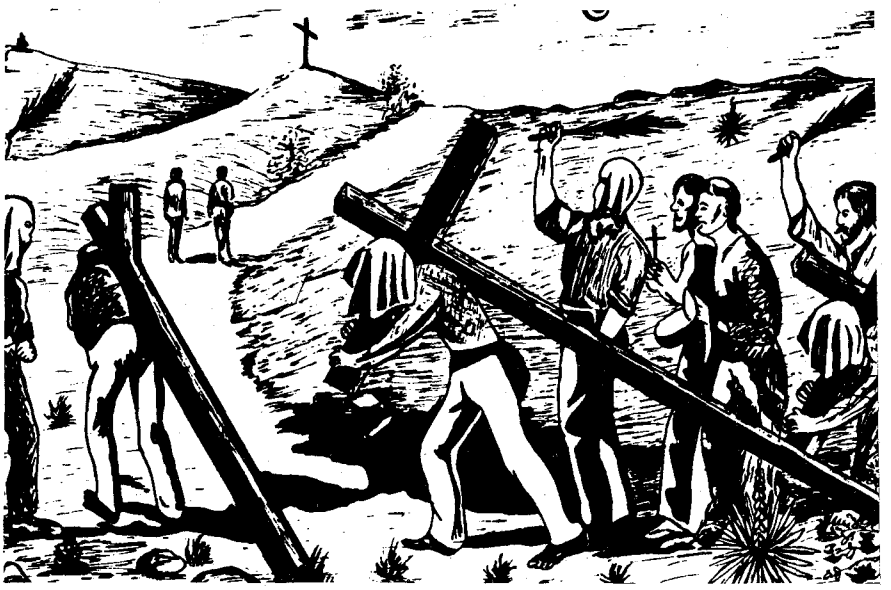

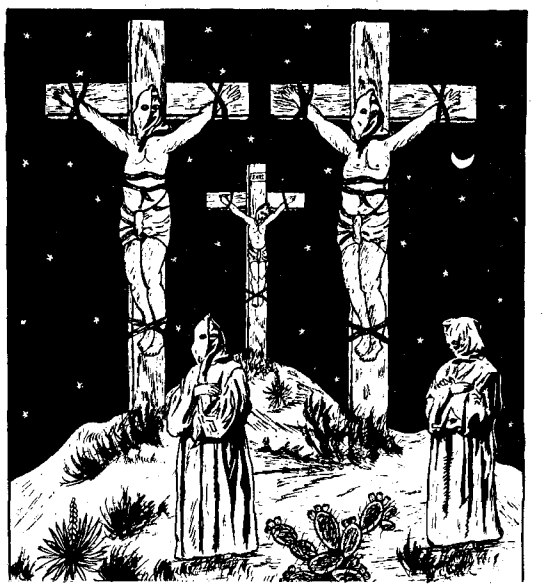

Some of the Penitentes carry the crosses and some, as seen at right, are tied to their crosses with thongs of wet rawhide to seek atonement for their sins and transgressions.

sharp on the edges. Occasionally a chain whip is found in some of the Moradas and is used by an over-zealous Penitente.

IN EACH brotherhood ten members are chosen to fill the following positions:

First, the Hermano Mayor, who is the leader.

Second, the Celador (Warden), who has charge of the Morada and the crosses, and carries out any sentence imposed upon a brother Penitente by the Hermano Mayor.

Third, the Coadjutor (Helper), who cleans the scourges used by the Flagellants and washes the bodies of the brothers after they have completed their penance.

Fourth, the Infermero (Doctor or Nurse), who cares for the sick brothers and those taken down from the cross.

Fifth, the Mandatario, one who acts as the collector or secretary.

Sixth, the Maestro de Novios (Teacher of Novices), who examines the younger members, teaches them their obligations, and commits them to utmost secrecy.

Seventh, the Sangrador (Pricker), the member who puts three gashes the full length and three gashes the full width of the back at right angles to each other. (These gashes are cut with a sharp instrument called Pedernal.)

Eighth, the Resador (One Who Prays). This member accompanies the Flagellants on their marches and prays for them while the whipping is in operation.

Ninth, the Pitero (Fluter). This member plays a reed flute and a wooden ratchet-box called a Metraca, a piece of oak that hits a notched wheel when whirled.

Tenth, all officers called Hermanos de Luz. A member must whip for five different years before he becomes a full-fledged member of the Penitentes. Membership in the order is restricted to Indians and Mexicans only.

When the member is ready to commence whipping himself, he asks: "For the love of God, the three meditations of the passion of the Lord." The Sangrador then gives him six strokes from a rawhide lash, three on one side, three on the other side of the spine, cutting deep in the gashes already there. The novice then demands the five wounds of Christ; the seven last words; the forty days in the wilderness. The answer to each demand is an increased and stronger number of strokes until in a faint he falls to the ground. The Coadjutor then bathes his wounds in a strong tea made of "Romero Weed."

The Penitentes spend Ash Wednesday in confession as they march from the Morada to Calvary (spot on hill where they have erected the cross).

Thursday night finds them choosing "The Christ"—the one chosen to drag his cross from the Morada to Calvary. Lanterns flicker among the pinons. Voices and flute keyed to a high pitch blend with the crack of lashes on bare backs and the heavy crosses dragging and crunching over the stones. Silhouetted alongside are a number of guards carrying rifles. At last all return to the Morada, with steps unsteady. Some reel and fall, and are ridiculed by the fellow brothers.

GOOD FRIDAY is the day when the Cristo must meet his fate. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the rattle of the metracas and the lonely wail of the Pito at the door of the Morada announce that the journey to Calvary is about to begin. Then comes the one condemned to "the way-of-the-cross." Crosses are made of ten-feet long timbers about the size of a railroad tie. They are so large that often several men are required to lift one to the back of the Penitente who will stagger along with the heavy load.

The whippers follow along behind, swinging their lashes up over their heads and down on each other's bleeding backs. The sharp resounding cracks can be heard a great distance. Shuffling along in the nearby shadows are the "El Guardiars" (guards), carrying their rifles in readiness to stop anyone who might try to interfere or pry too closely into the ceremony.

At any point where exhaustion forces a temporary halt, they pile up a little mound of stones. The procession stops to pray and gather sufficient strength to follow the zig-zag trail leading to the mesa's top.

The honored brother chosen for the "way-of-the-cross" is washed of all blood and dirt and laid down on his back on the cross, with his arms extended. The Hermano Mayor then takes strips of uncured rawhide and deftly binds him, while the rest of the Hermanos are chanting a song. Slowly the cross is raised to an upright position. As the lower end drops into a prepared hole with a sickening thud, dirt is tamped tight around it.

When the rawhide thongs commence drying, blood circulation is retarded. The Hermano hanging on the cross soon becomes rigid. You can hear his labored breathing, and sometimes a faint whisper —"Dios"—as a shudder racks the poor bleeding body. Then his head drops on his breast.

He is lowered from the cross and carried in to the Morada. Here he is laid down to recover consciousness, while out in the nearby shadows his family waits and wonders if he will return. If they see a Penitente coming toward them, they weep.

I have been close enough to hear one say only two words, "He sleeps." The relatives depart in sorrow, seldom if ever knowing where the body is buried, for the end is understood and believed to be a righteous one. Such is the glory of the whipping, carrying the cross, and the crucifixion.

ONE OF THE Moradas was built on a little knoll just outside our ranch gate, and Old Man Salazar, one of the leaders, worked on our ranch. He was a fine old man and we boys liked him very much. When he died the Hermanos de Luz decided to bury him inside the Morada. I was invited to witness the burial ceremony.

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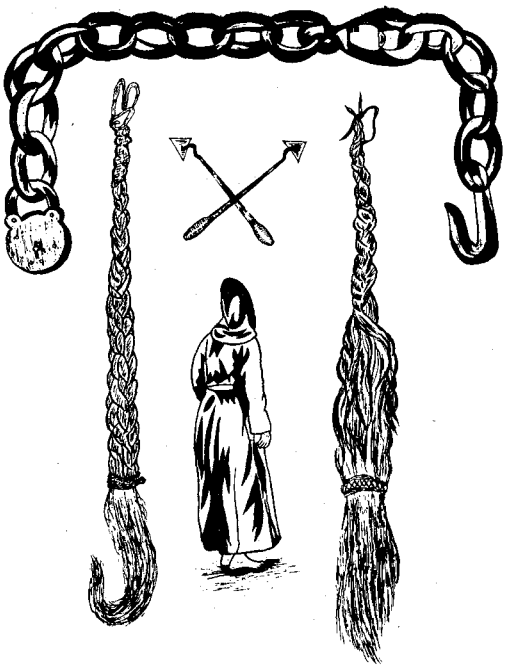

These are the chains used by Penitentes to shackle themselves during the procession.

The leader of the Penitentes in his religious dress.

The grave was dug like any ordinary grave, with the exception that at the head end of the grave they dug a hole about twenty inches square. There was no coffin. They lowered the old man and slipped his head into the square hole. When they laid him on the bottom of the grave, all you could see was the body minus a head.

Then each member, with a large boulder in his hand, would say "Hermano de Luz," as he dropped the stone on the body. After it was entirely covered, they finished filling the grave with earth.

Before New Mexico became a state, one of the Penitente leaders represented the Territory of New Mexico in the United States Congress, while another, Pablo H. of Tecolote, San Miguel County, New Mexico, was of a different type—a killer and outlaw. Once he was arrested in Las Vegas, but with the help of the brothers he broke jail and fled into the mountains. That fall, when the district court convened in Las Vegas, Pablo H. rode into town, got drunk and defied the court and its officers. This angered Judge Smith and he ordered Billy Green, a fearless officer, to bring Pablo in dead or alive. Green was gone only a day when he returned with the remains of Pablo tied across a horse.

This spelled doom for poor Billy Green, for soon afterward we found where he and a friend of his had been waylaid; their fingers, ears and toes cut off; their bodies seared with hot irons and buried with just their heads showing above the ground. Was it the work of the Hermanos de Luz to even the score? Quien sabe?

Years ago Charles F. Lummis wrote a book entitled *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, telling of the Penitente ceremonies which he had witnessed in New Mexico. In the book he mentioned quite a number of prominent Spanish citizens who belonged to the order. As a result he was warned to leave New Mexico and never return.

During 1914, I was a United States Deputy Special Officer in the Indian Service, stationed at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and was given some United States warrants to serve on Dalio Cordova, a Mexican living in Taos.

I arrested Cordova late one evening and by eight o'clock the following morning a person could hardly get across the Plaza Square because of the crowd of Mexicans, Anglos and Indians. It seems as though Dalio Cordova was one of the Mayor Penitente leaders in Northern New Mexico, and his arrest caused intense excitement among Hermanos de Luz. This article appeared in the Albuquerque *Journal* that morning:

PROSECUTIONS IN TAOS COUNTY CREATE GRAVE SITUATION
INTENSE EXCITEMENT PREVAILS IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO OVER SERIES OF FEDERAL CRIMINAL WARRANTS

Taos, N. M.,—A state of excitement which gives rise to a situation of real gravity exists in this remote section of New Mexico, growing out of a series of criminal prosecutions before the United States Commissioner Cheetham, and while the feeling is gradually subsiding at present, there is still apparent on the part of the authorities considerable alarm for fear that serious consequence may follow.

The beginning of the chain of circumstances leading up to the present situation took place with the arrest of Dalio Cordova upon a charge of selling liquor to Indians. Cordova is recognized as the head of the Penitentes in Taos County, and is a man of strong personal and political influence in Northern New Mexico.

ALIBI WITNESSES ARRESTED

On his preliminary investigation, Cordova sought to set up an alibi, and four witnesses gave evidence, tending to show that the accused was in a place other than charged by the government at the time of the commission of the alleged crime. Notwithstanding this evidence, Cordova was bound over by the U.S. Commissioner, and then the four alibi witnesses were charged with perjury and placed under bond. In retaliation, friends of Cordova obtained a warrant against the Indian Geronimo Miraval, the sole witness against Cordova, charging him with perjury.

So intense was the feeling created that Cordova's friends gathered, a thousand strong, to intimidate the U.S. Commissioner and Fred Lambert the U.S. Deputy Special Officer who made the arrests.

Excitement is running high throughout the country, as the Penitentes are very strong in that district and their influence powerful.

WHEN I brought Cordova into the courtroom things were so tense that Commissioner Cheetham hesitated in calling the court to order. I had a number of my Indian deputies present, not only with their six-guns strapped on, but their blankets drawn around their bodies and up over their shoulders, which concealed short Winchesters swung on straps from their shoulders.

I was called back to the courtroom door by a large, heavy-set, pock-marked Mexican. He said, "Lambert, here is something for you from Dalio Cordova's friends," placing in my hand ten .30-30 Winchester cartridges.

Smiling, I accepted them, saying, "Many thanks, Alfonso, these shells will fit my rifle and it looks now as though I might have a chance to use some of them."

I returned to the courtroom and as the preliminary started, I was again called to the door. This time there was a committee of four Mexicans who handed me a scroll of paper saying to read the words in red—that they might be of great interest to me. It was signed by hundreds of Hermanos de Luz, and at the bottom

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Fight on the Concho Plains

By THOMAS P. GILLESPIE

Editor's Note: The following first-hand account of an Indian skirmish is reprinted from *Hunter's Magazine,* published in 1911. The author was a member of the Texas Rangers at the time of the fight.

IN AUGUST, 1875, while scouting in the upper San Saba Valley, we discovered an Indian trail on Scalp Creek, a tributary of the San Saba in Menard County. The trail was comparatively fresh and indications were that it had been made by a band of twelve or fifteen Indians with a bunch of forty or fifty head of horses.

Our command consisted of Captain Roberts, Mike Lynch, Jim Trout, Jim Hawkins, Ed Seiker, Jim Gillett, Andy Wilson, Henry Matamore, myself and a man by the name of Crump.

Our horses were in bad condition for a long pursuit but there was no alternative and we began the chase without delay. The trail led out across the head of Dry and Rocky Creeks in the north part of Menard County and on in the direction of Kickapoo Springs, crossing the Fort McKavett and Fort Comcho road about nine miles south of Kickapoo Springs. It was nearly night when we reached this road and, our horses being very much jaded and suffering for water, we left the trail and went to the springs, where we remained overnight.

As many of our horses had flung their shoes and were lame in consequence, we went to a ranch the next morning and reshod our stock, after which we resumed the pursuit. Some twelve or fifteen miles above the head of South Concho we again came upon the trail and followed it to the top of a mountain, where the Indians had halted and had removed the shoes from their stolen horses. Just why they should want to pull off the shoes from their stock has always been a mystery. Several theories have been advanced by Rangers and frontiersmen, but none hold good. These horseshoes were left where they had been pulled off. In addition, the Indians had torn two long strips from a blanket and had placed these strips in the form of a cross on the ground.

It was about 2 p.m. when we discovered this sign on the mountain. The weather was hot but we took up the trail and pushed on as fast as our jaded horses could carry us. We knew from those signs so familiar to a Ranger that the Indians could not be far away and that they were moving leisurely along. We hoped to overhaul them before nightfall. We followed the trail, which led in a southwest course, until we came out on the plains, after which the trail led due west. About half an hour by sun we came to a pond where the Indians had watered their stock.

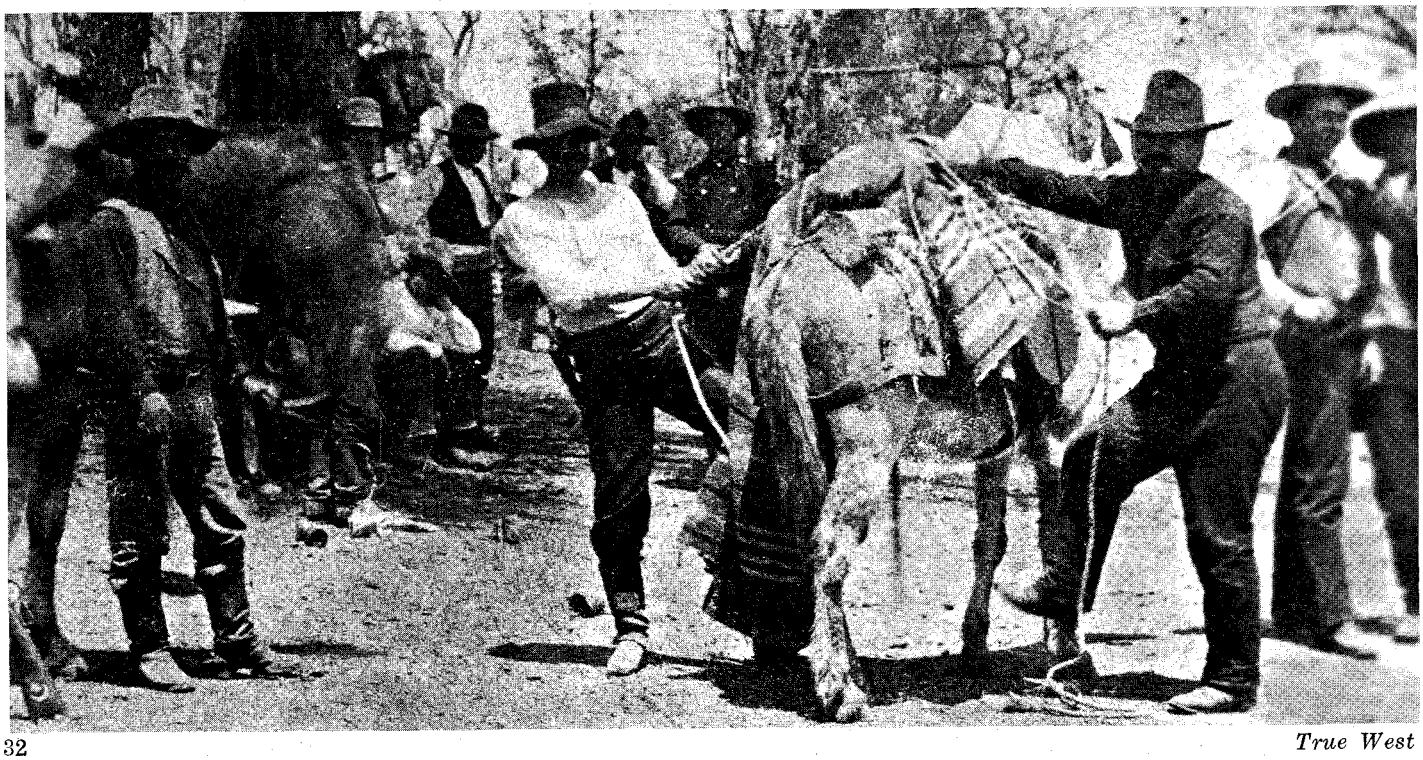
The water in the horses' tracks was yet muddy and the grass along the margin where the horses had come out of the water was still wet, showing that we were close at their heels. It being nearly night Captain Roberts said we had better cook supper there and give our horses a brief rest, which we proceeded to do, and after supper we remounted and followed the trail as long as we could. It being too dark to distinguish the trail, we lay by until dawn, giving our horses a good rest, which they sorely needed. By the time it was light enough to see, we were in the saddle, expecting every minute to come in sight of the enemy. We rode at a moderately brisk gait until about 7 o'clock, when Captain Roberts suddenly halted and said, "Boys, I believe I see them."

Far ahead in the plain we could see a few dark specks but not sufficiently to tell whether they were horsemen or other objects. Unslinging his field glass Roberts got a good view of them and said, "Boys, there they are. They are riding slowly. They have not discovered us yet. Now you fellows follow close up behind me in single file. The sun is at our backs and bv following my directions we can get close in on them before they see us."

We were all keen for the fight and our captain's orders were obeyed to the letter. We rode in the manner indicated and were within 600 yards of the Indians before they discovered us. There were eleven of them and as to numbers

Rangers in Captain D. W. Roberts' camp preparing to ride.

N.H. Rose Collection



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The boy was pinned under his horse, there was no possible escape-- but just the same, he disappeared right before their eyes

we were about equally matched. Besides the eleven, there were two riding along at a considerable distance to the left, and these two were the first to see us and gave the alarm.

WE BROKE rank and raised the yell—every man for himself, making full tilt for the savages. The Indians began rounding up the herd and mounting fresh horses, and when we got near enough to do execution they scattered and each sought safety in tall running. However, when we got in about 150 yards of them, they rallied on a small elevation and opened fire on us. This was evidently for the purpose of giving some of their number time to catch and mount fresh horses.

We killed three or four horses and probably killed or wounded an Indian or two before this crowd broke and ran. We carried Winchesters and needle guns, and every man in the company was a crack shot. A running fight followed and our men, singly or in pairs, selected their game and put in after them. The Indians scattered by twos and when our men killed a horse the rider would hop up behind his comrade and continue the flight.

Ed Siecker and Jim Gillette took in after two well mounted Indians, who, with their shields on their backs, were "burning the wind." After a run of 500 or 600 yards they brought down one of the horses. As quick as a flash the Indian was up behind his mate and the race continued until the horse ridden by the two Indians began to lose his wind and began to circle. This maneuver was often practiced by the Indians when cornered under like circumstances. The boys had fired at least a dozen shots at these two Indians during this run but, on account of their shields, had failed to bring them down. Seeing this circling ruse, Jim Gillett dismounted and with his needle gun took deliberate aim and broke the horse's neck, and then sprang alongside with Ed Sieker.

When the horse fell, the Indian mounted on behind hit the ground a-running, still holding the shield over his back, while the horse in his fall had pinned the other Indian to the ground. The boys dashed up to the fallen horse and Gillett threw his pistol on the Indian lying pinioned under the horse and was in the act of shooting him when Ed Sieker shouted, "Don't shoot him! Don't you see he is a white boy?"

Gillett lowered his pistol and, as a bare glance showed that the boy was closely held by the body of the horse and, even if footloose, could not escape, they hurried on after the fleeing Indian, whom they overtook and killed after a race of about 300 yards. After having killed this Indian, they tarried a short while to get his scalp and to gather up his bow, quiver, shield and other accoutrements worth carrying away as trophies.

When they returned to where they had left the boy under the dead horse, he was gone! At this they were puzzled beyond expression, for the scene of the fight and the chase was an open plain with nothing to obstruct the view for miles. From the moment the horse was killed until their return to the spot, they had been in full view of the surroundings and the boy could not have gotten away without their having seen him make the start.

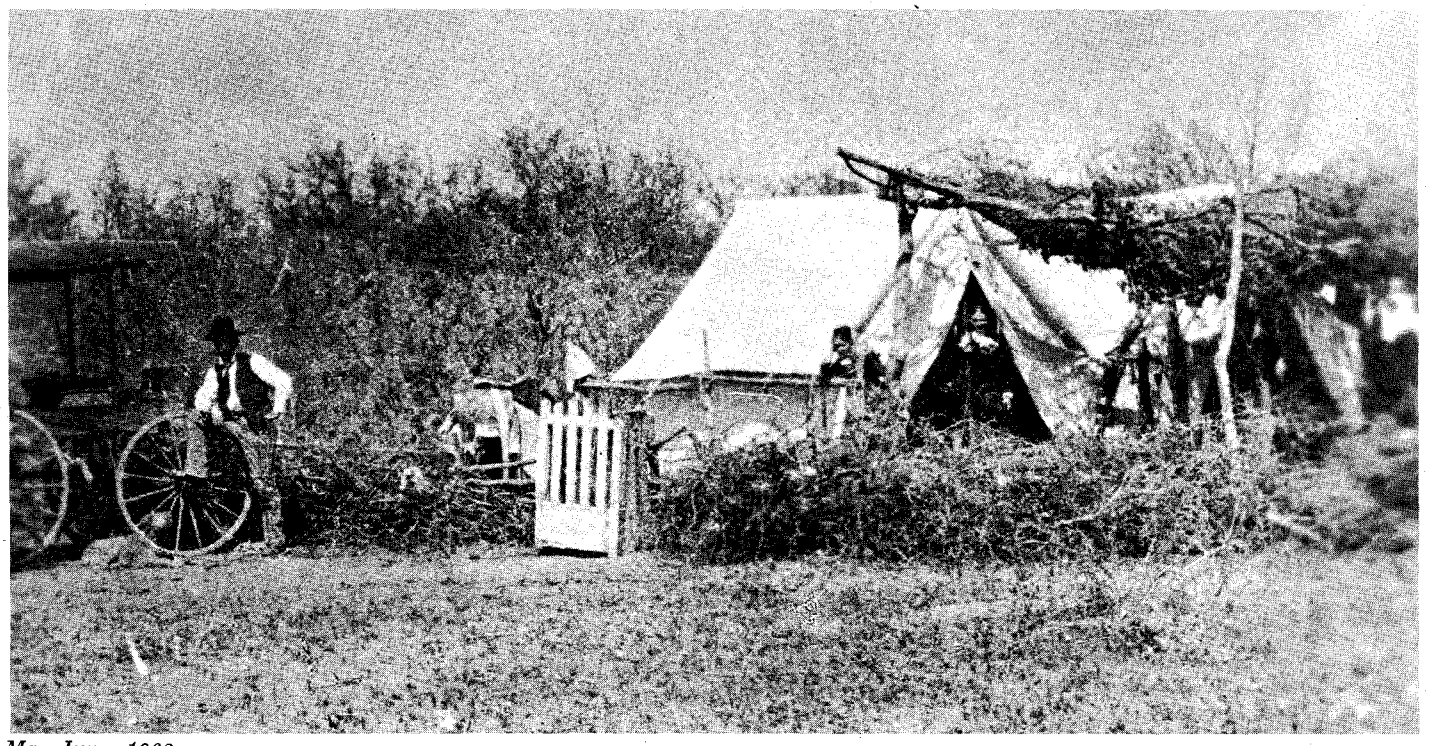
There were a few scattered mesquites but none large enough to offer concealment. The grass was green and seven or eight inches high and into this he must have crawled off and secreted himself. The search began, and in a short time the entire company came up and all joined in the hunt. Every square rod for a mile around was gone over and every bush and tuft of grass was examined but the boy was nowhere to be found. We gave up the search as hopeless and went away completely mystified as to what had become of him.

Some years later I learned that this boy was the captive, Herman Lehmann, who, when a child, was stolen from his parents in Gillespie County and kept nine years, during which time he became thoroughly Indianized, joined his adopted people in their wars and horse-

(Continued on page 46)

Captain Roberts' quarters

N.H. Rose Collection



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This is the northeast corner of the sprawling mansion of 160 rooms with 10,000 windows. This "House of Why" was built over a period of 36 years and approximately $5,000,000 was spent on it.

WHY did the building go on for 36 years?
WHY did the number 13 play an important part?
WHY did Sarah Winchester believe as she did?
These unanswered questions still hover over the

Mrs. Sarah Winchester

"BE SURE to stick close to the guide," warned a slender, grey-haired woman as she wound film in her camera. "It takes an hour to go a mile in this amazing place. On a former visit I lagged behind and got lost. It's very easy. I almost died of fright."

The visitor was trying to be helpful to the group of travelers who had come from all points of the compass to see the Winchester Mystery House, just west of San Jose, California, on the San Jose-Los Gatos Road. A college student was conducting one of the many daily sightseeing tours through the sprawling octopus-like mansion that defies comparison with any other residence on earth.

This grotesque dwelling was created by the wealthy Sarah L. Winchester, who dined and danced with unseen spirits and built exclusively for them for 36 intensive, continuous years. It is a weird puzzle well calculated to raise the question of "Why?"

Why did the affectionate, intelligent widow believe as she did?

Why did she shun all human contacts and bury herself in her all-consuming project?

Why did she want to live forever when her only loved ones had passed away?

Why did she employ a carpenter for 30 years to build only cupolas?

Why did she dote on the number "13" and have only 12 unseen ghosts—and herself—at the banquet table, where only the costliest delicacies were served?

This really needs some explaining. It is as fantastic as a fairy tale and as upsetting as a nightmare.

Sarah Winchester was a vivacious, talented, unusually bright little wife and mother who presided over a large and well-ordered home in New Haven, Connecticut. She was under five feet in height and weighed less than a hundred pounds. Her face was thin, almost sallow, which accented the sharpness of her dancing, dark eyes.

She was married to the son of Oliver Winchester, designer of one of the world's most famous weapons.

Almost without warning her beloved husband, William Wirt Winchester, heir to the Winchester Repeating Arms fortune, passed away. In a short time her

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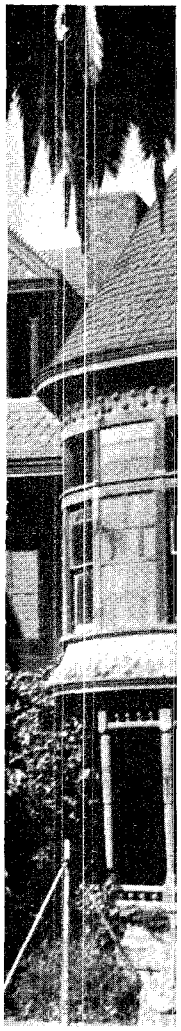
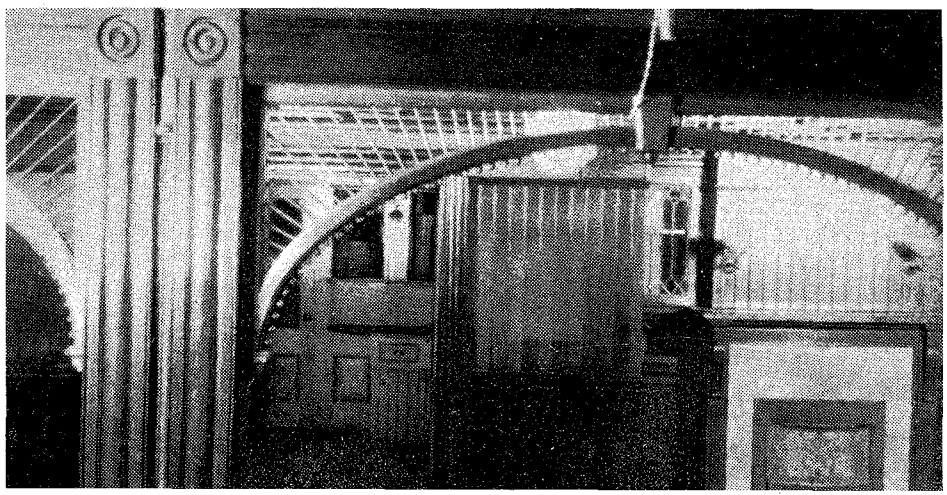


By

K. R. EDSON

Photos

courtesy the Author



Last dining room used by Mrs. Winchester

Palace ballroom, in the Winchester house

HOUSE of the LUCKY 13

only daughter joined him.

Left completely alone for the first time in her life, Sarah was deeply shocked by this sudden and devastating loss. What would she do, what could she do, to overcome the increasing and overwhelming heartache and grief?

The answer came finally through a seeress, a spiritual medium. Sarah was told that she should create an earthly abode for unfortunate victims of Winchester guns. By so doing she would keep her husband's soul from purgatory. As a reward for her devotion she would enjoy everlasting life, but only so long as she continued building.

At last Sarah had an objective. The light in her eyes no longer danced—it burned with the fire of a zealot. She went west to California; in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley she bought a 9-room home from a Doctor Caldwell. She could well afford the expensive 30-acre property for she now had a $20,000,000 fortune at her disposal.

She hired the good doctor's architect and head carpenter. They promptly quit

(Continued on page 60)

Photo of the entire Winchester house.

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THE MONSTER OF PLUM CREEK

To go to work for this rancher was to risk your life—if you owned a horse and saddle or few head of sheep

By ANDREW FEENEY

as told to

ROGER M. HALL

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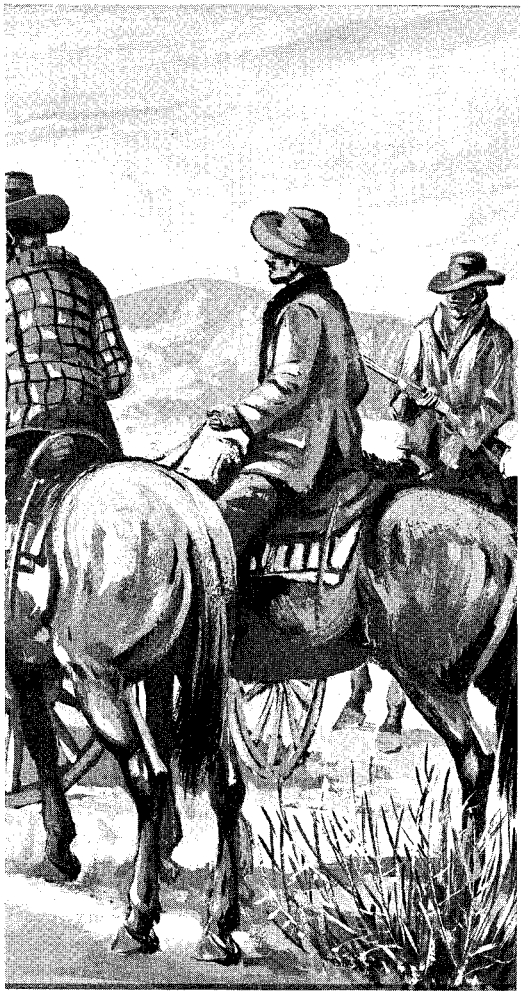


BACK ABOUT 1903, in the fore-part of March when I took office as sheriff at Ft. Pierre, South Dakota, William Kunnecke was the second person that I arrested. An old Indian was the first victim.

I received a letter from Will Rohrbecker of Allison, Iowa, telling me he thought Kunnecke had made away with Andy Danler, his sheepherder. (Word had gotten around that some of the boys who had herded for Kunnecke were missing and that their mail had accumulated at Hayes.) I answered, asking for details, so I could go out to investigate. In due time Rohrbecker's reply came.

He stated that when he was at the Kunnecke sheep camp he had noticed blood on a sled near the yard. While stopping to examine the sled, a dog came up, sniffed at the blood stains, then ran rapidly toward the house. This made Rohrbecker suspicious that it could be the blood of a human.

Danler had not shown up. I didn't know Kunnecke, but when I arrived at the ranch on horseback I asked the man there if he were Kunnecke. He answered in the affirmative. I asked if Andy had worked for him. His replies were evasive. He admitted that Danler had worked for him but he'd quit. I asked him where he had gone and he answered, "Toward Pierre."

"Was he afoot or on horseback or how did he leave?"

His reply was, "He went on foot to Pierre and from there he planned to go to New York City."

I told him he'd never reached Pierre and hadn't stopped at any of the road ranches between the place and Pierre. As deep as the snow was, he couldn't have made it between there and Pierre without stopping. Of course, this was just bluff on my part, although it was true as we learned later. I asked if there were any old wells or holes that he could have fallen into. He hemmed and hawed around saying, "Yes" and "No."

I went around with the other sheepmen living nearby looking, but found no such holes. As I was riding around in the brakes of Cottonwood Creek, I saw Kunnecke in the distance. I overtook him and told him the men hadn't seen Danler.

The next day I again left Hayes to go to Kunnecke's place. I headed him off and again questioned him but he said Danler probably had gone already to New York City. He admitted that Danler had had some sheep and horses but that he, Kunnecke, had bought them.

I again talked to the herder; he hadn't been there very long and knew nothing of Danler but I told him what was up. The herder wanted to quit immediately but I persuaded him to stay on as long as we were around for nothing would happen to him. He knew something was wrong, however, for during the storm Kunnecke had turned up and appeared very nervous.

The next day we saw three wagon tracks instead of two going over the east Plum Creek Trail. Then I dismounted and saw where one wagon track pulled a foot or two out of the road. I found Kunnecke's tracks in the snow and followed them to a waterhole nearby. Henry Schack was with me.

Fresh dirt had been dug up. I sent two of the boys after a spade while we started digging with our hands. Before the boys returned, we had removed the dirt from a shallow grave. Kunnecke had placed Danler there and had pushed the dirt from the bank over him. The print of one foot showed in the dirt for Kunnecke had brand new overshoes on. But there was no body.

When I saw that, I called the rest of the men—six men and two boys aged sixteen. They returned and I pointed to the grave. We could see that Kunnecke had moved Danler and covered the shallow grave carelessly. Then we again followed the wagon tracks and overtook him some three miles from the grave.

KUNNECKE had moved Danler's body from the grave by the waterhole, and was returning from the place where he cached it the second time about fifteen miles away. I rode my horse right up in front of his team to stop him. He was sitting on the footboard of the wagon box. I said to him, "Mr. Kunnecke, you're working late and early these days, aren't you?" He must have been out all night that time.

He replied that he wanted to get a little wood while the road was frozen, but all he had was a couple of arm-loads of dry ash which belied his words.

I said, "What did you do with that corpse?"

He replied, "I didn't have a corpse."

I said, "You get off that wagon, and I'll take care of you." With that I rolled off my horse and started forward to search him for firearms. He got off the wagon and I called my men to search him, but he was unarmed except for an old broken jackknife in his pocket, and an axe in the wagon.

Then I took Louie Olson's saddle horse and commanded Kunnecke to mount. He insisted that we all go down to his house for dinner. I refused but he said that he would eat at home, anyway.

"Listen here," I said, "If you don't do as I say, I'll hogtie you and throw you in your wagon box and take you to Ft. Pierre."

Hearing this, he said, "I'll do as you say," and crawled on Louie's horse.

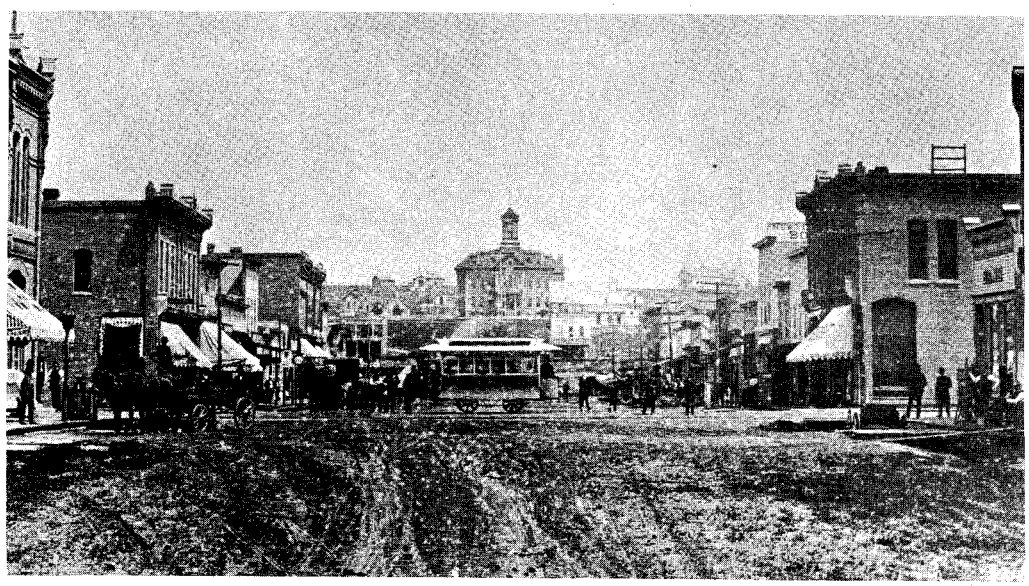
Schack, Kunnecke, and I stayed at Hayes that night. Earlier I had sent some men back on the trail to find the corpse. They had no trouble finding it. It was on the east fork of Plum Creek. It was in a washout about fifty feet deep; the body had been chopped in two to facilitate moving. Danler had weighed only about 150 pounds but his body had been frozen in the first grave and was difficult for one person to handle.

The men brought the body to Hayes about midnight. I sat up all night watching the prisoner although I had him handcuffed to the bed. The next morning after caring for the team that States Attorney M. G. Simon had brought out, we started for Ft. Pierre, using Kunnecke's team and wagon to haul the corpse. Simon wouldn't ride with Kunnecke so Louie Olson, Simon, and the corpse came in together. Henry Schack brought the prisoner in with him, while I rode alongside on horseback.

WE WERE crowded for time, as the sun was setting and there was no way to cross the Missouri except on the ice. There was no jail in Ft. Pierre in

(Continued on page 46)

Pierre, South Dakota



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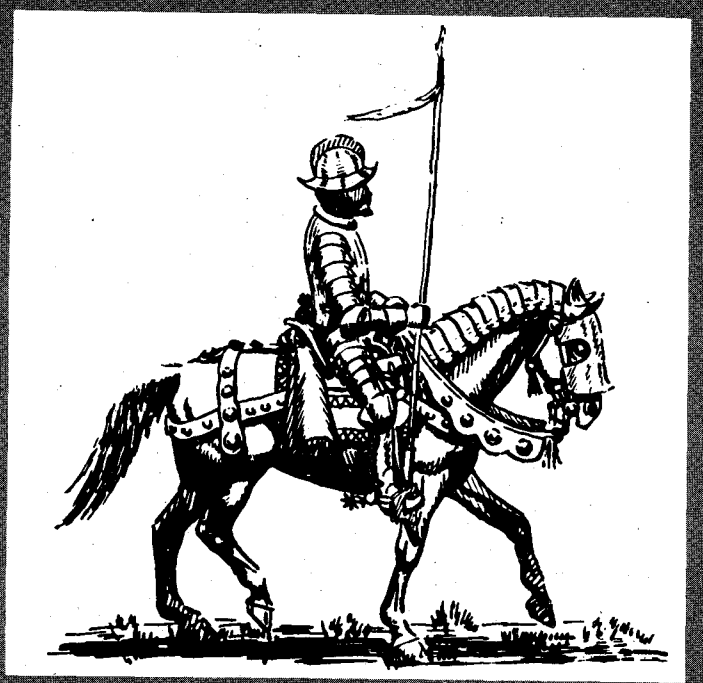
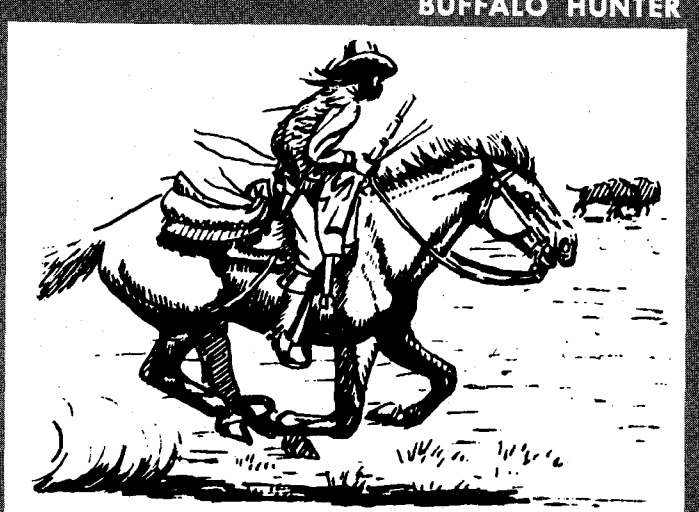


CONQUISTADOR

RANCHERO

BUFFALO HUNTER



More sinister than a gun—

More cruel than a spear or sword—

That is

Sketches from THE COWBOY AT WORK
by Fay E. Ward
Courtesy Hastings House, Publishers, New York

NOTHING was ever done the first time. Somebody else said something like that sometime, but I guess somebody said it before he did. If we could find out who first made use of a wheel, we'd have a true first for everything in machinery, but round rocks were rolling and tumbleweeds were free-wheeling ages before that.

Before man made a rope out of a twisted thong cut from the hide of a wild ox or ass, he had observed the coils of a vine choking a tree to death. It is not true that the original English-speaking Texas cowboys learned to ride from Mexican vaqueros, but they probably acquired from them the use of the lasso.

The ignorance of boasting, however, could not be more historically absurd than in a passage from *Trail Dust and Saddle Leather*, written and deftly illustrated by the late Jo Mora. "Although you could scarcely call any of the cowboy's working tools 'foreign,'" he wrote, "yet there is one which is American and American only. That is his flying loop—the lazo, lasso, rope, reata, lariat, or any other name it goes by."

In the year 480 B.C., Xerxes, King of Persia, led an immense army into Greece. Herodotus, who was born shortly after the invasion and wrote a history of the Persian wars, describes the vast army in detail, especially a wandering tribe known as Sagartians who spoke the Persian language and furnished Xerxes with 8,000 mounted men.

"It is not the wont of this people," Herodotus wrote, "to carry arms, either of bronze or steel, except only a dirk; but they use lassoes made of thongs plaited together, and trust to these whenever they go to the wars.

"The manner in which they fight is the following: when they meet their enemy, straightway they discharge their lassoes, which end in a noose; then, whatever the noose encircles, be it man or be it horse, they drag towards them, and the foe, entangled in the coils, is forthwith slain."

In other words, more than twenty-four centuries ago certain cavalrymen in the Persian army carried rawhide reatas to rope their enemies and drag them to the ground, whereon they could stab them or otherwise do them to death.

It can be taken for granted that some of the Spanish riders who conquered Mexico knew how to rope. They had guns and ammunition and had, therefore, no

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THE DEADLY REATA

By J. FRANK DOBIE

occasion to lasso their Indian opponents. In time their mixed-blood descendants became true artists in plaiting rawhide thongs into reatas and in lassoing with them. In time also, Mexican riders had no guns but only reatas with which to fight. The lasso became a common weapon with them.

Thomas Jefferson Green, one of the leaders of the Mier Expedition into Mexico (1842) and then a prisoner who drew a white bean—the color of life—wrote in his *Journal of the Texian Expedition against Mier* that if he were Santa Anna he would "reduce any officer guilty of throwing the lasso." General Thomas Jefferson Green boiled with prejudice day and night. "It has been said," he continued, "that the Texian is born with a rifle in his hand; with equal truth it may be said that the Mexican is born with a rope in his. At every Mexican settlement we noticed children from knee-high and upwards roping ducks and chickens. The old roosters and drakes had been taken that way so often that they seemed to know how useless it was to attempt escape, and they would squat to receive the rope when they saw it coming. In Mexico the lasso is used for catching every animal from a wild bull to a dunghill fowl; nor is its use unknown in recruiting 'volunteers' for the army."

IT IS, indeed, doubtful if in any other country the lasso has been so commonly used as it was in Mexico and California around the middle of the 19th Century. In his recollections of "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California," (*Century Magazine*, December, 1890) General Guadalupe Vallejo sketched in the reata thus:

"The grizzly bears, which were very abundant in the country,—for no one ever poisoned them, as the American stock raisers did after 1849,—used to come by night to the ravines near the slaughter corral where the refuse was thrown by the butchers. The young Spanish gentlemen often rode out on moonlight nights to lasso these bears, and then they would drag them through the village street, and past the houses of their friends.

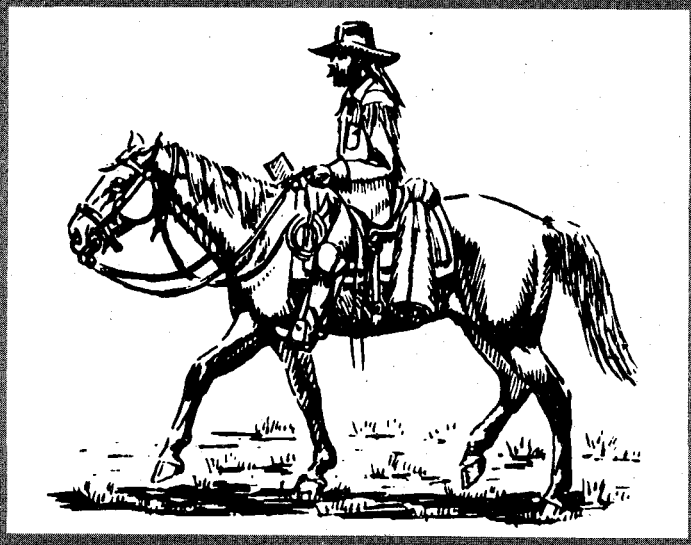
"Two men with their strong rawhide reatas could hold any bear, and when they were tired of this sport they could kill him. But sometimes the bears would walk through the village on their way to or from the corral of the butchers, and

(Continued on page 69)

HACENDADO

VAQUERO

SCOUT



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Wild Old Days!

THE TRIAL OF PEARLY PLANE

By Harry Leavitt

PATRICK REDDY became a criminal lawyer after losing his right arm in a gun duel. While recuperating, he devoted his time to the study of law, poker and faro. Though the loss of his arm handicapped him in many ways, he could deal cards with uncanny skill. Pat Reddy never played to lose at a gambling table or in the courtroom. No man in his right mind would go up against him with a gun, for he was fast and deadly with the .45 he always carried under his Prince Albert coat.

In the early '70s, shortly after he had moved his law office from Bridgeport, California, to Bodie, he undertook the defense of a man accused of cattle rustling. Arrayed against him was one of the toughest gangs of cutthroats in that part of the California-Nevada boundary country. It was led by Pearly Plane, a man with several notches on his gun and a prison record a mile long.

After studying the evidence, which was extremely sketchy, Reddy decided his client was being framed, and the gang, if not guilty, was at least implicated.

Plane was the principal witness for the prosecution. As Reddy saw it, his best defense would be to discredit the leader. The trial was to be held in Aurora, a nearby mining camp and the county seat of Esmeralda County, Nevada. Shortly before the trial, a member of the gang confronted Reddy and delivered an ultimatum.

"Listen, Reddy," the outlaw said, "your man had better be convicted, or you die with your boots on!" Reddy was to make no reference, direct or implied, as to Plane's past. Any deviation from these orders would mean a slug in the chest!

Reddy knew these men and knew a human life meant less to them than a white chip. Yet he did not relish backing down from a fight.

After days of argument a jury was selected and the trial got under way. Reddy was quick to realize that Plane's friends were posted about the room, their hands never far from the guns on their hips.

DURING A recess in the morning session, Reddy whispered a few words to a trusted citizen and soon a man on Aurora's fastest horse was racing over the road to Bodie, fourteen miles away.

Shortly after noon a carryall wheeled up in front of the courthouse. Eight of Bodie's fastest gunmen—all friends of Reddy's—stepped from the four-in-hand and marched up the steps to take strategic positions in the courtroom. Pearly Plane's criminal band was outmanned!

Then Reddy stepped in front of the witness chair where Pearly Plane was seated. Under the tails of his Prince Albert coat, his fingers gripped the butt of a .45. Silence fell over the room.

"Pearly Plane, are you an ex-convict?"

Beads of sweat formed on Plane's forehead as he squirmed in the witness chair and looked at the faces around the room. Then, after a long moment, he choked, "Yes."

Pearly Plane left the witness chair a discredited, broken man. One by one his henchmen slipped from the room, their bravado gone.

Young Ed Loose, a six-foot 220-pound giant, rushed forward to congratulate Reddy. "By Golly, Pat!" he shouted. "You done it! You made 'em eat crow!" He slipped an arm around Reddy's shoulder. "But what the hell, I knowed all the time you would!"

Then he turned and went hand-springing down the room, his weight breaking the boards each time his boot heels hit the floor.

For years the patches were called "Loose's Trail" and were considered to symbolize a pathway from false conviction to freedom.

Patrick Reddy—noted lawyer
California State Library

ROVING SKY PILOTS

By K. D. Curtis

THE FRONTIER parsons who moved through the untamed territories had as much nerve and unflinching courage as a lot of the most famous gunmen. Some—through sheer necessity—carried weapons, but most of them walked right into the middle of the gunsmoke armed with nothing but their courage and their Bibles.

"Good society and morals are strangers in this country," wrote an adventurer in Helena to friends back East in 1866. In the churning, untamed camptown, the gambling joints, partyhouses, saloons and general stores stayed open practically around the clock, including Sunday. No one thought about "church" or Sunday worship.

The Reverend Luther Hart Platt in the 1870s would walk right into the middle of the biggest gambling games, card set-to's and drinking bouts in Wichita. Tucking his fiddle under his chin, he'd begin a medley of the most popular ballads of the day. Once he got a good round of hand-clapping, he'd shift into his best collection of "sawdust trail" hymns. Then he'd wind up his act by inviting all hands to come to his regular Sunday services in a specially-built dugout. He got results, too!

The Reverend Henry Weston—"Preacher Smith"—wangled thirty-five men and five "ladies" of dubious virtue into attending his sermon in what some say was a "borrowed" saloon in Custer City, South Dakota. Later, he bullwhacked his way on a wagontrain to bloodletting Deadwood. Black Hills residents can mark the spot where he preached his rousing sermons in front of the historic Bella Union and Number Ten Saloons. The carousing miners respected him, even if they did not always follow him—a top tribute in that raw country.

One day he told his friendly congregation that he was hiking over to Crook City Camp to do a little missionary work. All his toughest friends advised him to take along one of their firearms in case he met a few Indians. He turned them down, saying his strength was not in his guns.

He had gone twelve miles when some Indians ambushed and killed him. However, when they saw the Bible he clutched in his hands, they did not scalp the sky pilot. Apparently, they'd heard of his "medicine."

Shortly after the time of Preacher Smith, another free-lance parson hit Bismarck, Dakota Territory. One Sunday he walked into a saloon where the sound of drinking men, poker chips, card arguments and other gaming pastimes drowned out ordinary conversation. He leaped up on a table and began to exhort the rough men to change their ways. There was a scuffle in the far corner as one disgusted tinhorn tried to get a bead on the parson. But, unpredictably, someone struck the gambler down and the parson continued. At the end of his short sermon, he passed his hat and collected $40.00 worth of chips. Bravely he went up to the cashier and converted the chips to hard money usable in his wide-flung ministry.

With the coming of the sodhouse-settler era, the frontier parson's way of life began changing. The case of the Reverend Charles Wesley Wells, about 1870, is somewhat typical. He began preaching at seventeen "without training," as he explained in his book. The Methodist missionary organization was

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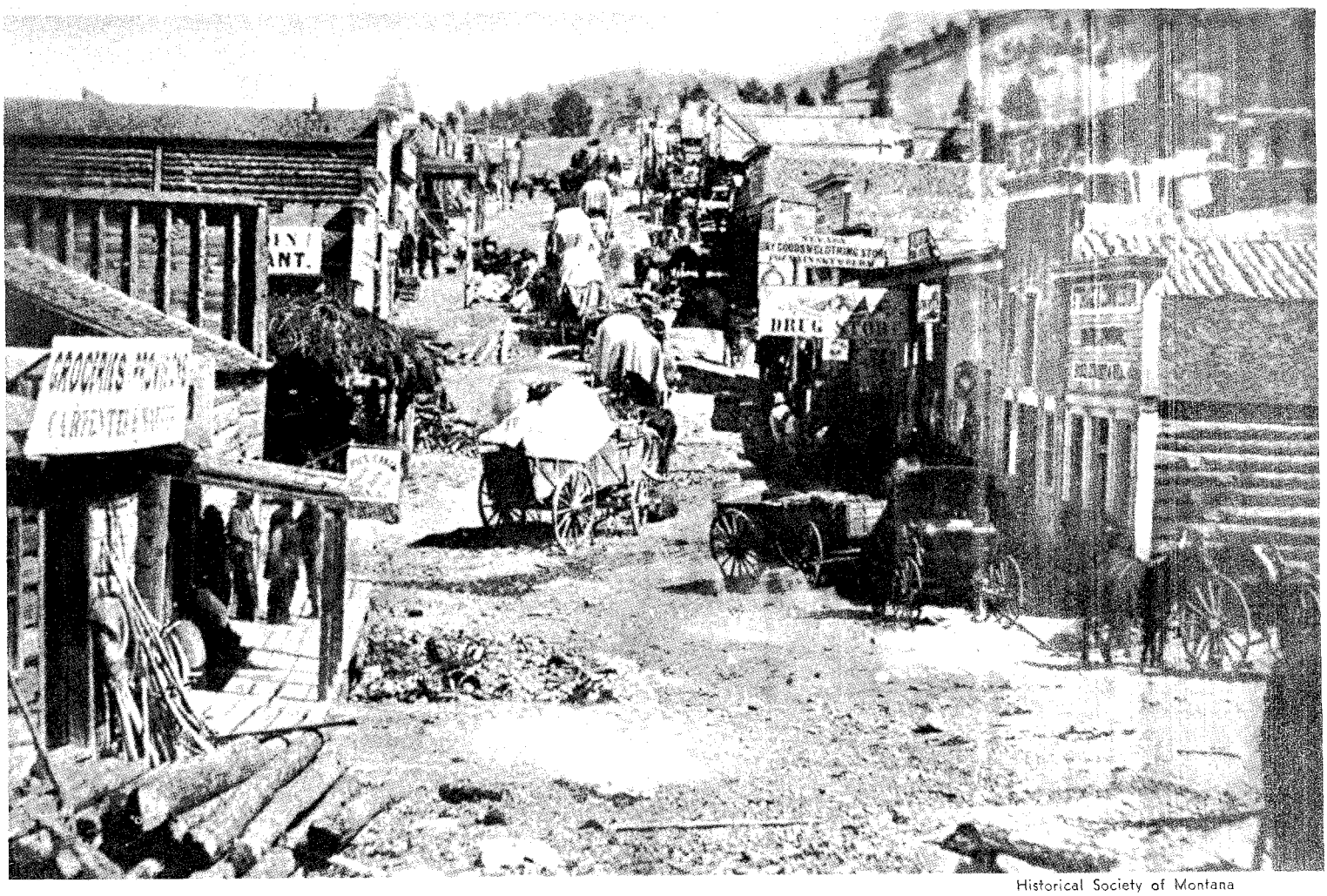

Historical Society of Montana

Helena, Montana, when preaching the gospel was a real challenge.

impressed by his zeal, and granted him an "exhorter's license." He graduated to a "local minister's license" and finally to full status as a minister.

He rode horseback, or "hitchhiked" with friends, through every kind of weather—raging blizzards, flash floods, windstorms, rainstorms and hailstorms, bitter cold and blistering heat. He had about six scheduled meeting-places along the route. By hard riding he could contact each congregation about every two weeks. "Appointments" sometimes flourished into "stations"—or full-time pastoral assignments. Besides regular ministerial duties, these horseback gospelmen often acted as lay-attorneys to unschooled settlers and as medical counselors where doctors were unavailable. They had to help fight Indians and stagecoach robbers many times, too.

To sustain themselves, they worked as ranch or farm hands, cooks in camps, salesmen, auctioneers—anything to bolster meager church salaries.

Some impoverished ministers walked their circuits. In 1858, Reverend Evans of Eagle City Mission, Kansas, regularly walked a 250-mile circuit out of Lawrence. He hiked fearlessly through that wild country unarmed. On the other hand, the Reverend O. T. Moore in western Nebraska had legal permission to strap on his revolver whenever he mounted the pulpit. His predecessor had been mobbed and beaten up with whiskey bottles during a church service.

The famous itinerant parson, Peter Cartwright, is credited with bringing the well-known "camp-meetings" to perfection. About 1855, he ventured out into the Great Plains from Illinois to begin his specialty.

Camp meetings lasted about two weeks. Families in wagons, schooners and other horse- or ox-drawn conveyances met near some clear stream providing firewood and shade. The "tabernacle" was an outdoor arena with seats of split logs. Oil-fired torches flamed at night. A trumpet or bell sounded all calls.

There was a daybreak trumpet at reveille. A half-hour later, another sounded "family prayers." Then breakfast call. At nine, "section worship." At ten, a trumpet summonded all campers to "formal worship." At three and seven—between other activities—the assembly held "combined services," filled with fiery exhortations. Sunday morning was the time of the "love feast" where testimonials resounded. Often the "presiding elder" would preach; then listeners came forward for acceptance. The camp's air was always surcharged.

Under these conditions, it's understandable that the day of itinerant ministry had its amusing side, as many private old-time letters slyly confess. Between sessions, under the shade, or under the moon, or beyond the light of the night torches, newly-met or previously acquainted young people would begin a courtship that often resulted in marriage. After all, in the thin settlements, suitable mates were scarce—and the electric air of camp meetings came only once a year. This, they felt, any married parson ought to be able to understand.

JOHN HEDDEN OF SCOTTSBURG

By Ellen Collins

JOHN HEDDEN, born in Scottsburg, Oregon, in 1856, was postmaster and merchant at that place for fifty-three years. The Hedden store is the oldest mercantile establishment in the state under one management. It was built in 1854. John, and his father before him, handled everything from a pin to a threshing machine and weighed real gold dust as legal tender. It was a general meeting place and a lot of big questions have been settled around the stove.

The store also served as a post office. In the winter months the crowd used to wait until eleven o'clock at night for the old stage coach to drag the mail in from Drain. Mud would be up to the hubs. The mail was sorted and sent on down the river the same night to Gardiner.

Several years ago a counter, one of the first used in the old structure, was being dismantled. When several long wooden strips nailed along its edges were removed, a considerable amount of gold dust was discovered. It had sifted into the crevices little by little.

"In the early days," John Hedden explained in an interview in 1936, "when Scottsburg was still supply headquarters for the mines in Southern Oregon and Northern California, 'dust' or nuggets was our medium of exchange.

"Customers, in paying for their purchases, would throw a poke onto the counter and spill out the quantity of gold they guessed to be about the right amount. It was then weighed. During the process some of the dust drifted into these cracks. But hell, nobody paid any attention to such siftings those days. For a long time gold was a lot easier to get than flour!

"Packers would arrive from a long trip from the south mines, throw down pack after pack containing gold, kick

(Continued on page 72)

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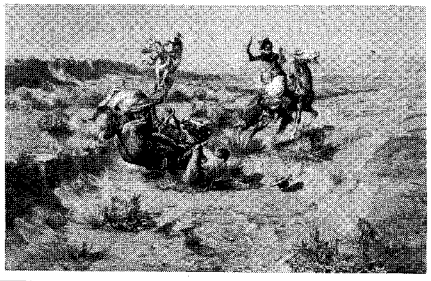
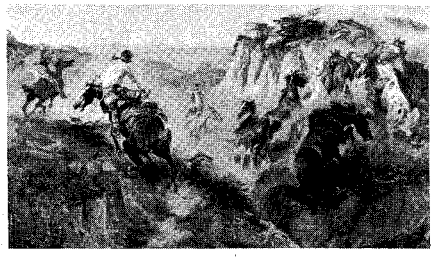
AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD WEST MASTERPIECES





Upper left, The Broken Rope, Charles Russell, 26 x 17-1/8. Upper right, The Cowboy, Frederic Remington, 17-3/4 x 26. Lower left, The Wild Horse Hunters, Charles Russell, 26 x 16-5/8. Lower right, The Smoke Signal, Frederic Remington, 23 x 15.

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My Trail Boss Was a Woman

(Continued from page 21)

back, and shoved. When she still wouldn't lose her balance, I got mad.

I finally got on my horse, rode alongside her, and bulldogged her. When she hit the ground, I pulled out my knife and cut her throat. Then I skinned her. I couldn't roll her over, so I had to take my rope and roll her from the saddle-horn.

I rolled the old girl's hide up nice, but I was riding a green colt, and that colt wasn't about to let that fresh cowhide be put on him. He went to bucking and pitching with wall-eyed fits. I had to let go of the rope so I wouldn't get tangled up in it and get bucked off. When he settled down, there was the job of getting him used to the smell and to seeing the hide come through the brush behind him.

I would rub my hand on the flesh side of the skin, then try to rub it on his nose—he would jump back and snort. I never could get any of that stuff on his nose. I tried hanging on to him with one hand and pulling the skin all around him with the other. After a long time he seemed to get used to the thing, so I got back on.

All was fine till he saw the hide coming after him. When he got through bucking I got off and blindfolded him, then rode on in to Bill Dobkins' just at dark.

Nel Rombough, Chico, and old Bill were at the barn to meet me as I came riding through the sagebrush, the cowhide bouncing behind me. Nel went straight up in the air when I told her I could not get that fresh hide on the back of a green colt. She said, "That hide won't be worth more than a dollar!"

"Lady," I told her, "it won't be worth *that* much."

"How come it took you all day to skin a cow?"

"Well, for one reason, it took two hours to kill the darn thing."

Nel sort of started rocking back and forth on her heels. Chico and Bill moved up a little so as not to be out of earshot, I noticed.

"You don't mean to stand here," she said in amazement, "and tell me you *killed* it!"

"How else was I going to get the hide," I asked her, "skin it alive?"

"You idiot, why didn't you just drive it on in?"

So I went through it once more, "Because it wouldn't drive, and you said not to come back without that hide!"

You would've thought I had bankrupted the whole outfit—one measly stray, and me carrying out orders to the letter.

When she said, "I thought you had more brains than that—now get out of my sight!" I unsaddled and went to the house and ate supper. I had never been so put out with the old battle-axe in my life.

The next morning Nel Rombough went home to North Warrener, leaving Chico and me there to help old Bill Dobkins feed the cattle. I didn't like that very much. In the first place, I didn't like to work out of the saddle. In the second place, I was not a ranch hand.

I don't guess that I need to comment, however, that my dissatisfaction didn't cut any ice with the boss. If ever I met a woman who didn't have any more use for sentiment than a hog has for Sunday, it was Nel Rombough. But she was a damned good cow woman.

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Old Lady Luck never crossed her path . . .

but Annie's acts of mercy made up for it

Peg-Leg Annie

By FRANK M. FREEMAN

Photo courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Peg-Leg Annie

ABOUT THE TIME William Tecumseh Sherman was making his famous march to the sea, a ledge of rich gold-bearing rock was discovered in southwestern Idaho. Some Confederate sympathizers there named the new mining camp "Atlanta," in honor of General Hood's great victory over Sherman in that far-away Georgia city! By the time they learned that it was Sherman, not Hood, who had won, the name had stuck and nobody bothered to change it.

This community and Rocky Bar, an older mining camp nearby, were to become two of the most rip-roaring boomtowns in the gold fields.

Four years later, on September 3, 1868, the State of Idaho was formally introduced to a baby girl who was destined to become a great heroine.

There are some people who seem to be born unfortunate; not only are they born luckless, but additional misfortune is thrust upon them. Annie McIntyre was one of those people. The sisters of darkness, who weave the tapestry of our lives, wove a grim pattern into the life of Annie.

For a short time, fortune smiled upon Steve McIntyre and his motherless daughter. In partnership with George Jackson, he became the owner of one of the richest gold mines in the territory, "The Golden Star." The future appeared brilliant until a street brawl in Rocky Bar ended his life—beginning a series of misfortunes that were to plague Annie to her grave.

Annie married eventually—a man named Morrow—but her husband died at an early age leaving her with five children. The widow had developed into a beauty, a woman with dark, doe-like eyes, brown lustrous hair, and a finely featured face. Such a woman was a natural target for amorously inclined miners in a town where women were conspicuous by their absence.

Annie invariably carried a small revolver in a holster strapped around her waist. When a customer became too obnoxious in her boarding house or restaurant, she would fire a couple of shots and quickly place the quietus upon a love-minded or noisy mining man.

Sometimes individuals and, at other times, entire families were stranded penniless in Atlanta. Annie was an angel of mercy, a Florence Nightingale of the mineral country. No one was ever turned away from her door empty-handed if they were destitute, shelterless, hungry or ill. The restaurant and boarding house of Annie Morrow were havens of refuge for the unfortunate.

One of Annie's most intimate friends was Emma Von Losch, an emigrant from Bavaria, Germany. "Dutch Emma" was a hard-bitten woman who had an astounding command of seven different languages. If it were necessary for Emma to cuss out an obstreperous, uncouth miner, he would usually quail and retreat before her barrage of female profanity.

IN THE LATE spring of 1898, Emma Von Losch decided to visit her mother in Bavaria. Dutch Emma and Annie Morrow, both on foot, embarked upon the first leg of the journey. The trail between Atlanta and Rocky Bar led around Bald Mountain at a height of 7,000 feet.

The two women had no reason to anticipate trouble for it was late in the season and the snows should have been at an end. But Emma and Annie were headed for an unexpected disaster.

Bob Jackson, who carried mail on shank horses (snowshoes), saw the women five miles out of Atlanta on their way to Rocky Bar. Jackson was the last to see the two before a sudden slashing blizzard, common to the Rocky Mountains, descended upon Bald Mountain. The deadly snowstorm raged for three solid days and Emma Von Losch and Annie Morrow did not show up in Rocky Bar. It was assumed they were lost and probably dead somewhere between the two settlements.

At the earliest possible moment, search parties started out. Three feet of new snow on top of several feet of older crusted snow made travel, even by snowshoes, enormously difficult. No human being could have been expected to survive the exposure but, to the astonishment of everyone, the search party from Atlanta discovered Annie Morrow alive!

Halfway down Bald Mountain Canyon, Annie was found crawling on her hands and knees as if she were some stricken four-footed animal. Annie was delirious and muttering incoherently. The sole item of clothing upon her body was her dress!

From Atlanta a man was dispatched to Mountain Home, a town eighty miles south, to secure medical aid. It was ten days before the doctor arrived.

By that time there was gangrene in her lower limbs; it became necessary to amputate above the ankles. The operation was performed and the poor luckless widow became "Peg-Leg Annie."

While Annie was recuperating from

(Continued on page 65)

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By MARGARET KUEHLTHAU

Photos courtesy Dan Tortorell

Formula for living:

Money—he has enough

Rent—there isn't any

Week-end guests—they can't find him

Decisions—the stars make them!

The Hermit of Santa Catalinas

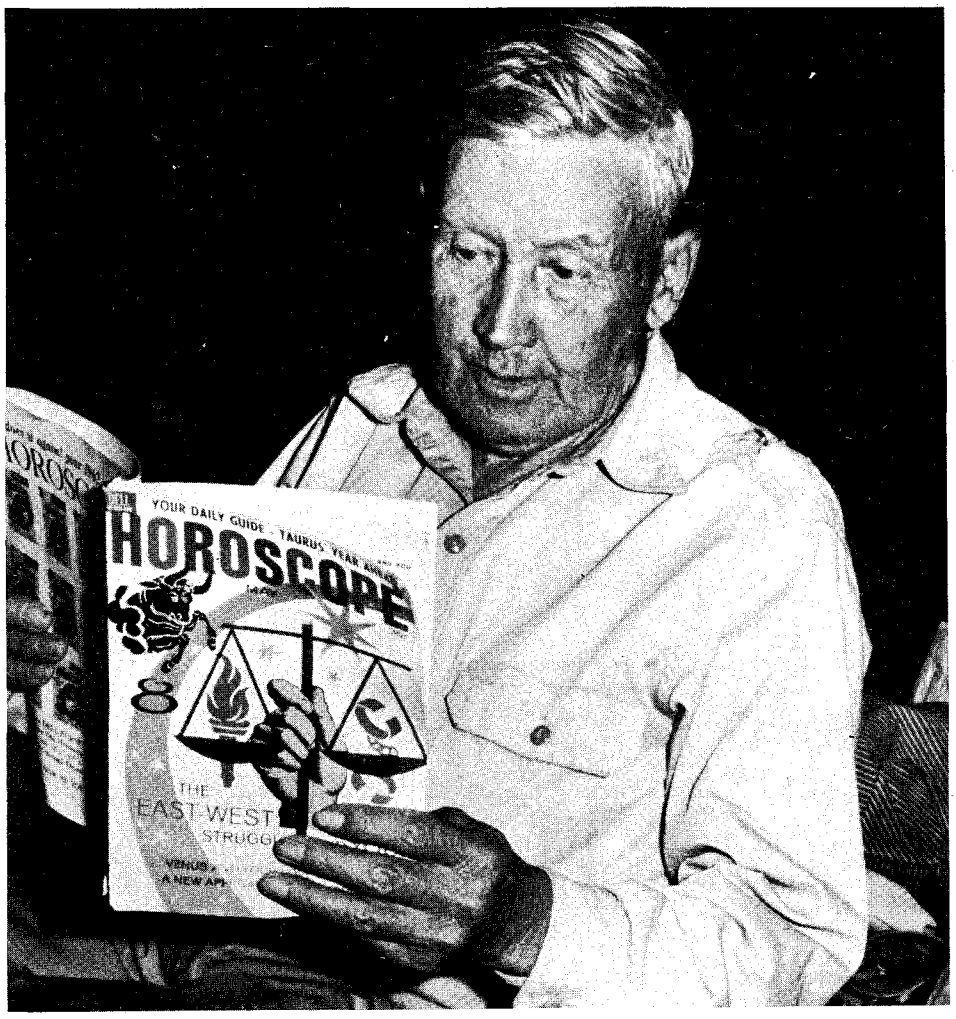
FINDING AN honest-to-goodness desert rat these days can be done, but it isn't easy. Only a sleuth with the dogged determination of a modern-day Sherlock Holmes can find James McEvoy's snug cave which has been chiseled out of hard rock in Smoky City Canyon.

McEvoy, a seventy-two-year-old Irishman, left The Isle in 1912 with $10 in his pocket and an undaunted faith in the future. Today, he is living out his last years in a 200-foot mine shaft bored into a mountainside. It is located near Canyon del Oro on the north slope of the Santa Catalina Mountains, some forty miles (via road) from Tucson, Arizona.

McEvoy admits that his cavern home isn't well-equipped according to modern standards, but it does have one important feature that most old mines lack—running water. There is a small spring way back in the tunnel.

McEvoy lives the proverbial "life of Riley." A $40-a-month Social Security check pays for his grub. Garbage disposal is a minor problem. He stands on a ledge in front of his door and chucks it into a twenty-foot canyon through which pour torrents of rushing water in the rainy season. It is, obviously, a handy arrangement.

"Astrology is all the religion I need." McEvoy's only extravagance—a horoscope.



A few years after McEvoy arrived in Canada from Ireland, he invested his savings in a ranch and parlayed the investment into a $10,000 profit by the time he sold out. Then he took off for America. Drifting from ranching to mining to carpenter work and back again to mining, his first love, McEvoy discovered his unusual home about twenty-five years ago. It has been his headquarters ever since.

He staked out his claim on the empty mine shaft and dreamed of finding silver or copper—or maybe, even gold. One of his claims, Pansy No. 1 or 2 (he isn't sure which), is the cavern in which he makes his home. He's never made a big strike and one gets the impression that the best money he ever earned in mining was as a laborer for a large corporation.

ONE CANNOT say that the world rushes past his door because—in the first place—there is no door! A ragged piece of canvas across the entrance keeps out the bitter cold when the temperature drops to near zero during the winter months.

In the second place, there is no traffic. At his 4,000-foot level, the nearest road is a sandy river bed that empties into Copper Wash, a few miles north of an area known as The Gap. A conventional automobile cannot negotiate the so-called road which leads to his hideaway. Big rocks clunk against the underside of a Jeep, Volkswagen or truck that is needed for the first lap of the trip. Then, too, if the run-off water is high, the engine of a low-slung car will stall when fording streams back in the mountains. Even Cochise, hiding in the Chiracahua Mountains of southern Arizona, had no better protection than this hermit of the Santa Catalinas.

The final trek to McEvoy's home is by

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foot and only a person who previously had been guided there could possibly find it. Visitors climb and climb. There is no sign of habitation. Only mesquite smoke, pungent and tangy, reveals that the destination is near.

At this point, if visitors look down over a ledge into a deep wash directly below, they will see egg shells strewn in the arroyo and coffee cans tossed here and there. But there's no sign of a door or an entrance to a cave. McEvoy's home is beautifully camouflaged.

A friendly, agile man, wearing a railroad engineer's cap, he welcomes visitors and invites them to rest on an outer "porch." This area, about three by four feet, is walled in with dirt and covered with saguaro cactus ribs and dried vegetation. Chairs are flat rocks or small boxes.

NO ONE—NO ONE AT ALL!—goes beyond the opening into the cave which measures about five-and-one-half feet at its widest point. It is cluttered with his possessions, piled one on top of the other, and, more than anything else, resembles a pack rat's nest. McEvoy says he sleeps on a bed roll farther back in the darkness and tells visitors that "falling boulders make it dangerous for outsiders to go back in."

Mesquite smoke, which has blackened the walls of the old mine shaft, permeates the cave. The stove itself is a homemade contraption of a doubled-over piece of sheet metal set on the floor. Wood is fed into one end and escapes through the opposite end into the cave. A small, rusty stovepipe gives the stove authenticity, but it doesn't seem to function.

McEvoy is in bed at sundown and up at dawn, and if he needs a light at all, he relies on a candle. Asked what he would do if he became ill in such an isolated spot, McEvoy said he "almost never has no aches or pains." About once a month, he walks ten miles to a village for his Social Security check and spends some of it for coffee, canned meat, pancake mix and other staples.

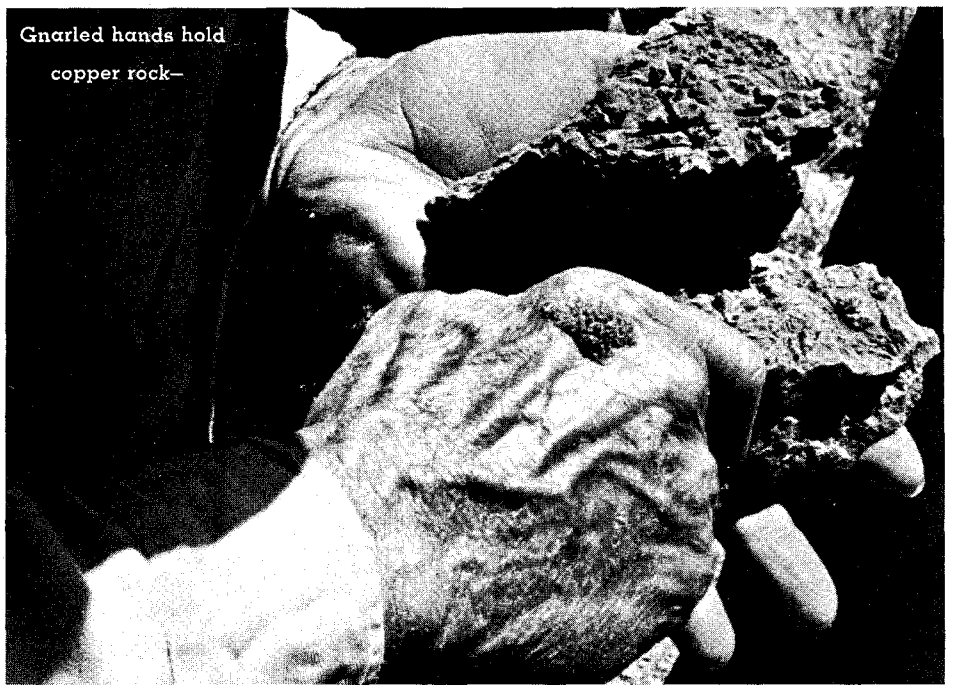
Occasionally he kills rattlesnakes that slither onto his path. "I don't carry firearms and some of those rattlers are pretty tough to kill when you have to pound them with rocks," he says. But he's had mighty little trouble with snakes in his cavern and bobcats are no problem because they like solitude as much as McEvoy does.

The recluse says he has no religion because he believes in astrology. His one extravagance is a horoscope magazine which he purchases on his monthly trek to the village. Avidly, each day, he scans it for advice. Sometimes, for reading, he wears "$2 glasses—and good ones too" which he was given a long time ago by a rancher's wife.

He finds nothing incongruous in the fact that occasionally he is mixed up by the sameness of his days or that his life is devoted to nothing more complicated than roaming the hills and checking his seven mining claims. Although the mines are non-producing now, he dreams of the day when "some big outfit" might want to buy him out.

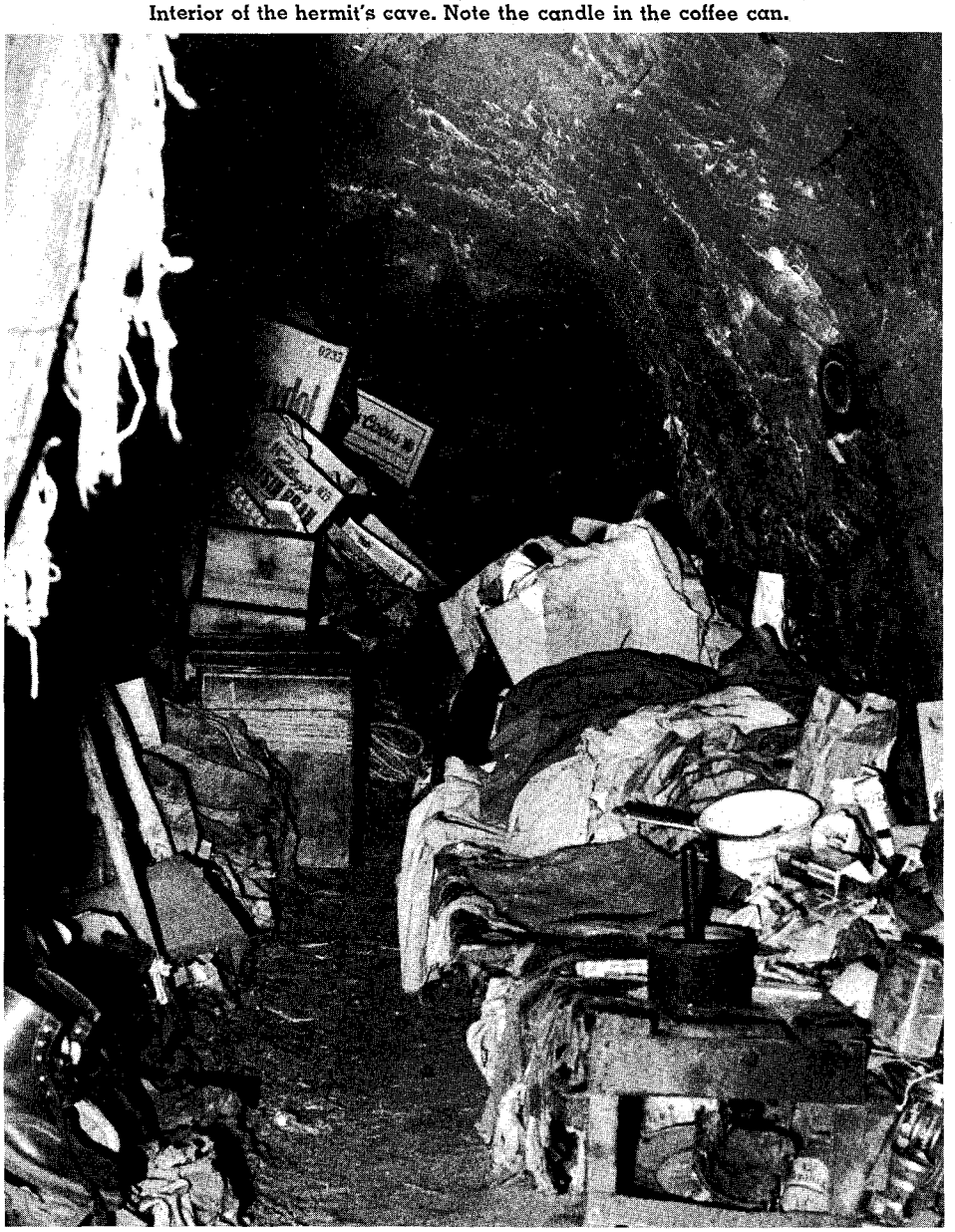
As I rose to leave, McEvoy read his horoscope for the previous day: "Curb that capricious nature of yours now, for you could readily run into trouble with people in your locale. Do not cause domestic difficulties."

"Don't believe these people had me in mind when they wrote that!" he smiled.



Gnarled hands hold copper rock—

Interior of the hermit's cave. Note the candle in the coffee can.



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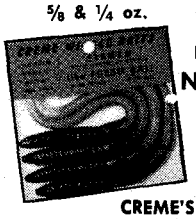

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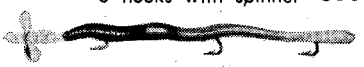

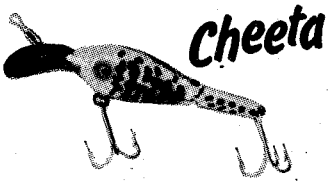

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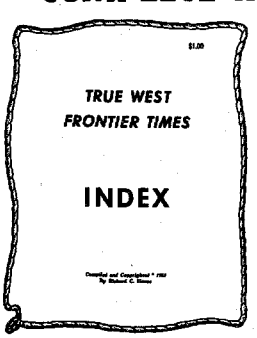

This index lists every place and everybody ever mentioned in TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES from the first issues right through 1960.

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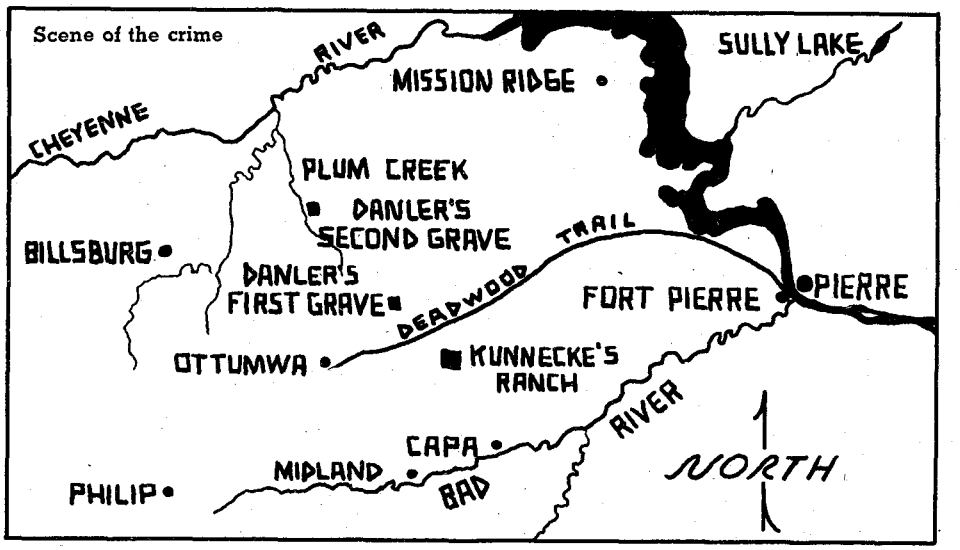

Monster of Plum Creek

(Continued from page 37)

those days so we had to keep our prisoners in Pierre. When we reached the river, we saw about twenty feet of open water between the sand bar and the main ice. It looked safe, however, so I plunged off into it—knee deep. I told the others to follow. They hesitated saying it was too cold, but they came on anyway. We finally arrived in Pierre, but Schack, Kunnecke and I were all afoot because the ice wouldn't hold up much—in fact, it was almost gone out.

We left the horses and wagons on the Ft. Pierre side. As we walked past Hilger's store, I told them (Schack and Kunnecke) to wait there. I'd be right out; I went in to get three pairs of socks. I didn't even wait to pay for them, but when I came out, Schack and Kunnecke were nowhere to be seen. Hilger wanted to know who I had in tow, a horse thief?

"No," I said, "a murderer." At that, he dropped my socks and I grabbed them and went on. Kunnecke had told me he wanted to see a couple of good attorneys so I guessed he was in the office of Horner and Stewart. Sure enough, he was talking to Mr. Horner.

I was surely glad to see him, for I thought he'd left the country. Schack was not with him; he didn't know for sure where he was but thought he was in the next room.

With some difficulty I got Kunnecke out of Horner's office, telling Horner he'd have to see him in jail. It was almost dark so I hurried Kunnecke to jail so I could return across the Missouri before dark, for the ice was very treacherous.

All the while Kunnecke was in jail, he was devising ways of escape but he was unsuccessful. One day this prisoner ate a bar of soap and got pretty sick, then refused to eat for a week although he drank water. I'd made many a trip over at jailer Logan's call. Finally I asked him, "Are you sick?" (He was not eating.)

"I'm not sick, but you know a man charged as I am doesn't get hungry."

I told him that he wasn't going to die on our hands. We'd force him to eat. Kunnecke tried to saw the window bars—had one sawed through and another half way but was caught in the act.

Kunnecke's lawyers were able to postpone the trial for nearly two years. However, prior to the trial he pleaded guilty. Then he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary. He escaped from there after about fifteen years and as far as I know, he's still running.—*Reprinted from* ***Roundup Years*** *by Bert L. Hall, Kennebec, South Dakota.*

Fight on the Concho Plains

(Continued from page 33)

stealing raids, but was at last restored to his mother and became, in the course of time, a good citizen.

In this fight we captured thirty head of horses, which we drove to Mason County and delivered to their owners. At the first onset we crowded the Indians so close that in mounting fresh horses they had to abandon their saddles, which we captured, but being old and worthless we cast them aside.

Editor's Note: For the benefit of our TRUE WEST readers who might have missed some recent issues of FRONTIER TIMES, we would like to add that author Gillespie was quite right about there being a white boy among the Indian band—and his name was Herman Lehmann. The story of his captivity was run in two parts in the March and May, 1963 issues and was told in his own words after he rejoined his family. It is very exciting reading—you can't afford to miss this reprint of a rare old book which would cost you $17.50 *if* you could find it! A limited but effective check was made twelve days after the March issue went on sale and in most places it had already sold out. So you see, it's not just we'uns here who think it's the best Indian story we've ever run—other folks think so, too! If you missed it (and would give a dollar if you hadn't), we have a bargain to offer: send 70¢ in stamps or coin to "Lehmann, Parts I and II", Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 5008, Austin 3, Texas, and we'll do the rest—while they last. Or you can send $2.00 for a full year of FRONTIER TIMES and request that the subscription start with these issues. But whatever you do, *don't* miss the Lehmann story—everyone the least bit interested in the Old West should read this man's experiences during the nine years he spent in captivity. You'll remember it a long, long time!

Watch for the
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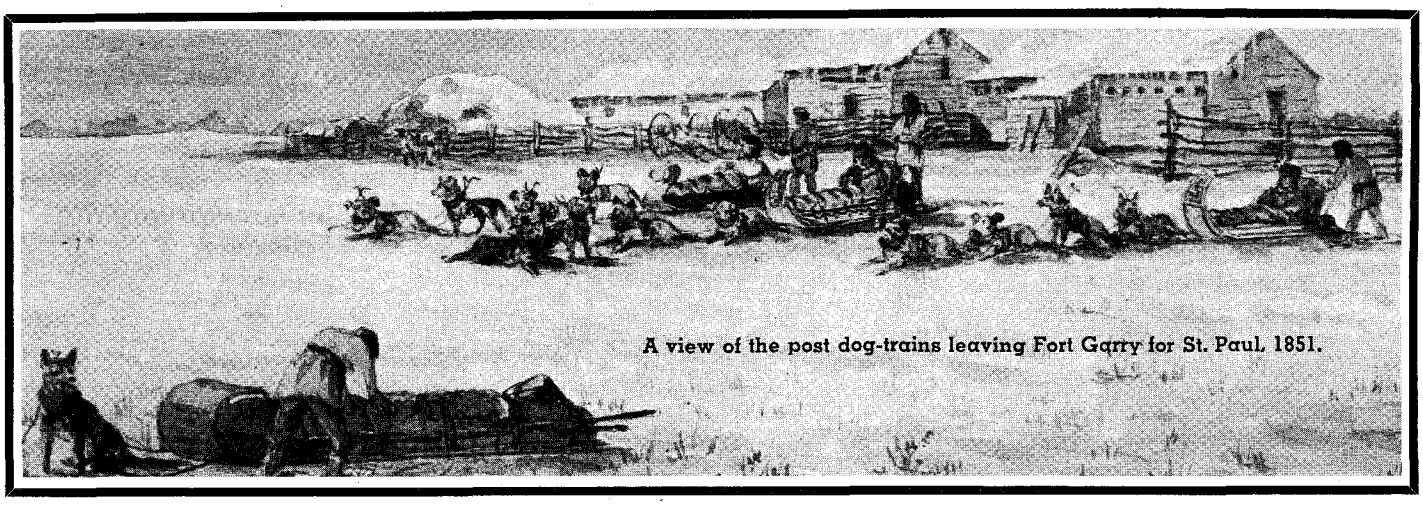


A view of the post dog-trains leaving Fort Garry for St. Paul, 1851.

Photos courtesy Public Archives of Canada

By WILLIS B. MERRIAM

THE FOOD THAT FED AN EMPIRE

PEMMICAN WAS an indispensible item in North American history, yet few people realize its significance to the fur traders of the Canadian Northwest, or the part it played in determining the outcome of an interesting segment of the Canadian economy.

Pemmican is a Cree Indian word for a highly concentrated food consisting of dried meat, pounded and mixed with fat. It was the northern Plains Indians' staff of life. Some northern and western tribes made pemmican of venison, elk, reindeer, or salmon, but the Plains Indians used only the meat of the buffalo.

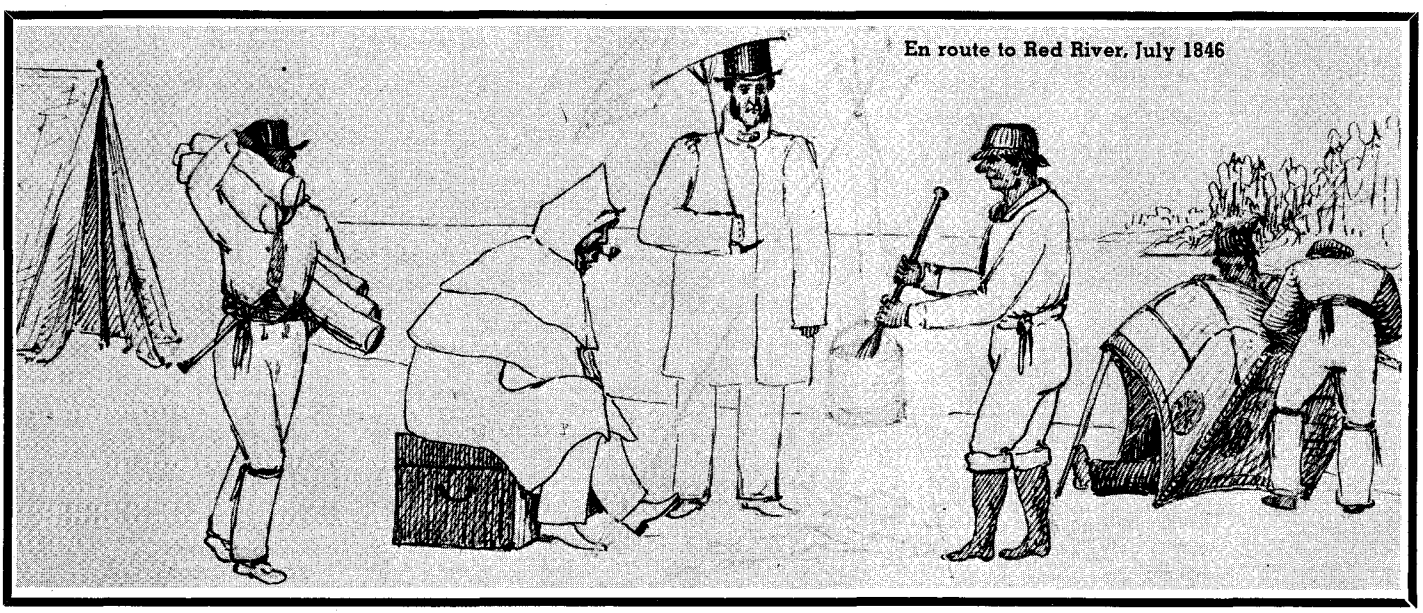
The Indian adaption of pemmican represented a logical adjustment to the conditions of the northern Plains. Due to migrations of the buffaloes, which took them first into the recognized territory of one tribe and then into that of an enemy—along with their complete disappearance during mid-winter—fresh meat was frequently unobtainable. Pemmican was the form in which the Indian preserved and laid away his store of provision against a day of scarcity.

Indians of the Canadian Plains prepared their supply in summer following large-scale buffalo kills. Choice lean meat was cut in wide, thin strips or sheets and dried by the sun and wind. When completely cured, the meat was placed upon a hide pegged to the ground and was beaten with flails or ground between stones until reduced to a mass of fibers and powder. Marrow and fat were rendered and added to the shredded meat in the proportion of fifty pounds of meat fiber to forty pounds of melted fat. The mixture was then packed in buffalo-hide bags about the size of a modern cement sack, and the mass cooled and hardened as "pemmican." Sometimes dried fruits, such as wild cherry, service berry, or a few pounds of sugar were added to improve the flavor. Prepared in this manner the product seldom became tainted or rancid, even after years of storage.

Pioneer traders like Peter Pond and the Frobishers were among the first white men to appreciate its significance as a provision. After 1800 it became the main subsistence for men and their families who manned the fur brigades of Canada's northwestern frontiers. Today its importance has almost been forgotten, and the most recent reference I have found in periodical literature dates back to 1902. Yet during the first half of the 19th Century pemmican supported a fur trade empire and played a vital role in economic control over the vast plains and northern forests of Western Canada. So significant was it as a frontier ration that when its use ended, with the decimation of the buffalo herds, one might venture to say that the old order of a fur trade empire fell with it.

(Continued on page 67)

Sounds far-fetched, but the success of Canada's earliest and most romantic industry was dependent on Pemmican--an old Indian recipe



En route to Red River, July 1846

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Folks, this is news! There's not a thing guarding this lost mine but a half-dozen cows---

By R. C. AYDELOTT

I Know Where It Is!

THREE YEARS ago I came in from work at the White Sands, New Mexico, missile base and picked up a book my daughter had brought in from the school library. The book was on lost treasures and mines. As I read the first story, it dawned on me that I had found the mine it was describing and knew within ten or fifteen miles of where it was. In fact, I had been almost exactly on its location but had not known at that time that a lost mine was hidden there. (I have since tried to find this book but someone must have taken it from the library because my daughter and I have been unable to find it since.)

According to this book, a party of sixty men went into the area about 150 miles west of Alamogordo between the Arizona border and the Gila River to prospect for gold. They asked for and got the Indians' permission but were warned not to go into a certain canyon. This canyon. as the book described it, was a few hundred yards across and about three-fourths to a mile long. The solid rock walls made it impossible to descend without rope ladders. Although the Indians had forbidden the miners to go into this canyon, they immediately went there and, according to the book, found it was so full of gold they could pick up large nuggets from the stream with their hands.

The book went on to say that this mine was worked for quite some time and the gold was stored in a small cave. The Indians were very angry because these white men had violated their word. The chief—I believe it was Geronimo—had his men circle the place and watch the miners until they ran out of blasting powder, then he ordered the rope ladders pulled up and everyone in the canyon was killed.

The night before the raid, one or two of the miners had gone for more supplies and managed to make it back to civilization and tell about this mine. When they returned, they were ambushed by Indians and killed, also.

Now I will get along with my story and I am sure that; when I am finished, you will be convinced that I have actually found that mine. I fully believe that I could go back to it.

I WAS born in Red River County in northeast Texas in 1920. Until I was seventeen years old, I had never seen a mountain in my life and was curious to do some exploring. But my first experience was so bad I have never tried it again.

In 1937, as you remember, times were really rough. The only thing between most people and starvation was fifty cents and no one seemed to have that. I signed up for the CCC and was accepted and shipped to New Mexico. I landed in a little place called Red Rock (which consisted of a post office and a small store); the closest town was Lordsburg, twenty-six miles south. Our camp was just above Red Rock on a flat-top mountain and was almost circled by the Gila River.

As soon as I was in camp, I began looking around for someone as crazy about the mountains as I was. I didn't have any trouble—in fact, I found too many. I finally arranged with a group of twelve boys to make a trip. This trip had to be made on the quiet as the commanding officer would not let anyone go into the mountains. I did not know it at this time, but found out later, these mountains were full of wild animals.

I scouted around and found a Mexican boy about sixteen years old to guide us. (This was the only thing that was done right on the whole trip.) This boy had lived around that part of the country and said he knew it like a book. Sunday morning we all got up early and slipped out before the camp was awake. Going up through the Gila River Valley, we could see some peaks that resembled tall smokestacks. What looked like eagle nests were visible on top of these peaks. We decided we wanted to go to those first. A real dim road wound around and passed close to the peaks. We followed this road and everything was okay. We all had canteens except the Mexican guide (I guess he was used to doing without). About eleven o'clock in the morning when we reached the peaks, all of us were out of water.

We soon discovered that we could not climb up to the eagles' nests, although we could see the big birds flying around. Our guide told us he knew of a canyon a few miles away which had a real pretty vein of rock from which ashtrays and such could be made as it was soft and easily worked. He also said there was plenty of water in this canyon and we could fill our canteens before returning.

Of course we all agreed to go on. When we arrived at the canyon we found everything just as he said. There was a pretty waterfall coming from above (I guess it was 150 feet to the top); the walls were almost perpendicular and of solid rock, as everything was in that part of the country. We wondered what it looked like from the top. Our guide immediately started climbing and told us to come on up. He said it was easy and, watching him, it did look easy.

Some of us started to climb up. I got about halfway and did not believe I could continue but looking down knew that the only way I could get down was to fall. All the other boys were in the same shape I was in so we kept climbing. When we got to the top we discovered that two of the boys had not attempted to climb up and no urging from us would get them to. (We did not know it at the time but when we had climbed out on top we were in the Gila Wilderness.) We called down to the boys below to go back down to the end of the canyon and wait on us. We did not know it then but two days and nights would pass before we were to see them again.

These boys waited on us as long as they dared and then went back to camp. They eased into camp and went to bed and did not tell anyone about us since they were afraid we would get into trouble (which we did). Along about two o'clock in the night we still had not come in, so they decided to tell the first sergeant. The sergeant was very much alarmed and notified the commanding officer, who immediately had the bugler sound the alarm. A search party that eventually consisted of several hundred

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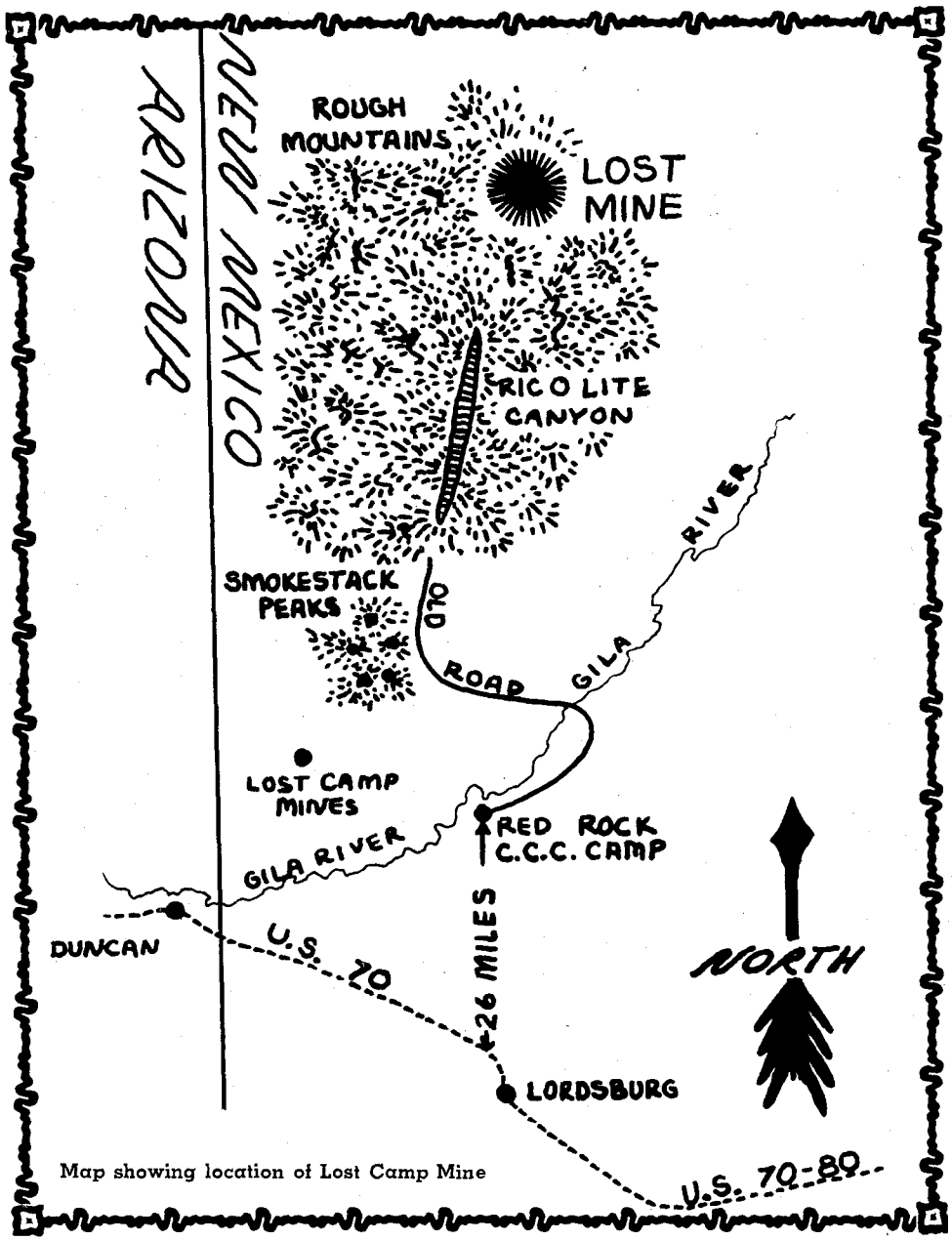

Map showing location of Lost Camp Mine

men, including some from the Air Force in Fort Bliss, was formed.

IN THE MEANTIME, we had discovered we were hopelessly lost. In a couple of hours we were in some of the roughest country I believe exists in the United States. The canyons were so deep we could only see the sun for a short time each day. There was no way to tell north from south or east from west.

Our Mexican guide tried to pretend he knew where we were but pretty soon the boys discovered he was lost, too, and thought he had done it on purpose so some of his buddies could rob us. They started heckling him real bad and, at one point, got him down and held a knife to his throat and made out they were going to cut his head off. I asked them to leave the boy alone as he was as scared as we were. They quit molesting him but he was so scared he stayed way behind us.

We made a dry camp in a dry canyon about what we figured was sundown. All the water we had seen since we had become lost was in deep chasms and there was absolutely no way to get to it.

Most all of the boys were skinned up from having slipped and fallen at various times during the day. I never will forget we had one boy we called "Feets" because his feet were so big he kept falling down all of the time; he was skinned up pretty bad. I guess we were a pitiful looking bunch—none of us had eaten anything since the night before as we were rationing what little we had.

We would roll a cigarette and pass it around. One boy who just ate snuff was out; he begged us for what little tobacco we had left so he could chew it.

Night came on and we built a big fire. Almost as soon as it was dark, the wild animals surrounded us. If we let the fire die down, they would start coming in closer. We could hear them all night—fighting, growling, snarling and roaring. I think they were mostly wolves and mountain lions. While he was searching for us, our commanding officer shot one mountain lion. I guess he had a narrow escape from the way he kept bringing it up while he was punishing us.

The next morning we broke camp as soon as it was light as we did not have any food to bother with breakfast. There was absolutely nothing to eat in that country that we could get hold of. We saw plenty of deer but the only weapons we had were our pocket-knives. Along about noon several of the boys stopped, as they said we were going to starve to death anyway. We tried to cheer them up and keep them going. Since I had suggested the trip, I felt responsible, so I took the lead and was trying to climb up out of the canyon to a high point from which we might get our location.

Suddenly I almost walked off into the prettiest canyon I had ever seen in my life. I estimate there were 100 acres in it, more or less. The floor of this canyon was flat and it was covered with some kind of tall grass. I believe the grass was waist deep. There was a pretty stream of water coming out of the rocks on the upper end but the thing that caught my eye at once was about ten head of cows and calves grazing at the bottom.

I called for the other boys to climb on up and see what I had found. That was the happiest looking bunch of boys I had ever seen because we could see supper walking around about 150 to 200 feet below us.

(Continued on page 62)

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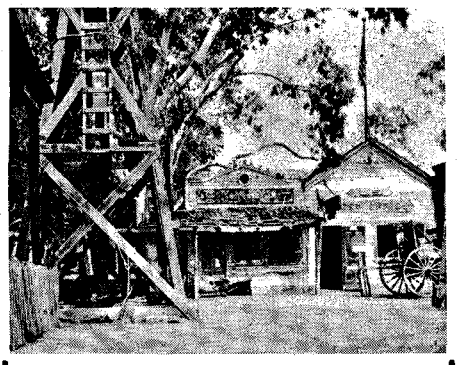

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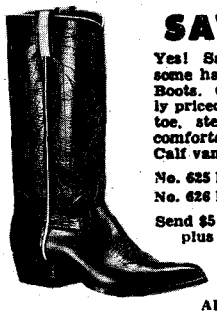

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The Fence-Cutters

(Continued from page 14)

every night with double barrel shotguns and if they cut the fence arrest them if possible and if we cant do that take them the best way we can etc. . . .

These are my last fence cutters whether I catch them or not. I dont want to make a failure in this but when I see that nothing can be done rest assured I will report such to the Adjutant Generals Office for I would rather be in hell than here. We have had to tell ten thousand lies already and I know we wont get away without telling a million.

Hereafter it will take more than $50 per month to get me to go out and see how many lies I can tell or to be placed in a position so that I will have to tell them to keep from being murdered. . . . Nothing will do any good here but a first class killing and I am the little boy that will give it to them if they dont let the fence alone. I wish I had Hughes to lay with me on the fence for it is awful risky business. . . .

Perhaps you will get tired reading this lengthy letter but thought I would give you the outline of what we have done although it is very little. Jim King's fiddle comes in very handy. He draws large crowds very near every night and we make lots new acquaintances by it.

Will close
Yours Very Respt
IRA ATEN

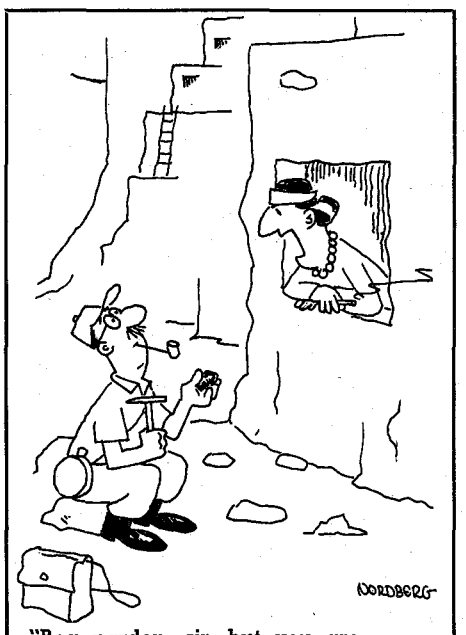
THE RANGER-DETECTIVE'S next letter was written on September 17, "By the Big Spring, Navarro County." His plans had been upset because the sheriff, who did not know the identity of the two young laborers, had remarked that the Governor had sent detectives into the county with the result that the wire-cutters had become more wary and ceased for a time to use their pliers. To make the situation more discouraging, suspicion had fallen on the two strangers. Aten can tell the story best.

"King and myself have given up our Cotton Contracts . . . and went to work (or pretending to work) for the Love ranche about two miles west of Richland and about three miles of the fence that they have been cutting mostly. The Love ranche is run by two good men and they know who we are etc. . . .

"They only had about three miles of wire fence and when the villians cut they cut down the three miles and it is still down. They will put it up whenever I say so but I dont deem it a wise idea for them to put it up yet awhile, owing to us just going to work for them, and already slight suspicion lays upon us. Why the rascals would smell a rat . . . they would never cut the fence.

"But if these good men three and six miles distant . . . puts up their fence, the rascals would never once think that we would go that distant to guard a fence, but that's what we are doing every night. . . . We have a double barrel shotgun apiece and if the villians cut the fence we are guarding and they dont surrender when called upon somebody will most likely go away with their hand on their belly.

"We have an excellent place to watch. Its at what is known as the Cross lanes where four pastures come together. . . . We can hear them cutting on either of the eight strings of fence from a half to three-fourths of a mile. . . . If such a thing is possible I want to take the villians without killing them but I think



"Beg pardon, sir, but you are rock-hounding my front porch!"

a little more of my life than theirs and I will stand a trial for murder before I will stand up and be shot down like a fool.

"I expect some of these days to stand up before a fire and shake off my six-shooter and Winchester, kick them in and watch them burn and go up in the Panhandle and settle down upon a little farm, go to nesting, be a better boy, and read my Bible more.

"When I am called upon by an officer to assist him in making an arrest I will go out to the barn and get the pitchfork or the hoe and follow in behind the officer like old Grangers do. So I dont want to kill these rascals and have any more deadly enemies on my trail than I have already got.

"Should I fail to get these rascals by watching the fence, . . . I am agoing to try and get these fellows to try my dinamite boom (bomb) racket. . . . I cant explain it to you by writing but dont you forget but what it can be done if a man can get the dinamite in the right shape. I think it would be against the law to use it, but I wouldent mind going to the penitentiary for a few years just to get to know some of these villians had been caught up with in their rascality. . . .

"I wish you would look up the law, Captain, and see if a man has a right or not to put dinamite along on his own fence and on his own land for its protection. It seems like a man ought to have that right whether the law gives it to him or not. Dont get frightened . . . for I havent invested any money in dinamite yet, but I have invested some money in about fifteen cartridges each one loaded with buckshot and they will be better than dinamite booms if the rascals will only go to work as they have done heretofore.

"I dont want to lay on a fence two or three years just to catch a few villians while dinamite booms would always be there ready for them whenever they took a notion to cut. But I havent got the dinamite in the right shape and dont know how I could get it unless I go up to Chicago and join the anarchist and get them to fix it for me.

"Well, I (will) quit writing none-sense . . . I know you will have a big laugh over

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my idea about the dinamite booms. . . . This is a lengthy letter for me to be writing up to headquarters but having nothing to do this eve but to sit down by the Spring and think and I have written my thoughts. . . .

Yours Very Resp'ly
IRA ATEN

"P.S. I have laid on the ground and written this letter so if poorly written you will know the cause.

IRA"

CORSICANA, TEXAS
Oct. 8, 1888.

Capt. L. P. Sieker,
Quartermaster Front. Batt.
DEAR SIR:

I have only one more chance with any hopes of stopping fence cutting in this section and that is with my dinamite boom as I call it. I have had the law examined and it dont say anything about a man having the right to protect his property by the use of dinamite or by the use of a shotgun either. So I have come to the conclusion if it was not against the law to guard a fence with a shotgun to protect the property it certainly would not be against the law to use dinamite for the same purpose. Therefore I have invested some money in dinamite and will in a few days set my dinamite booms upon the few fences that have been put up recently. . . .

Should the Gov. or the Genl. disapprove of this, all they have got to do is to notify me to that effect etc. They sent me here to stop fence cutting any way I could and to use my own judgement etc. how to do it. And that is what I am doing and if they will let me alone the balance of this month I will have my booms set and when the fence is cut why they will hear of it at Austin.

The dinamite boom is entirely safe unless the wire is cut or fence is torn entirely down. Stock in rubbing against the post or wire *will not explode* the boom, but should they break all the wires where the boom is, then of course it will explode.

I can not explain the working of my boom thoroughly but can give you an idea of how it works etc. It is simply taking an old shotgun or musket, put some powder in it as if for shooting, then slide down a dinamite cap on the powder and then the dinamite on top of cap until you think you have enough. Put cap on gun ready for shooting, fasten wire to triger and then to the bottom of a post that is not in the ground, place gun in a box made for the special purpose and place the box just under the ground and cover up so it cant be seen. Of course cock the gun when you put it in the box and a fellow will have to handle it carefully.

So you see by this post being very crooked and not in the ground, . . . when wires are cut or torn down the post will fall and the end will fly up giving the wire at the bottom end of the post a jerk sufficient to shoot the gun off.

The powder explodes the dinamite cap and the cap explodes the dinamite and then small pieces of shot gun will *be found all over Navarro Co.* Well, if it dont kill the parties that cuts the fence, it will scare them so bad they will never cut another fence, thinking it was a mere scratch that they did not get killed. . . . When one of my booms once explodes all fence cutters will hear of it most likely and then all a pasture man has got to say to secure the safety of his fence against these midnight depredations is: "I have dinamite booms on my fence."

We have quit guarding the fence and now I am going to put on my boom. . . and see what success I can have in that way. . . .

Keep your ears pricked, you may hear my dinamite boom clear down there. . . . I will use the greatest precaution . . . and see that no innocent man gets hurt by them. They are dangerous in setting them unless a man is awful careful. However, if I get blowed up, you will know I was doing a good cause. . . . Not necessary to write more.

Yours Very Respt'ly,
IRA ATEN
Co. D. Ranger

The last letter in the fence-cutting correspondence was written from Corsicana on October 15. Ranger Aten's proposal to use dynamite aroused Austin authorities and brought him strict orders to desist and to come in. The doughty Ranger declared that he was glad to get the order which he had expected to receive. He had taught the fence men how to make the bombs and set them, and now they could take steps for their own protection.

The order, he said, did not close his mouth or keep him from explaining how to work the dynamite bombs. "You will see yet my boom racket having the effect to put a quietus on fence cutting in Texas." There is no record that bombs were ever set in Texas, but there is a tradition that Ira Aten's "boom racket" had much influence in putting fear into the hearts of fence-cutters and in stamping out the illegal use of the nippers.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

a mining town not far from Hartshorne, Indian Territory, my younger brother went to stay with her while he worked in the coal mines. When he came home, he told us three ways to peddle whiskey that are not mentioned in this story.

One bootlegger had a hollow walking cane and would unscrew the cap on the tip and sell a yard of whiskey or any part of a yard that the customer wanted. Another had refillable zinc collars on his horses and, by uncapping the openings, could sell a drink or a collar full. One man wheeled a baby buggy and would reach under the blankets and hand out a bottle, then tip the hood of the buggy low again to "keep the sun out of the baby's eyes."

Of course, the name "bootlegger" came from the custom of carrying flat-sided bottles in the bootlegs.—M. Poloson, Hot Springs, Montana.

Black Pots and Black Kettles!

Editor's Note: It's not unusual for bullets to fly in our direction when a mistake is made in a story. But now we've got readers sniping at readers. It sure is nice to be an innocent bystander for a change.

Gentlemen:

"Death of Montana Red"—a letter from Leo J. Boileau in December TRUE WEST—states that Cole Younger was his father and that Charles Shy, Montana Red, was born in Brownsville, Texas, in 1878. Just for the record, Cole Younger was captured on September 21, 1876 and went to Stillwater Prison November 15, 1876 where he boarded for

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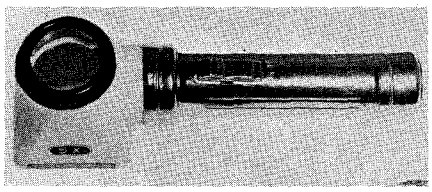

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the next twenty-five years.—John W. Gamble, 1827 Berkeley Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

"Referee" Carl Breihan's Decision

Dear Joe: Mr. Gamble is right. For Montana Red to have been Cole Younger's son is a physical impossibility. He was indeed incarcerated! Mr. Boileau's letter is in error, also, in stating that Montana Red, as Cole's son, would have had no known heirs. Cole Younger had close relatives scattered all over Missouri. Several nephews were close friends of mine.

Our Popular February Cover

Sirs:

Could you send my mother a picture of old John Delaware? He was her uncle and he was going to visit her and go to Missoula the day he died. He was walking up the Northern Pacific tracks when a train hit him. He was so old he couldn't hear any more.

My mother's name is Philomena Bierle, St. Ignatius, Montana. We are members of the confederated Salish Kootenai Tribe of the Flathead Indians. —William Frank Bierle, Box 276 AB, Salinas, California.

Sirs:

Regarding the picture of John Delaware on the cover of your February issue, in the summer of 1925 I was a member of the Los Angeles Police Department and was detailed to the Indian encampment at Exposition Park during a rodeo celebration. I became acquainted with John Delaware.

In this photo he is on my extreme left and wears no headdress. He must have been very old when he died for he was up in years in 1925. Standing Bear and John Delaware danced the welcome dance the day their picture was taken, as it was visiting day by several tribes to the Flathead tents. Standing Bear is not in the picture. I don't know who the others are.

Good luck to you and the finest western magazines ever published.—John H. Richie, Star Route, Box 139, Hemet, California.

More on the Old Oregon Trail

Dear Joe:

When I was about eight years old, I used to listen to my grandmother tell about driving an ox team of two yokes from Independence, Missouri, to The Dalles in Oregon. They left about June 1, 1846, with 50 wagons and 100 head of loose stock (horses and cows). She was thirteen years old, a daughter of Cornelius Gilliam.

Eleven of Polk County's 19 sheriffs are shown in the photo above. The men are seated in order, according to their terms of office. Front row from left to right, David Cosper, Isaac Butler, S. T. Burch, J. J. Williams, and L. L. Hall. Back row, Hardy Holman, J. F. Groves, I. S. Smith, W. L. Wells, H. B. Plummer and J. G. Van Orsdel.

Of course, when the going got rough, men would take over—as happened when they came to the Rocky Mountains. The wagons had to be snubbed down steep hills with all wheels locked. Men helped hold the wagons back by dragging on ropes.

When the wagontrain got to The Dalles late in the fall, they built log rafts and floated their household goods and provisions down the Columbia River, then up the Williamette to Portland, Oregon. At that time there were just two log buildings in Portland. The Gilliams settled in Polk, Marion and Benton Counties.

When grandmother was about sixteen, she married Dennie Blake, my grandfather, and farmed on a Donation Land Claim on Pe-Dee Creek. Shortly after they were settled in their own cabin, a bunch of Indians came through that way and stopped. When the Indians got a smell of newly baked bread, they came into the cabin and cleaned everything out—except the cellar where her canned and dried fruit was. It was under the floor with a table over the trap door. After that, Grandpap left his rifle with her and made her practice. However, she was already a crack shot.

The next time the Indians came back, Grandma had the door locked but they kicked it in. She leveled the rifle down on the first Indian and pulled the trigger. (I think it was a .44 Henry repeating rifle.) Off went his hat. She threw another shell into the gun, pulled the trigger, and off went another hat! Grandpap said it was too bad she didn't aim lower.

When the Indian War broke out, Cornelius Gilliam fought and chased them from Harney County to Lo-Lo Pass near the line at Missoula, Montana. Several tribes were mixed up in this—Nez Percé, Modoc, Grand Rounde and Warm Spring.

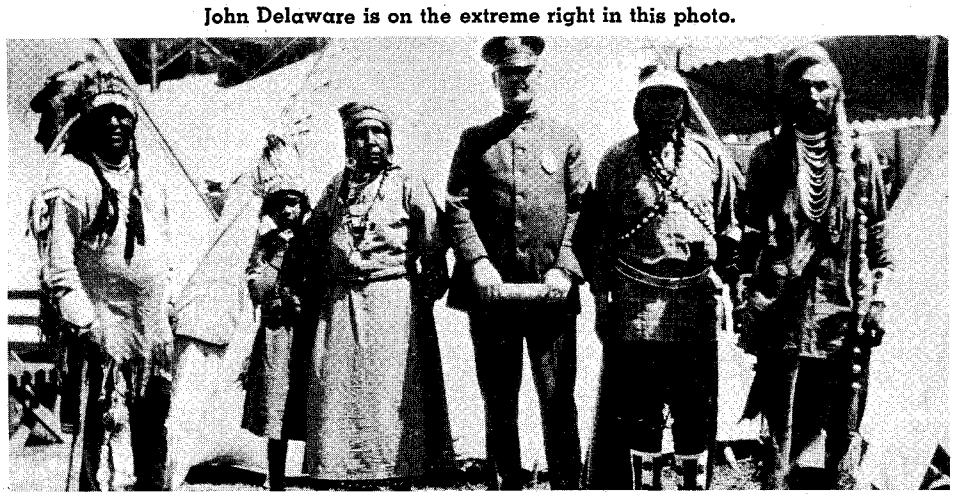
I heard about an incident that happened in that war from several old-timers and it impressed me so, as a boy, that I never forgot. It was about Ike "Liver-Eating" Johnson, a man who lived near Umatilla and was a better scout than the Indians themselves. He was a daredevil, desperate and bent on revenge. He told Colonel Gilliam, "I want to join the army and kill ten Indians for every one of my family they killed, and the first one I get, I'm going to cut the liver out of him and eat it." And he did, too. That is how he got his name.

Johnson was finally killed in the Battle of Steptoe Butte. A party of soldiers he was with thought they would camp on top of the butte where they could see for miles in any direction and have a much needed rest. Blackfoot, Spokane and scatterings of other tribes surrounded the butte and attacked. The soldiers were outnumbered about five to one. They ran out of provisions and butchered their pack mules and horses for food.

Johnson got permission to go to Walla Walla for help. Two other scouts had failed in previous attempts. He started out just after dark on his horse Teko. Three men went with him to the foot of the butte and drew the fire of the Indians while Johnson made a break for it.

The ruse was only partially successful. Johnson was hit in the shoulder but was not knocked off his horse. He made it to a ranch near present-day Dayton, Washington, about daylight. The ranchers gave him first aid and one of them went on with the message to Walla Walla; the other two tried to get the

John Delaware is on the extreme right in this photo.



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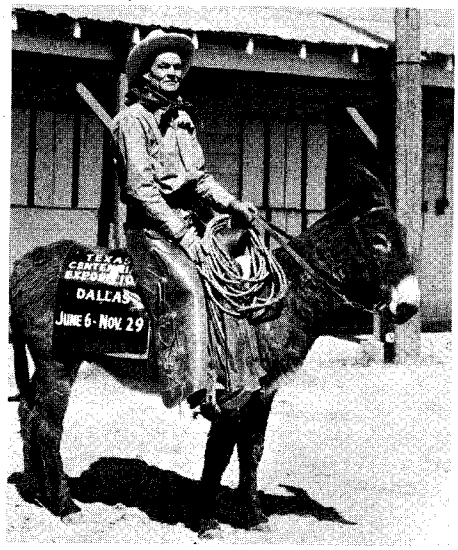
scout to a doctor the next day, but he died from loss of blood just a few miles from the ranch. Cornelius Gilliam was also killed by the Indians on March 24, 1846.

I am happy to think that I had great-grandparents, grandparents, mother and father, to say nothing of uncles, aunts and cousins who helped build Oregon into what it is today. Your readers might enjoy this picture of some early Polk County sheriffs. I had kin among them too.—Oscar W. Blake, 137 Seventh St., St. Maries, Idaho.



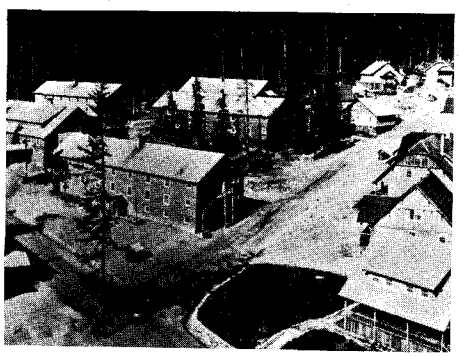
On his way to the National Democratic Convention.

Identification, Please!

Howdy, Buckaroos!

Way back in 1936, an hombre came through these parts on his way to the National Democratic Convention in Philadelphia. He was selling postcard photos of himself, so I bought one, which you can see. Judging by his mode of transportation, he was not in any hurry!

If I remember correctly, he said his name was King. According to the sign, he started his trip in Dallas. I would like to know if any TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES reader might recognize him? If so, I would be interested in knowing who he is.—Amzie Steve Stephens, Rural Rt. 2, W. Nashville 9, Tennessee.



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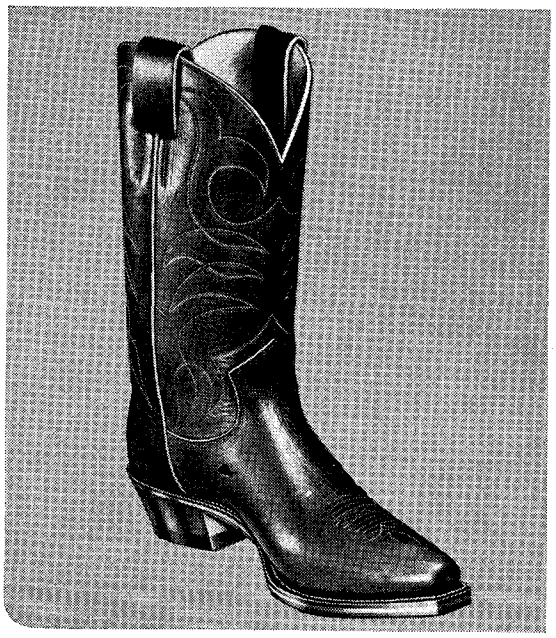

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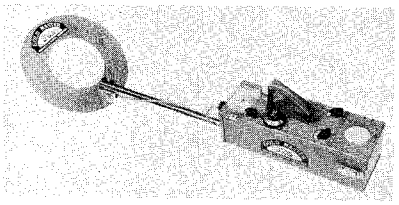

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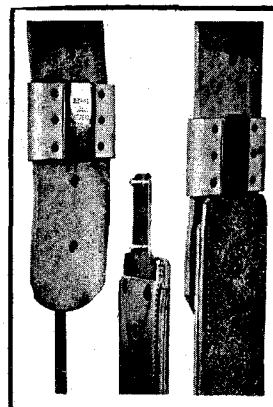

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valuable discoveries were made in the early 1900s. Ore was trucked ten miles to Lucerne, Washington, on Lake Chelan; from there it went by tug and barge to the city of Chelan, by truck five miles to the railroad and by rail to smelters in Tacoma.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.

Good News from a Schoolmaster

Gentlemen:

I am a teacher in a one room log school in Montana. With mail service only twice a week and the nearest public library forty-five miles away (one way), supplementary reading can become a problem at times.

With our small school library, I have to depend on various periodicals for outside reading. Two of my sources are TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. I have used articles from both of these fine magazines to add to the students' regular studies.

The most recent article I used was your finest—"Nine Years Among the Indians, 1870-79." The students and I thoroughly enjoyed the story, so hurry up with the next half in the May FRONTIER TIMES. I sincerely hope you publish more of these old books, as it is written history of our country that is not available in the regular textbooks.—Floyd Smith, Rosa School, Mosby, Montana.

Editor's Note: For those of you who have not got around to becoming acquainted with FRONTIER TIMES, how about reading the story in this issue, "Fight on the Concho Plains"?—you will get an idea of what you missed if you haven't read Lehmann's "Nine Years Among the Indians." It has turned out to be the hands-down favorite of anything we have ever published in either magazine. If you did miss this two-part reprint of this rare old book selling for $17.50 (if you can find one!) send 70¢ in cash or stamps for the two issues of FRONTIER TIMES which carried it, or $2.00 for a whole year's subscription beginning with these issues.

Guns of the Old West: The Sharps

(Continued from page 25)

of 59 one-shot buffalo kills out of 62 rounds fired.

Mayer, who was still hunting deer in Colorado at the age of 100, wrote in *The American Rifleman* for September and October, 1934, that his Sharps 45-120-550 was "unsurpassed in accuracy by any other weapon known to man."

Ironically, this great rifle that destroyed the buffalo and thereby brought defeat and tragedy to the Indian, also brought tragedy to its inventor. Never a businessman, Christian Sharps realized little financial gain from the manufacture and sale of his prize brain-child. Harassed by debt and mismanagement, broken in health and disheartened in spirit, he retired to a Connecticut farm in 1871. At Christian Sharps' death from tuberculosis in 1874, his entire estate amounted to less than $350.

By curious coincidence, manufacture of the Sharps ceased in 1881 at about the same time the last large-scale buffalo hunts on the Plains took place. Its lethal work done, the old single-shot shoulder cannon had already been supplanted as the most popular long arm in the West by the famous Winchester Model 1873 .44-40 repeating rifle. Happily, Christian Sharps did not live to see its demise.

The Big Double Cross

(Continued from page 20)

seemed as if I could kill them on sight. I had come to the conclusion to sell the harnesses, coach, and other wagon, pay George off, and get both a passage to South Pass City Mines, take what money I would have left, buy me a horse to ride, and make it the one thing to do to find the man or men that stole my horses and no matter how long, or how far I would have to go, to get them and kill them, if I had to hang for it. I felt desperate.

I found that there had been more stock lost or stolen; mules belonging to a Mormon bishop, and he came to see me and got a description of my horses, and he gave me a description of his mules, and while we were all hunting we might come acrost one another's stock, and we would make a more thorough hunt for it; he had telegraphed all around, too.

ONE EVENING George Woodbury got back from the hunt and said he came acrost a man and his son who had moved some sheep and some young cattle from the valley west some twenty-five miles and he went along a track with the sheep and cattle in the evening, and next morning came back a horseback over the same road, and saw that during the night a lot of fresh shod horses had been drove over the trail after his sheep had passed along and said it was some twelve miles from our camp, and it was on Wednesday night, he thought two weeks ago, and George went to where the man and boy said, and saw the horse tracks quite plain yet. He was positive they were my horses' tracks, but being as it was nearly two weeks ago, thought no use to go after them until he let me know about it, for by that time they would no doubt be 200 or 300 miles away.

Now where George saw the fresh shod tracks was on a straight line to the hills or ridge from our camp, and the first night I was out I had been tired and hungry, I told George to go acrost the place I had been and strike to the high land beyond, where the stock had their regular grazing grounds, and to go acrost that to the rise of the ridge, and had he done so, he would have got on the track that very day, not over four miles from where I slept under the shed. After that we could have kept on and got to the horses in two or three days. So by a fatal neglect to take my advice we had lost the horses.

Sunday morning we had laid off our route for Monday, and I was going to telegraph south towards New Mexico, or Parranegut, a mining camp near a Mormon settlement at or beyond St. George. After breakfast I went around to a livery stable and as I walked along a man said the Chief of Police of Salt Lake City was looking for me, and I walked up towards the police office and met the Mormon Bishop who had lost the mules and had a description of my horses, coming towards me with another gentleman.

He introduced me to him, and asked how many horses I had lost; I told him fourteen head, and the Chief of Police told me he had got a dispatch that morning from the Sheriff of Fillmore City, 160 miles south, that they had arrested two men on suspicion, with a lot of stolen horses, fourteen head in all. I asked him if they had the names of the men, and he said one's name was Jackson and one Anderson, but they looked like

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father and son. I asked if we could send a message right down to the sheriff, but Burd said not til evening when they could call the roll, as all the employes would be off, as it was Sunday, and for me to come around in the evening and we could send some messages.

After a little, the Sheriff of Salt Lake City, named Burton, came to me to see about getting the horses, and he saw Burd, the Chief of Police, but he did not give him any satisfaction. The Sheriff did not like it because the Sheriff at Fillmore did not telegraph to him (so that he could get his fingers in the pie on the horses). Burton was a bad man, and all the Gentiles hated him. He was head of the Destroying Angels after Porter C. Rockwell was out of that office.

I went around to the Police office and we asked the names of the men held in custody at Fillmore, and they said Jackson and Anderson, and one claimed to be my partner, and that he had a wife and family at Tooel(e), that he was a Mormon. I told them it could not be, for I knew no one at Tooel(e), a Mormon, but we telegraphed back to hold the two prisoners until we would come, and to take good care of the stock. The Chief of Police said he would send his deputy chief, named Calder, with me, and go Monday morning on the 9 o'clock stage, and we would get to Fillmore on Tuesday or Wednesday. I got two saddles to take along for us to ride. George Woodbury and Sol Norton and Brigham H. Young were glad to hear the good news.

NOW I will go back a few days to show how near a person can come to finding things out and not do so. One evening while I was still camped at Brighton, I had been in town and stopped at a house on a creek not far from town, between the River Jordan; there was a man and his wife, and I asked if they had seen or heard of any stray or lost horses, and they said not. They asked on what night I had lost them; I told them Wednesday, and the old woman said someone had stolen a long stake rope off of one of their horses and they had tracked the person with two ponies off toward our camp at Brighton, and they thought they knew who got their rope, that a man with two ponies, riding one and leading the other, had camped on Tuesday close by their house. He had gone to town and came back, where he had left one of his horses, with another young man, and camped.

The oldest man who had come first had a Mississippi Rifle (or Yorger by some called), and he had on a fur cap, and his front teeth were out, and called himself Jackson. The other, a young man of about nineteen or twenty, said his name was Anderson, but the old folks thought he was the son of the old one. They said they were going to South Pass City, to the Sweetwater Mines, and started next morning towards Salt Lake City together, and that night the rope was stolen off of their horse, and the man had tracked them towards Brighton, and saw two pony tracks going that way.

Now when I got the dispatch from Fillmore, and the names, I began to see that they were the parties who had stolen the stake rope, and then rode over to where our tent was and pulled up the picket pin and led off Pinto, and then took the hobbles off of the four American horses and all started South with them. But so much stock running at large had tramped out their horseshoe signs, and I lost them and came back. If I had been on horseback no doubt I would have gone on, clear of the stock range, and would have struck their track on the ridges beyond.

So Monday, April 28, the Deputy Chief of Police Calder and myself took the stage. On the 29th had breakfast at Chicken Creek and dinner at Round Valley. While the men were changing horses I asked the new driver if he had seen the men who they had in custody at Fillmore, and he said yes, that the old one was a hard case, and claimed to be a Mormon family from Tooel(e), named Anderson.

I asked him to give me a description of him, and he said he was tall, slim, and lost his front teeth, had an old Yorger, and wore a fur cap. As soon as he said "fur cap," I all at once knew it must be Wilson, who had left us at Brighton on Tuesday morning for South Pass City!

Now I could account for the two men at the old man's house where they had taken his picket rope. I was dumbfounded to think that after knowing Wilson some eight or nine years, and letting him stay in our tent and eat with us he would do so mean a trick on me, taking every horse, and leaving me worse than afoot, when he had two ponies and provisions to take him to the mines. It was inexcusable.

We got to Fillmore about 11 o'clock A.M. and drove up to the hotel kept by McBride, where both prisoners were kept. The horses were in a lot back of

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the hotel. There was quite a crowd at the hotel and the Sheriff had the two men in charge upstairs. . . . the hotel-keeper McBride showed me the horses, but the two Chapman roan horses were not among them; twelve of mine and the two ponies were all there was.

I WENT upstairs with the Police Chief and saw James Wilson with handcuffs on his wrists. He was very much ashamed of himself, or pretended that he was when he saw me. I asked him how I had ever misused him that he should serve me such a mean trick. He said he was awful sorry that he had done so, but he did not know what came over him; at first he was jealous because I had so many nice big horses and such a fine outfit and he had but the two ponies, and he thought if he could run off seven or eight of the best and take them down to New Mexico he would make quite a raise and I could soon make up my loss again.

The other young fellow (he said) had persuaded him to take them all and they would be more likely to get away with them, for if they left me any I would be apt to follow on and I would be more likely to overhaul them, but by taking all the horses we would be left afoot and not have the means at hand to track and follow them. He laid the blame mostly on Anderson, and he begged me to give him a chance to repay me my loss, and I might take the two ponies to pay part of my expenses so far.

At first I felt like taking my pistol and blowing Wilson's brains out on the spot, but after considering that I had got nearly all my horses back again, by the merest chance in the world, I then got a more forgiving mood on me, and he was in the hands of the Sheriff, and I would not be justified in killing him, by law. So I got calm and cool and asked him what he had done to the two bobtail roan horses, the Chapman roans; he said they had drove on Thursday night after they started, all night, and in the dark had lost them two and did not discover their loss till daylight.

By then they were afraid to go back to where they must have lost them, for fear we might be close behind them or we would catch up that much while they were hunting the two lost, so went on without them. I did not believe him, and still thought they were in with a gang of horse thieves who had the two roans, and the mules lost, and other stock missing in the valley, but he assured me it was the truth.

Mr. McBride and the herder then told us how they came to arrest the two prisoners on suspicion of having stolen the horses, and Wilson helped explain how he got where he did.

They were compelled to strike in for the settlements to get some provisions and when they got close to Fillmore they had the horses in a canyon out of sight that day, intending to go into Fillmore that night . . . but a herder that was out looking for some stray stock saw the fresh horse tracks, and saw they were going South, contrary to all the travel at this time, which was all going North toward Salt Lake City.

He rather thought it strange, and saw the horses hid in a gulch, and the men, one riding a pack saddle and the other a riding saddle, keeping the stock out of sight. He came into Fillmore and told McBride and the Sheriff and a lot more men around town, and they concluded to go out and look at the men and the horses. So they got the herder to get up their own horses close to town, but the herder could only find two or three of them, and the sheriff's horse was not among them.

So he and most all the others got out of the notion to go, but McBride and the herder and a cowboy had their horses and said they would go, just for the fun of a little ride. The others tried to persuade them not to go, that they might be some cattlemen from New Mexico on their way home from Montana or Idaho, but the landlord of the hotel, McBride, told the two others to come, and away they went.

When they got to the place where the herder had seen them last, they were not there. They had moved on, and the three men followed the tracks a short distance and lost it, and all rode ahead a while, but no signs, and they were just about to turn back when one of them saw a fresh cud of tobacco on the rocky road or gravel, and saw some tobacco spit along the ground, and they just kept on a short distance and struck the fresh track, and directly saw the horses in a gulch and the men had camped. McBride rode up and spoke to Wilson and asked him where he was going. He said to New Mexico, but he was waiting for his partner whom he had left at Salt Lake City with more stock. The other young man was up the gulch with the horses, so McBride told the two men to stay with Wilson and he rode up to Anderson and asked him the questions he had just asked of Wilson, and he told a different story about it.

So McBride asked the young man to come down to where Wilson and the others were, and when he got there he sent the herder to drive down all the horses, and they packed up and brought them all down to Fillmore City. The crowd got around to asking them questions, and Wilson got to telling too many stories, and the men saw that he was the head, or leader, and put a rope around his neck and pulled him up to a tree, and he just confessed all about it, and told them the horses belonged to Herman F. Reinhart, and how they had stolen them.

THIS WAS on a Saturday evening, and the Sheriff just telegraphed to the Chief of Police in Salt Lake City on Sunday morning. That night they both tried to bribe the guard to let them go, offering them four of the best horses, and they had made offers to McBride when he first brought them in, but McBride was an old thief-catcher and Fillmore was a regular thief-catching place, nearly out of the Salt Lake Settlement. Most of the men belonged to the Vigilantes, and at Salt Lake City they told me if I had just said it, they would have hung them for me in a short time. But Wilson let on and claimed to be a Mormon and that he had a wife and four children at Tooel(e), and the Mormon women at Fillmore City sympathized with him in his troubles. Calder told me if they had known he was a Gentile they would like to have helped hang him.

We got out our saddles and saddled up two of the best for Calder and me to ride, and put the other two saddles, one a packsaddle, on two not so fast for the two prisoners. We took off their handcuffs and made one go ahead and the other to drive the horses. We bid the folks at Fillmore goodbye and started about two o'clock back for Salt Lake City.

The prisoners complained of getting sore (one was riding a pack saddle), and we made them take turns riding it. We made them do the driving of the horses,

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and we followed on behind; sometimes we would be back over a half a mile, but they were afraid, for we always kept the fastest horses, and if they had made a break to escape we could have soon overhauled them, and we could have called on all the Mormon help we wanted, and Wilson knew it.

Calder told me if I really felt like killing Wilson I could easy do so, and I would not be molested by the authorities; all I would have to do would be to let Wilson get a start, and say he was trying to escape, and I could fill his body full of holes, for I had two large revolvers with me, and so did Calder. But I felt I could nearly forgive Wilson for his thieving, for I was so thankful to get back the most of (the) horses, which I had all but given up as lost forever, and I knew Wilson would be convicted and go to the penitentiary for ten or fifteen years, and that would be punishment for him anyway.

He kept asking and begging us to have it made as easy for him as possible, and he would some time replace all my loss when he would get free again, and he acted very sorry all the time on the road.

There was to be a big Mormon conference held . . . and all the big high church officials and dignitaries would be at Provo . . . and within twenty miles of Provo we met a fine carriage and two or three persons inside. When they got up near us, Calder saluted the gentleman in the carriage, and he told me it was President Brigham Young. He motioned for Calder to come to the carriage, and they spoke a while, and Calder told him about the finding of my horses, and there were the thieves. Brigham Young said they deserved hanging, and they bid us good evening and drove on.

When we got into Salt Lake City, we took the two prisoners to the police station and they took them to a jail for safekeeping. I took the horses to Brigham H. Young's place, where our boys were, and they were awful glad to see the horses again.

BURTON, the Sheriff, came to see me, and talked like I ought to pay all expenses and trouble, he thought about $300, but the Chief of Police Burd and Deputy Calder said to not mind what Burton the Sheriff said, that Judge Smith had told him to tell me to come to his residence to dinner next day. I done so, and he said he was glad I had got the horses back, as I must be prejudiced against living with the Mormons, but I must overlook it, they could not help it, and if the thieves had been Mormons they should have punished them severely right off, in fact, he thought they would have been hung.

But as it was, they were both Gentiles they should have a fair trial, as there had been ill feeling between the Mormons and the Government in regards to the assassination of Dr. Robinson. So the Mormons did not wish to displease our Government officers, who had said General Connor would hold President Brigham Young responsible in the future. He invited me to dinner and he told me he was sorry that I had lost so much time and money in the stealing of my horses, but that I should not pay one cent of the expense the authorities had been to, that it was their place to get back my property after being taken in hand at Fillmore by the Sheriff there, and he hoped I would not have any hard unpleasant feeling against the welfare of Salt Lake City or Utah, and hoped I would return again and winter my stock, and not have them stolen again.

I told him about Burton, the Sheriff, and he told me that was all a get-up of Burton's, and for me to pay him nothing. I told him that Wilson, the thief, had offered me the two ponies to pay part of my expenses, but I would turn them over to the Chief of Police and the city authorities could do with them as they pleased. So I left Judge Smith, one of the Mighty Three, with a favorable impression, and of the Mormons in general.

Now all my passengers that I had engaged for my coach and wagons for South Pass City, Sweetwater Mines, had all gone some two weeks. I had a big expense and borrowed money to raise to pay Brigham H. Young his money, and for provisions, and for the two ponies I hired from the Shaw Brothers. I could not get many passengers or freight for South Pass, so concluded to sell one of the wagons and some harness and the big tent, so as to pay up my debts and get money to fit up for a trip as soon as possible. I sold the wagon to Shaw Brothers for $110, the tent and harness for $55, to some party in the city. . . .

I got what horses need shoeing shod up again, and on the 11th day of May, 1868, a man came to me from the Bishop, where we had stayed all night on our way up from Fillmore. He had got his herder to look for my two roan horses that Wilson had lost, and he found them not far from where they had been lost, and they were fat and in splendid order.

He brought them to me and I paid him the $25 reward I had offered the Bishop to find them. I could have sold them right off for $350, but I did not want to part with them yet. They had been undisturbed for over three weeks and on good grass, and they felt and looked well.

So I got all ready to go to South Pass City, paid up all my bills, and gave Brigham H. Young $10 more than he asked me; he had made his bill so very moderate. I had my stage fare to Fillmore to pay, and all my expenses, but I found five passengers for the coach, at $118; and some baggage at some $10; and 2,000 pounds of flour in the wagon as freight to South Pass City, at $120, so in all it came to $248. . . .

So I bid all my Salt Lake City friends goodbye, and left on the 15th of May, 1868.

"That's right, Jake, stand there moanin' about droppin' a nickel sack of tobacco in that hole, while a $100 cowboy gits crushed to death."

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Caribou schoolhouse

Fiery Death of Caribou

(Continued from page 15)

the mines and town, but life went on as usual. Sunday School was held and men met at Werley's or in other saloons, probably discussing the fire and then settling down to an afternoon of cards or pool. A few miners were working their shifts on Caribou and Idaho Hills.

The wind was blowing, but then it usually did, for the region was noted for its breezy weather. As the afternoon wore on, however, it became violent, even for Caribou, and was described by one inhabitant as a gale. The fire, whipped on by the wind, raced eastward toward Caribou Hill. Realizing the danger of the situation, some of the mine owners watered down their shaft houses and had men ready to fight the fire if it reached their area. Reach them it did like a ". . . scorching hurricane, the flames leaping hundreds of feet high, surging forward resistlessly, licking everything clean in their path. . . ."

THE MAIN Caribou shaft house caught fire, as well as some unused mine houses, but by dogged effort the remaining buildings were saved. Checked at this point, the fire changed course and swept north, raced over the top of Idaho Hill, burning everything in its wake, and struck the eastern or lower end of the town.

The townsmen had mobilized and were ready to meet the challenge. While men and boys worked desperately, swirling smoke, hot ashes and burning brands rained down on Caribou, starting numerous small fires. A wood pile would catch fire, be put out, then flare up again.

The major effort to save the town was concentrated on the upper section. Here hoses were connected to hydrants and water sprayed over the buildings. Roofs were liberally soaked to prevent them from catching fire from the brands. Women and children fled the town in any direction which promised safety. In their flight they carried only a few of their possessions. Streams of water were turned on the advancing fire line burning up from the lower end of town.

As the wind continued blowing from west to east, the holocaust was checked —thanks to the water works, upper Caribou was saved. The men could only watch hopelessly, however, as the fire ran from dwelling to dwelling in the lower section, destroying everything left by the families who had fled. As night closed over the scene, it produced a vivid picture in the mind of one woman, who stated years later, "The sight was a never to be forgotten one. There were the angry flaming sunset skies, the rolling billows of smoke, and Caribou Mountain with its hundreds of cords of wood burning on its top and sides."

By ten o'clock that night the wind died and the danger was past. For the local people who returned from their various places of safety there was the bitter realization that a long cold winter without shelter faced them. September 15 was a gloomy day. Smoke still hung dismally over the valley as groups of citizens returned to their homes to search the ruins. It was estimated that between fifty and sixty homes were destroyed and about $75,000 worth of damage done to the mines and town. Fortunately, no one was killed.

The fire continued burning in the surrounding mountains for several more days, although the wind did not rise again and Caribou was saved from further danger. Relief, in the form of food, clothes and money, was quickly rushed to the camp from Central City, Boulder and Denver. People shared their homes with unfortunate neighbors and generously provided meals and clothing. Within a few months, damage to the Caribou mine had been repaired and mining operations returned to normal.

Despite the brave beginning, Caribou never regained its former size or significance. The lower end of town was not rebuilt and only here and there a single cabin was erected. As the mines declined, there was no need for further construction. Fire had not played its final role in the history of Caribou, however. On December 26, 1899, the north half of the old camp was destroyed, with the wind again whipping the blaze. Finally, in 1905, fire completed the task it had started twenty-six years before by burning down most of the remaining buildings in the now almost deserted town. Little remains today except a few rotting cabins and desolate mine dumps. Where once men stubbornly fought a losing battle against fire and wind, cattle now peacefully graze.

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The Penitentes

(Continued from page 31)

of the last page they had used blood to print:

EL ESTRELLAS CAER DE CIELO
PRIMERO USTED MANDAR
DALIO CORDOVA EL
PENITENTCIARRO.

"The stars shall fall from heaven before you send Dalio Cordova to the penitentiary," is the English translation. I thanked them and returned to the courtroom. Cheetham was nervous and he recessed court for twenty minutes and then inquired of me what was the matter. When I told him about the cartridges and showed him the scroll, he got cold feet. He put Cordova and the witnesses under bond to await action of the United States Grand Jury and dismissed court.

Soon thereafter I left the United States Indian Service, and a number of years later, while living in Cimarron, New Mexico, a young Spanish-American rode up in front of the ranch house and had one of the cowboys call me to the door.

"Lambert, you do not know me. I am Dalio Cordova's cousin from Taos," he said.

Then I asked, "Whatever happened to my friend Dalio?"

With bitterness in his voice, he told me, "Well, you and the courts broke Dalio. He lost his saloon, rancho and livestock, but you never sent him to the penitentiary. He is now up in Wyoming, a sheep Caporal, making good money."

In 1936, there was a young writer, Carl Taylor by name, who was assigned by a magazine of nationwide circulation to make a trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to try and obtain pictures and an article about the Mexican Penitentes. Taylor had mentioned to his employers that such an assignment was not void of great danger.

Taylor employed Modesto Trujillo and paid a certain Hermano Mayor to show him where the Morada was located. He took pictures of the Penitentes in action and had returned to his cabin on Casa Loma safely. His pictures and manuscript were ready for the outgoing mail the following morning.

In the meantime, the Penitentes had gathered for an entirely different purpose than the remission of their sins.

(Continued on next page)

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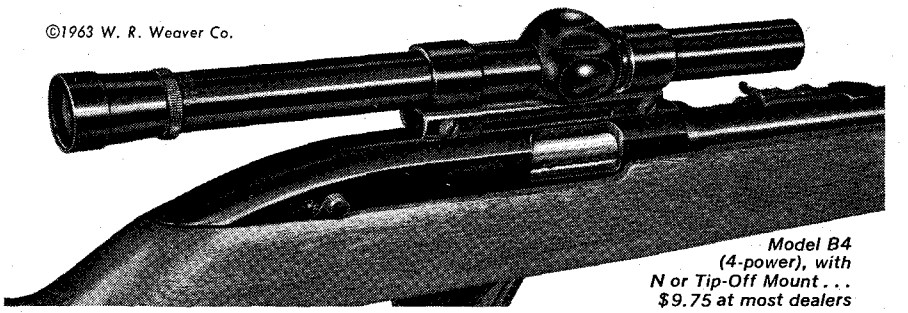

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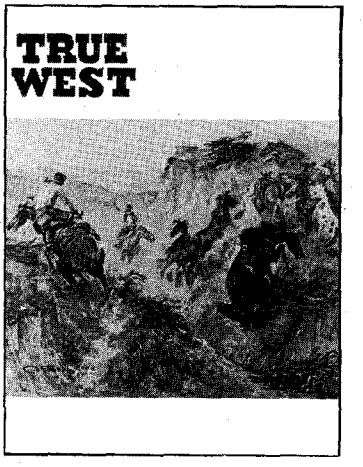

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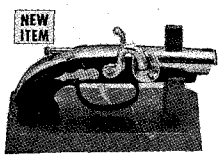

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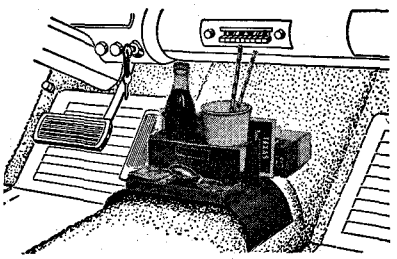

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WHAT A TREMENDOUS HELP! Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out!" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a jackass eating briers!

Modesto Trujillo walked into the Taylor cabin and emptied his six-gun into the writer.

Later, he was arrested and through the success of the court in choosing an entirely American jury, Trujillo was sent to the state penitentiary for life.

Trujillo spent eleven years in prison but through politics and the Hermanos de Luz he was pardoned in 1947.

According to popular concept, they are fanatics. Even at that, they have a deep religious faith which I highly respect. They are both good citizens and neighbors, and I admire them for the courage of their convictions. I have many good friends among them. They truly believe in atonement by physical suffering and in view of what they undergo to prove their faith—Quien sabe?

House of the Lucky 13

(Continued from page 35)

when they heard her first preposterous order. Sarah immediately took over as designer, decorator and director. She hired a new staff of servants, a new construction crew and many Oriental gardeners. All were specialists; many of them came from abroad.

SPENDING about $1,000 a day, Sarah bought carloads of the most expensive materials. The hammering and sawing never ceased, even on Sundays and holidays. Artisans lavished talent and painstaking skill on the choicest woods, gold and silver chandeliers, German silver inlaid doors, French bevel plate, art-molded bronze bathtubs, exquisite Carrara marble and intricate parquetry.

Room was added to room, porch to porch, wing to wing, tower to tower and peak to spire. Doors were installed on blank walls, windows faced windows, skylights became traps in the floor, carved pillars were mounted upside down, and cupboards opened into a series of rooms or stopped suddenly only an inch deep. All this unpredictable construction was designed to please the "good" spirits and confuse and discourage unwelcome "haunts."

This perpetual furor attracted the attention of neighboring wives who had peeked around window shades to observe the strange goings-on. One day they called in a group to "welcome" the strange new resident to their community. A butler returned their cards and explained, in an understatement, "Madam is indisposed at this time."

Even President Theodore Roosevelt, a great admirer of anyone proficient in guns, once called on William's widow when he was on the Pacific Coast. He and his entourage were conducted to the back door. They never crossed the threshold.

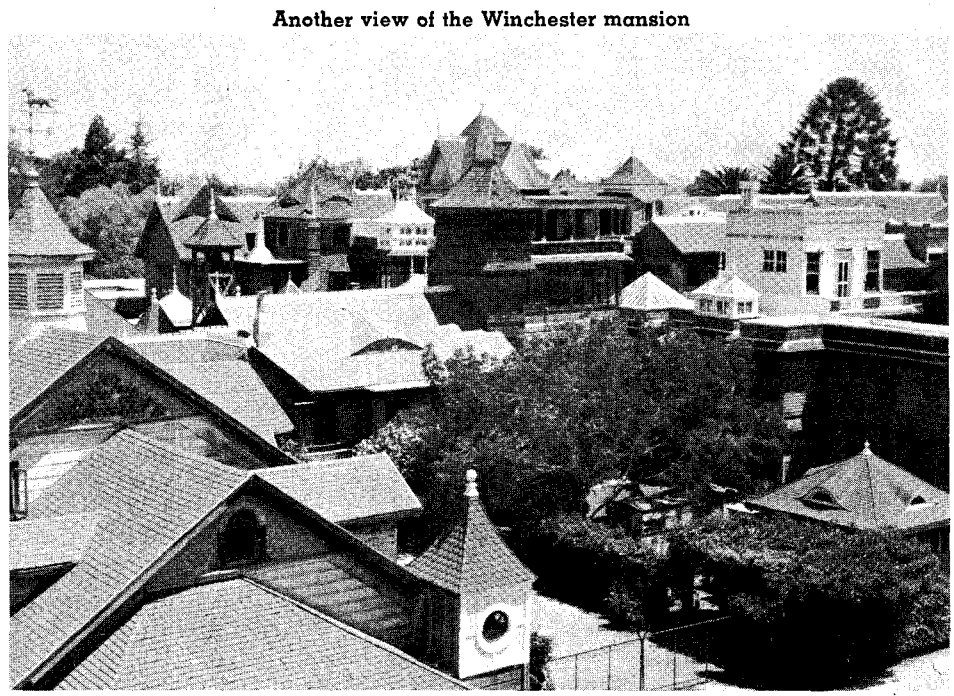
Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, tried to console and encourage the little woman. All the spiritual messages that Sarah received from "beyond" were conveyed in a seance chamber called the "Blue Room." No one entered it but herself.

Her nearby bedroom was lined and draped with white satin; the floor was designed to change color with the varying light of passing day. In compliance with these ethereal instructions, only the best of everything was used and it was purchased in abundance. Costly materials and supplies soon became so bulky that they had to be stored in a ground floor warehouse. Precious Bohemian glassware filled a room above the pump house. Soon the stable and water tower were engulfed in the constantly creeping Temple of Spiritual Beauty.

It didn't look that way to mortal beings outside. Inside the human rabbit warren the employees buttoned their lips, for each was being well paid for "services devotedly rendered." Among the help, the chefs from Paris and Vienna got the best of the deal. They served duck under glass, pheasant, caviar and imported truffles and grew fat in their extreme efforts to please.

Elsewhere in the cozy castle Sarah "was going right to town." She was really setting a record in a personal subdivision project that no one else could—or would—copy. Soon there were 6 kitchens, 13 bathrooms, 160 rooms, 5 heating systems and 47 fireplaces to keep vapory callers warm. In one 10-by-30-foot room there were 4 hearths and 4 hot air registers.

Another view of the Winchester mansion



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To facilitate service there were 3 elevators (2 hydraulic and one electric), and one of these moved only a few feet. Over 40 staircases were provided that rose, twisted or turned back on themselves. One special stairway had 44 steps only 18 inches wide and 2 inches high.

IF EVER word got around about the fabulous wealth circulating in the Winchester house, no thieving human being ever took leave of his senses in trying to snitch some samples. There were 13 steel safes scattered around, but not one was ever disturbed. Perhaps one reason was the tall, dense hedge that ran around the place, backed by a barbed wire fence. Better reason was the impossibility of escape; in the haste of getting away, a thief would be hopelessly lost in the maze of hallways, blind doors, turns, twists and switchbacks. He could easily cripple or kill himself.

Sarah felt that another safeguard was the "13" arrangement wherever feasible. There were optical glass windows with 13 blue-and-gold glass balls leaded in; 13 driveway flagstones led through the house subway; 13 windows had 13 panes; there were 13 panels in the ceilings; 13 bathrooms matched each other and there were 13 steps in the staircases.

The "lucky 13" manse had so many carpenters, servants and gardeners and Sarah was kept so busy with supervision that she finally sent for her niece, Margaret Merriam. This gracious lady joined the menage as secretary and supervisor to give Sarah time for her own pursuits. This included designing windows that used rifle bolts for casement catches and installing screens inside the windows. She was so particular that oftentimes she had costly construction torn out and changed a trifle; if it did not suit, it was done over a third time. The carpenters were very patient about it; they weren't going anywhere.

Nothing had meaning if it did not concern the house. She made no neighborhood calls, encouraged no friends, never rode on a train, never entered a church or a public building. Only one photograph was ever taken of her.

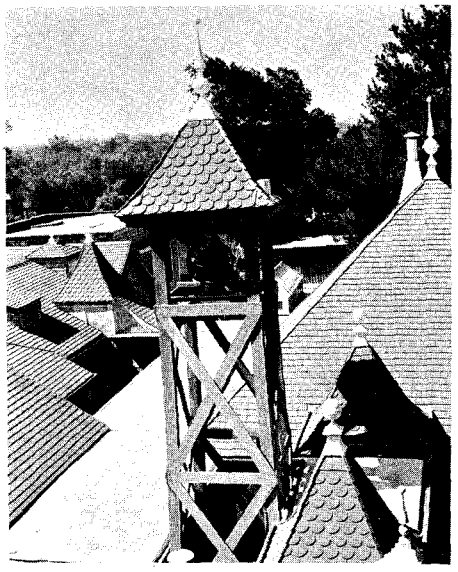
AT INTERVALS Sarah checked on her progress. The front beveled-glass doors cost as much as a modern cottage but were never used. A blind chimney went to a kitchen ceiling and stopped. A door near her bedroom opened on an unplastered wall, where wires, push buttons and a gong were installed. That was fine. Nothing worked.

She checked the sewer system, the gas plant and water works. In this case everything operated well; she was independent of the world outside the peep-proof premises.

In 1906, however, the spirits seemed to rise up with a mighty warning. Sarah was sleeping in her angel-white bedroom when the earthquake hit. It did little damage to the sprawling mansion but it imprisoned Sarah and scared her almost to death. When she finally escaped, she had the chamber sealed up just as it was, the bed undone and toiletries scattered around. It remained so for 22 years.

Sarah bought acreage farther north, filled an excavation with an inland lake and had a palatial houseboat built. It was six years before she finally returned to her Palace of Spooks to carry on.

In her absence, a real estate operator had purchased a large tract of land adjoining her property. He had a client—he let it be known—who intended building the most lavish kind of big hotel to eclipse anything in the neighborhood.



The spirit bell in its tower summoned ghosts to banquets. It clanged at two o'clock to warn them to hurry back to lonely sepulchers.

Sarah was furious. She blamed herself for having neglected to purchase all the surrounding property. She tried to make amends for her oversight and bid against the affluent stranger. It took a little time, but in the end she managed to outbid the contender. She did not learn until it was too late that the broker had been a disgrace to his profession. His client had been a figment of his imagination. He had made a fabulous profit.

Sarah Winchester was almost 85 years old and had spent $5,000,000 in 36 years when something gave way some place. Whether it was the food or the service or Sarah's cholesterol has never been revealed. At least, one day she sighed, glanced at her earthly masterpiece and departed this mortal vale. She bequeathed the mansion to Margaret Merriam. Although a number of relatives received income from trusts, the bulk of Sarah's estate went to charity. Incidentally, her funeral was conducted through the back door.

Miss Merriam tried to carry on the project but she did not have the inner fire. She finally disposed of the monstrosity; the new owner promised to keep it in good repair and protect it for generations to come.

In 1950 he installed 500 miles of sprinkler system pipe at a cost of $50,000. Today he employs college students to conduct the thousands of sightseers who come from all over America and many foreign countries.

The dry old Winchester House is shabbier now, the floors and stairways worn from millions of questing, shuffling feet. Sarah most certainly would not have liked all this crass publicity and the curious visitors do not seem to appreciate what the diminutive Sarah had been striving for. They listen to the guide and, when his back is turned, chip off a piece of embossed French wallpaper or a chunk of German mortar for a souvenir. They don't seem to realize that with Sarah Winchester it had been a labor of love, a devotion to a "Cause" that she had believed was an earthly sacrament. Amusement, vague embarrassment—once in a while, sympathy—can be found in the visitors' faces. But the emotion common to all is—"WHY?"

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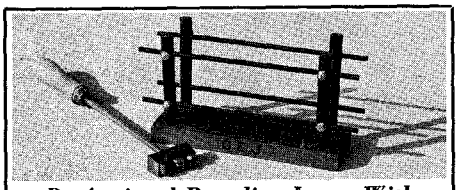

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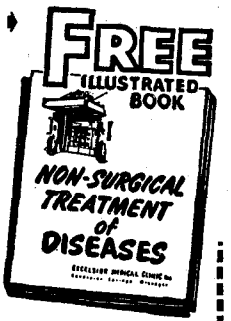

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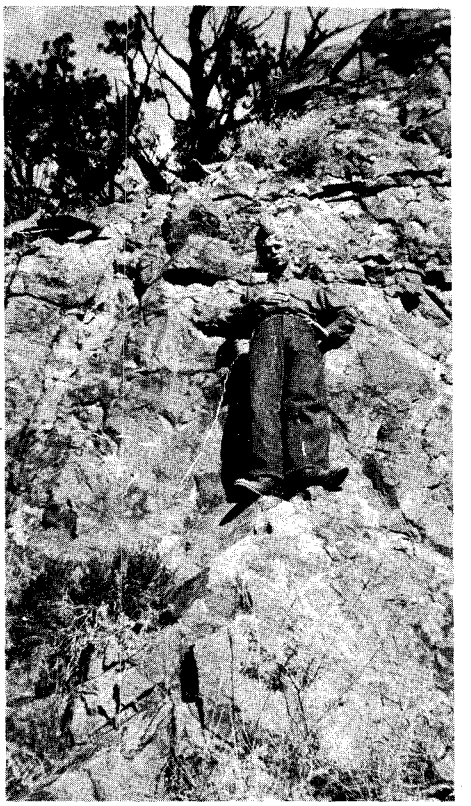

Author Aydelott at age seventeen.

I Know Where It Is!

(Continued from page 49)

TWO OF THE BOYS and I set off to find a way down. We went completely around the canyon almost twice before we realized there was no way. The walls were so steep we could not even get our guide to attempt them. The cows were pretty wild—I don't suppose they had ever seen anyone before. They were milling around, trying to get out. While watching them, we discovered a small cave on the side. One of the little calves went into it and came right back out (it seemed to be too small for a cow to get into).

I have thought a lot about those cows —the only way I can figure they got in there was maybe during a snowslide, as they do have some awful big snows in that country.

After we had seen that we could not get to our supper, we held a meeting to decide what to do. I suggested that we pick out the highest mountain we could find and climb it. They were burning coal at our camp and I figured if we could get to a tall mountain before morning we could see the smoke.

After much haggling—some of the boys did not believe they could climb another mountain—we decided to climb what appeared to be the highest of the peaks near us.

We climbed until dark. We found a little wood and lighted a fire. Someone discovered a dead tree that seemed to grow leaning down the mountain. To get kindling, we would line up in a row and send someone out on this tree to break off limbs for the fire.

The next morning we discovered that this tree was growing out over a cliff and I bet it was a half a mile to the bottom. We were within a few hundred yards of the top. Sure enough—as I had predicted—we could see the smoke in the distance—it was real still and the smoke was rising high into the air.

We took our directions on some more mountains and headed for camp. By this time, as I said, hundreds of people were looking for us. In a short time after we had gotten our directions and started out, we came to the Gila River. We followed it for a few miles trying to get down to water. We finally came to a place where we could get within 100 feet of the river. We broke off a bunch of yucca tops and tied them together with our shoe strings and managed to draw up some water from the river in a canteen.

Not too long after this I was way in the lead as I topped a mountain. I saw a bunch of men; they had come down a canyon to the river and were so far off they seemed real small. Just about the time I saw them they turned and went back the way they had come. I started yelling and waving my shirt but they all went out of sight.

I had given up when I saw one of them come back and look again. (I found out later he thought he had heard someone yell.) I signalled again and he saw me. They came up and got us. They had to carry some of the boys out on stretchers.

I can easily see why there are so many lost mines that have not been found. Although I fully believe that this is the mine I read about and although there probably is a fortune lying there, I have never been able to go back and search for it. In the first place, I do not have the money to quit work and go and, in the second place, I have never found anyone interested enough to go with me.

I would not think of going unless there were at least four men in the bunch because it is too dangerous. You can drive a jeep within eight hours' walk of the canyon. Or a man could take a helicopter and probably find it in an hour. I know beyond doubt that I can go within three miles of it—I believe I can walk straight to it.

If any of you readers can give me any more information I would certainly appreciate it. You can reach me at Route 1, Box 5-E, Hooks, Texas.

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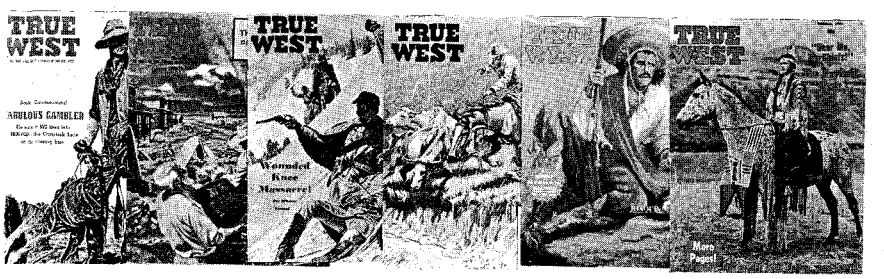

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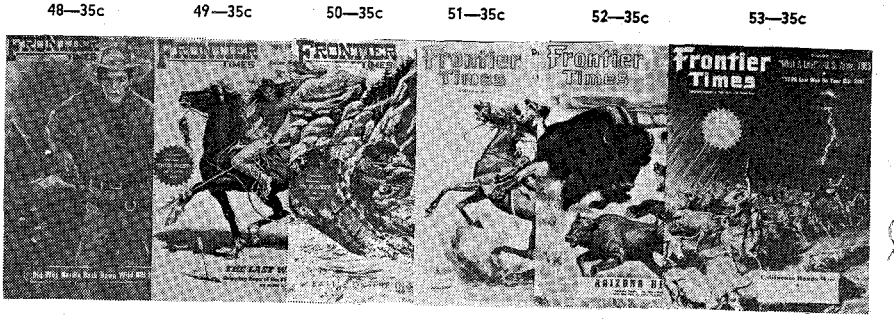

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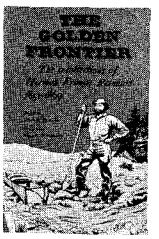

THE GOLDEN FRONTIER

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF HERMAN FRANCIS REINHART, 1851-1869

Edited by
Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

Foreword by
Nora B. Cunningham

The gold rush, for nearly eighteen years, was Herman Francis Reinhart's life. From the summer of 1851 when, as a boy in his late teens, he traveled the Oregon Trail to California, until a January day in 1869 when he climbed aboard an eastbound train at Evanston, Wyoming, he was a part of every gold discovery that stirred the West.

In his old age Reinhart recorded his experiences—in five long, narrow hardback ledgers. Many years after he died his daughter gave the ledgers to a friend in Chanute, Kansas—Nora Cunningham—who read the narrative, became fascinated by it, and typed it for publication.

Reinhart's account, written in a grammar and language all his own, is not of the historian's West, but of the West of the miner himself. Edited by an authority on the history of the West—a professor at U.C.L.A.—it is a book that will offer exciting fare to casual readers and scholars alike. It is a publication in the Personal Narratives of the West series, under the general editorship of J. Frank Dobie. 400 pages $6.00 (plus 2% sales tax for Texas residents).

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

BRAVO KIT!

M. Morgan Estergreen's *Kit Carson, A Portrait in Courage* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95), is by far the best biography of the great scout, guide and soldier yet to appear. The author spent years in separating facts from folklore and tall tales. Carson became a legend in his own lifetime and when the beliefs of people persist for a hundred years, it is difficult to get them to accept just the facts. This is the case even when the facts, as they do in this instance, provide an amazing saga of one man's activities in our West.

Kit was only sixteen when he made his first trip over the Santa Fe Trail in 1826. For the next forty-two years, until his death in 1868, he was on the move—as trader, interpreter, teamster, scout, trapper, express rider, Indian fighter, Indian Agent, soldier and rancher. He was with Young on a trapping expedition to California in 1829 and he served The Pathfinder, Fremont, on three of his expeditions. He was Kearny's guide in 1846. During the Civil War he led the New Mexico Volunteers into Navajo country and at the end of the Canyon de Chelly campaign took the war-loving Indians to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos to sit out the War. Later he led the Volunteers eastward to fight the Kiowas and Comanches who had all but closed the Santa Fe Trail.

The first battle of Adobe Walls was just about a draw but it did much to relieve the constant threat to the supply trains on the Trail. Carson was breveted a brigadier general for his services although his highest actual army rank was that of Colonel of Volunteers. These few highlights in his career are only examples of the life of high adventure of this fearless, frail-looking, little bravo. If this book has a fault, perhaps it is that the author fell in love with his subject—though for the most part it is objective. The value of the book is increased by the Charles M. Russell frontispiece in color, many good photos, good notes on sources, a lengthy bibliography and an adequate index.

ACTION IN VIRGINIA CITY

Gold Camp (Hastings, $5.95) by Larry Barsness is the latest book about Montana's Virginia City.

Gold seekers broke the treaty with the Sioux and many lost their scalps on the Bozeman Trail enroute to new Montana gold fields. Those who got through discovered gold and founded one of the wildest towns in the West. Miners battled claim jumpers and vigilantes hanged the road agents. This story of a brawling rowdy town, told with understanding, is fired with action.

GOOD HUNTING!

Hidden Treasure, How and Where to Find It (Arco Publishing Co., $5.95) by Jeanne Horn is a most unusual book. The author makes the point, and makes it well, that hidden treasure is not restricted to lost mines and buried loot. Treasure is anything of value known to have existed and now missing. The possibilities are unlimited but the author certainly provides a reasonable cross-section of the world's missing treasures in this big, well illustrated (several in color) book. To be sure all these marvelous missing treasures are not stashed away or lost in the American West. This reviewer does believe this book will fascinate many Westerners and there are quite a few items described in it that any good Westerner would love to lay his hand on—to mention a few: a Walker Colt; the Frederic Remington painting "The Cavalry Charge," Jim Bowie's silver mine, the Lost Dutchman and on and on. The publisher claims that it took the author six years to write this book and this seems reasonable. There is a good bibliography and an index plus well chosen illustrations.

"Just think—a hundred years from now he'll be a hero."

SIOUX CITY TO FORT BENTON

Steamboating on the Upper Missouri (University of Nebraska Press, $5.50) by William E. Lass is the result of diligent research by the author. Dr. Lass is particularly concerned with the river above Sioux City, Iowa, and on to Fort Benton in Montana. This is an entertaining book about the main artery west for a long period—the river was used by the traders, the settlers, and by the Army during the Indian wars. It helped build the railroads that finally dried up the traffic on it. The dominance of St. Louis and then of Sioux City in the trade on the Missouri receive due attention. The usually neglected importance of Yankton, S. D., and Bismarck, N. D., as steamboat ports is set forth in this account. The section of photographs of men in the trade and of many of the important steamers that plied the Upper Missouri enhance the book. There is an extensive bibliography for those who want to know more about the subject, and an adequate index. This is good reporting of history made a long time ago.

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More Western Treasures (Frontier, $2) by Jesse Ed Rascoe quotes liberally from old newspaper stories about buried treasure, mines, and lost mines from Arkansas to Oregon. He tells of some finds, describes some treasure hunts, locates the gem sites in the various States and throws in quite a bit of history. All together quite an interesting compilation, arranged by States for the convenience of treasure hunters.

The Treasure Album of Pancho Villa (Frontier, $2) also by Jesse Ed Rascoe deals with legends and tall tales about the loot buried by Villa. However, this takes only about a third of the pages—the real treasure in this little volume is the ninety pages of border country photographs from the famous Rose Collection, now owned by Frontier publisher Ed Bartholomew. Many of the photos are of Mexican revolutionary scenes.

Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of California (Privately printed by the author, P. O. Box 3034, Berkeley 5, California, $2.50) is the fourth revised edition of L. A. Pierce's popular survey of the numerous California treasure tales. There is a folding map inside the back cover showing the approximate location of over 160 "treasures." The author tells of some of the finds that have been made—this stimulates the demand for old hand-drawn parchment maps where "X" marks the spot.

TRIGGERNOMETRY

Carl W. Breihan's *Great Gunfighters of the West* (Naylor, $5.95) reverses the usual sequence for books by American authors on American subjects—it was first issued in England in 1961. The author selects Wild Bill Hickok, Wild Bill Longley, Cullen Baker, Bat Masterson, Henry Staff, Henry Brown, Ben Thompson, Clay Allison and Frank Leslie as his representatives of the shoot-it-out or killer clan. This is an entertaining book but leans heavily on folklore. The book includes some good photos but lacks both bibliography and index.

Robber and Hero (Ross and Haines, $4.50) by George Huntington is an enhanced reprint of the scarce 1895 booklet on the raid on the First National Bank of Northfield, Minnesota, by the James-Younger gang. This hard cover issue has a new introduction by Stan Nelson, gun expert and Western Americana collector turned historian. Nelson points out Huntington did a very careful research job and as a result his account is free of the errors and embellishments so common in most books about western outlaws. Stan also contributes a bibliography and the drawings to illustrate the end sheets. The original edition contained a number of photos and these are retained in this edition and a number of others have been added. The Northfield raid was the beginning of the end for the James boys and it was the end for the Youngers. Recommended.

BARGAINS ALL!

We recommend the salty tale of an old-timer published by Big Mountain Press called *Bob Fudge—Texas Trail Driver, Montana-Wyoming Cowboy, 1862-1933* ($1.00) by Jim Russell.

When 12 years old, Bob Fudge's family headed west from its Lampasas, Texas home for California to find a market for 1,000 Longhorn steers and 200 blooded horses. In New Mexico, the Comanches stole the steers and horses; the smallpox killed the father, leaving the mother stranded penniless with three hungry boys. The plucky mother loaded her boys in a wagon and herded her two oxen back to Lampasas where kinfolk took her in.

Bob Fudge was a member of the posse that hopelessly hunted the Comanches guilty of abducting Cynthia Ann Parker and her brothers. Fudge broke broncs, rode rough strings and finally trailed north with cattle to the Yellowstone Valley ranches. He tells many fresh tales of ranch experiences in Montana; he hobnobbed with Canadian Mounties, and finally rooted down on his own ranch in the Powder River country. Bob wrote about meeting the cowboy artist, Charlie Russell, a kid who he believed might get ahead drawing funny cowboy pictures.

La Fonda: The Inn of Santa Fe (The Press of the Territorian, Box 938, Santa Fe, N. Mex., $1) by Peter Hertzog presents 32 pages of newsy detail about the founding and history of this famous hotel. The corner of San Francisco and Shelby Streets in Santa Fe is the oldest hotel corner in the United States. Some believe the first Fonda was built in 1609. In 1822, it became the stopping place of Anglo merchants who opened the Santa Fe Trail and traded goods to Mexicans, Indians, mountain men, soldiers, politicians and gamblers who made up the multi-lingual society of Santa Fe.

This is a rare dish of Hispanic-Americana and it's too bad some of the facsimile reprints of old newspaper statements are blurred.

Peg-Leg Annie

(Continued from page 43)

her brush with death, Dutch Emma's frozen body was found where the women had sought shelter during the storm.

Lost in the raging blizzard, they had wandered from the trail and sought shelter behind a rock from the wind and snow. Annie had more stamina than Emma, and might have been able to fight her way out of the storm alone. However, she elected to stay and try to save her companion's life.

Annie covered Emma in her own underclothing in an attempt to keep her friend from freezing. It was to no avail.

Dutch Emma Von Losch was buried in Atlanta. Annie went on to recover her health, but it was two years before she was to obtain artificial limbs. She crawled around upon her hands and knees. Her physical handicap did not prevent her conducting business at the restaurant and boarding house as usual.

Time passed by; the children married and scattered. By 1924, Annie had saved $12,000. Another cruel stroke of fate was about to fall. Annie gave her life's saving to an acquaintance, who was to deposit the funds in a San Francisco bank. To make an unpleasant story brief, Annie's friend and the $12,000 dropped into oblivion.

It was a mortal blow. Old and unable to work, she spent her declining years, penniless, supported by her friends.

On September 13, 1934, Peg-Leg Annie McIntyre Morrow died in Mountain Home, Idaho.

She had been a woman of great courage and resourcefulness. It is interesting to imagine what she might have accomplished had she not been doomed to live out her life under the pale light of an unlucky star.

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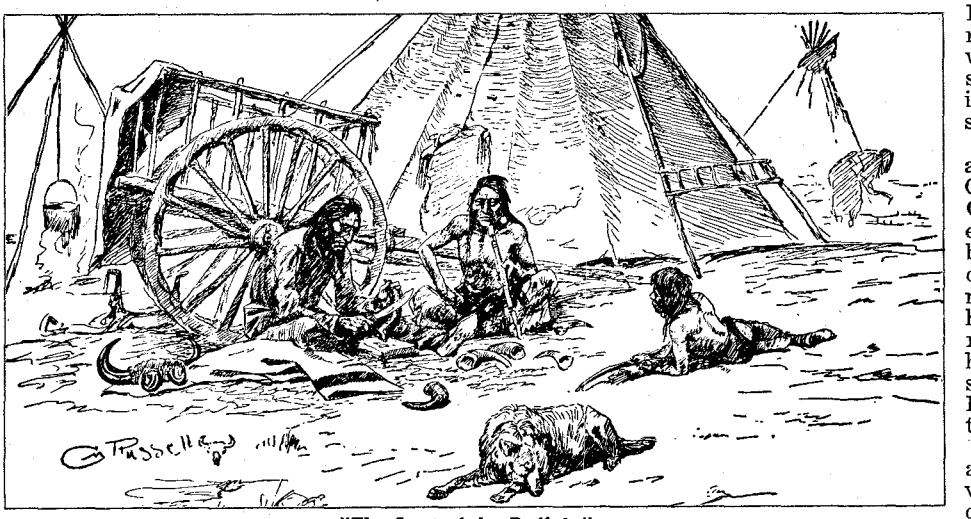
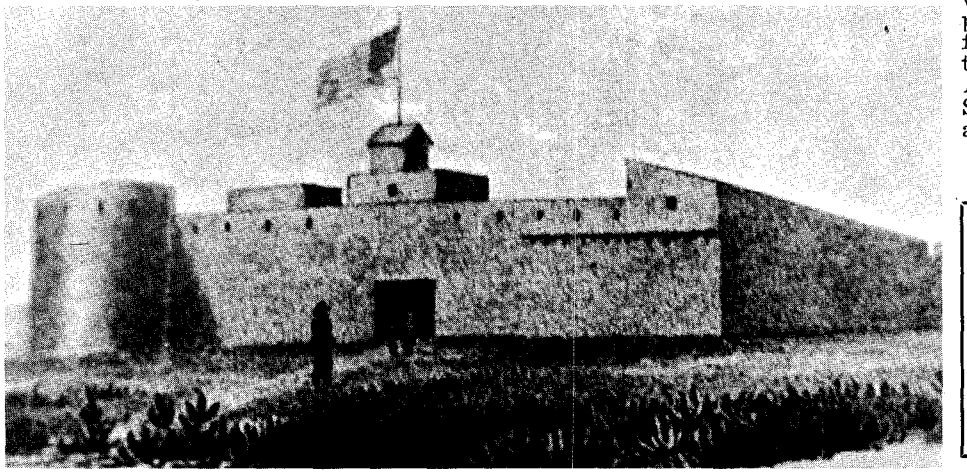
George Bent and wife, Magpie.



"The Last of the Buffalo"

Bent's Fort



The Heritage of Charlie Russell

(Continued from page 11)

travel far when the poney wares his hair long My arms is short and cannot reach the pipe you light for me but out harts are together and the same it is good, —Antilope."

At Russell's christening, the name Charles had already been used by two previous generations, maybe more. Lucy Bent had named her third child Charles Silas, in honor of her famous brother, Charles Bent. Charles Silas Russell chose to name his son Charles Marion Russell to honor the memory of his mother's noble uncle. Charles wore a name that was great, and helped to make it greater.

Charles Bent was killed by the Pueblo Indians in an uprising in Taos. Four months prior to his death, he had been appointed Governor of New Mexico. Although he had rendered his country a gigantic service in his undying efforts to procure peace among Indians, whites and Mexicans, he was shot with arrows in his own home, and scalped by a bowstring in the hands of an Indian.

Russell's grandfather, James Russell, husband of Lucy, was the son of plantation owner Joseph Russell of colonial Virginia. From this side of the family came assured wealth, but Russell had no interest in money. Perhaps it was fortunate for the art world, he married a woman who did.

His canvases bridge two worlds, the Indians' and the whites'. Always the red man is depicted in splendid attire, with proud demeanor. Only to prove a sad point did he portray a hungry-looking Indian, staring forlornly at a buffalo skull.

Old-time friends of Russell's such as artist Jack Wryn of Great Falls, whom Charlie schooled in painting, speculate on Charles' last rites. Russell had requested a cowboy funeral, with his remains to be taken to the burial ground in a horse-drawn hearse, and it was done. "But had not civilization progressed to the point it had when Charlie went on the last long ride, I bet he would have had us stretch him out in a tree, Blackfoot fashion," states Wryn. That Russell loved the Indian way of burial is evident in his touching poem, *His Heart Sleeps.*

Russell's ancestors knew a proud past, and it gave him an intrinsic sense of values, a sympathetic heart, and a great depth of understanding. Today we venerate him for his love and appreciation of the best that was inherent in Indian culture. His grief at the suffering of the red man was genuine. In the only way it was possible for him to contribute toward a possible remedy he acted—by pen, brush and word. We can be grateful for the sentiment Russell bestowed through his art on a persecuted race. Au-Wah-Cous has gone to the great Sand Hills, but his messages remain for all to read.

AUTHORS' BILLBOARD

We're like everybody else—we've got too much of one thing and not enough of another. Right now one of the items on the "surplus" side is material on Texas, and we keep getting more every day. We don't like to pass up good stories, so hold off, will you, fellows, for six months or a year and try us again? What we're a little scarce of is Pacific Northwest and Dakota articles. It would also be a genuine revelation to get a story about a FOUND mine or treasure—surely they didn't all get away!

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The hugh boulder that decorates Charlie's grave seems a fitting monument. Said Nancy of it, "I thought Charlie would like this. It's a good nesting place for some of his feathered friends."

"Chief Mo-See-Ma-Ma-Mos," (Young Boy), killed his own horse as a gift for Russell's use in the hereafter.

The Food that Fed an Empire

(Continued from page 47)

THE NORTHWEST COMPANY of Montreal first made commercial use of pemmican. For travel by canoe into remote river districts where the most valuable furs were to be obtained, a concentrated, easily kept provision was needed. In this area it was impossible to live consistently off the land or obtain supplies from scattered Indian settlements.

Pemmican proved ideal. It would pack easily in canoes, and it would keep almost indefinitely in a ventilated cache, summer or winter. It could be eaten raw or cooked in a number of ways; in food value a pound was the equivalent of four to eight pounds of fresh meat, fish, or wild fowl.

The largest source of pemmican was the area of the Red River Valley near present-day Winnipeg. In the summer of 1800 Alexander Henry, an employee of the Northwest Company, set up a post as the point where the Park and Red Rivers join, and where a salt seep attracted buffaloes and other game. Henry

$780,000 in Gold Nuggets Found on Mountain-Top

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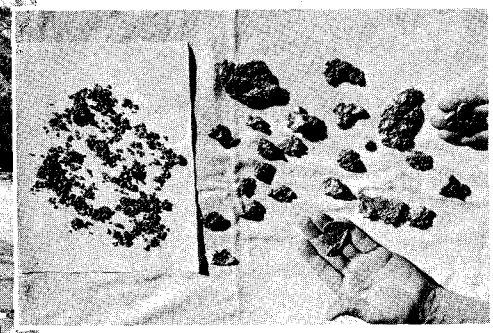
Searching for gold nuggets



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and his company engaged in several killings that fall and the following spring, and made up the meat according to the Indian formula. When he broke camp in May of 1801, he took back to headquarters at Grand Portage about 5,000 pounds of pemmican. Later that summer he constructed a permanent post on the Pembina River and for the next eight years the Northwest Company depended upon Henry for a large part of its pemmican. From 1800 to 1808 the company utilized approximately 21,000 pounds.

Soon after the Northwest Company started operations on the frontier, the Hudson's Bay Company followed and, as early as 1774, was attempting to establish frontier posts of its own. Nor were these two companies fighting it out alone. From 1793 to 1804 there were no less than five independent rivals.

By 1804 the Northwest Company had succeeded in effecting a consolidation of the independent companies and for nearly twenty years more than held its own against Hudson's Bay. It was said of this new and vigorous consolidation that the Northwest Company was perhaps the most efficient and effective business empire that had yet been organized in the New World. Without doubt the battle for the western field up to 1814 was decidedly in favor of the Canadian company, and a significant reason for that success was the widespread use of pemmican as a food for its men in the field.

Hudson's Bay posts were costly to maintain because most of their provisions had to be imported from England. Its personnel consisted largely of "gentlemen" who would not, like the Canadians, give up civilized living for the fur trade. Pemmican must have demanded considerable intestinal fortitude in the eating, especially on the part of the uninitiated. After all, some of it contained occasional buffalo, dog, or human hairs, dried berry skins, and small seeds. It is reported that one greenhorn guest at a frontier post turned down a serving of it, feeling sure that he had, as a practical joke, been handed a plate of bear droppings!

MEANWHILE, the Northwest Company was buying pemmican from several tribes and was itself manufacturing the product in enormous quantities around Pembina on the Red River, where a settlement of French and English half-breeds (the Metis of the Canadian Plains), were making a living running buffaloes and making pemmican from the meat.

The Hudson's Bay Company took frequent steps to harass its rival and finally hit upon a strategy that brought the Northwest Company to its knees and then completely eliminated it through merger. Ten years were required for this transfer of control.

In 1811, the Earl of Selkirk purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company a large tract of land including the areas occupied by the Red River Metis. It was Selkirk's hope to form a Utopian farm colony of displaced Scottish Highlanders. This objective was never achieved, but the indirect results were enough to eliminate the Northwest Company from the Canadian scene.

From 1812 to 1814 almost 300 colonists arrived at the Selkirk settlement. Nature in the form of drought, flood, and grasshoppers discouraged agriculture, but opposition from the Northwest Company was even more of a deterrent. The settlement lay across the Company's route from Montreal to the west, and both it and the Indians objected to agricultural settlements in the chief buffalo hunting grounds. In short, the Northwest Company looked upon Selkirk's newcomers as invaders, and awaited a chance to destroy the colony.

Violence broke out and crops and buildings were destroyed. Furthermore and counter to the wishes of settlement leaders, many of the young men began to adopt the semi-nomadic life of the Metis and to take part in buffalo hunting, finding the adventurous life much to their liking.

The Northwest Company was taking too much food out of the country while the legal settlers went hungry, it was charged. Early in 1814 an embargo was placed against removing provisions—meaning pemmican—from the area. The Company refused to comply, whereupon Governor MacDonnell, acting for the colony, seized 600 bags of pemmican and the "pemmican war" began.

Trouble of this type was what the Hudson's Bay Company had been hoping for, and in 1821, under official Commonwealth pressure, hostilities ended with the merger of the two rival companies, under the name of Hudson's Bay Company. Within ten years the population in the Red River Valley had grown from 300 to 2,400. By 1843 the total numbers had passed 5,000, and this figure was nearly doubled before the end of the decade.

A few older members tried to farm; the main activity, however, continued to be the production of pemmican. Intermarriage with the Indians, and ten years of the free, roving life of the Plains hunter, had rendered agriculture distasteful to the younger Scots. Thus a large majority of the people forming the settlement followed the chase, presenting the anomoly of a sedentary community subsisting by pursuits common to a nomadic life.

METHODS of the hunt were similar to those in use many years earlier. Regiments of buffalo runners, with a large following of retainers and impedimenta, swept over the plains twice a year, bearing wholesale slaughter and destruction to its shaggy herds. Two hunts were sufficient to maintain the colony in plenty, and even in comparative luxury, for the remainder of the year.

The summer hunters started around the first of June and remained on the Plains until the beginning of August. They then returned to the settlements for a short time to trade the pemmican they had prepared. The autumn hunters remained on the prairie from August until the end of October or early November. Along with pemmican, they brought back great quantities of fresh meat, taking advantage of the cooler temperatures.

The encampment for the fall hunt of 1840 numbered 1,630 persons. On the way to the hunting grounds no attention was paid to small bands of buffalo and no shooting was permitted. The expedition, consisting of a train of carts carrying equipment and supplies, progressed toward the rendezvous site in an orderly manner and under the strict control of the captain of the hunt.

Dancing, singing, horse-racing, and gambling characterized the rendezvous camp. With intelligence that the big migration was on the move, families were left behind at the central camp and only the hunters moved forward. When the main herd was sighted, about 400 huntsmen mounted and readied themselves for the starting signal. Usually it was possible to move within 400 to 500 yards of the herd before the buffaloes started to

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take flight. Then, for an hour or more, it was a matter of fast and skillful running and shooting. Hunters with the swiftest and best trained horses frequently would bring down ten or twelve animals; those with ordinary mounts would average three or four.

The mounted hunters were armed with flintlock, muzzle-loading muskets. A powder horn with a large vent, from which the stopper had been removed before the hunt, hung from the shoulder. The hunter's mouth was filled with musket balls, When a shot had been delivered, the hammer and pan-cover of the gun were quickly drawn back, the muzzle elevated, the powder horn inserted and its contents permitted to run freely into the barrel, after which the horn was dropped and allowed to fall into holster position at the hunter's side.

The muzzle of the gun was now drawn to the hunter's lips, a salivated bullet was virtually spit into it, and the rider was ready for another victim. All this was accomplished with the horse racing at top speed. By keeping the muzzle of the gun elevated and only depressing it at the instant of firing, the charge remained in place.

In the hunt of 1840, 2,500 buffaloes were killed. The process of skinning and cutting meat was started immediately and lasted until nightfall. What remained after dark fell to the wolves. Obviously the waste was tremendous. This expedition made only 375 bags of pemmican and 240 bales of dried meat from the kill described. Seven hundred animals should have provided that amount. In the making of pemmican, using only the lean meat, one buffalo could produce a ninety-pound bag of the processed food.

Only fragmentary information can be provided about the size and extent of these hunting expeditions. In 1820, 540 buffalo carts took part, and in 1830, 820 were listed. From 1821 through 1840 a total of more than 650,000 buffaloes were killed. After 1844 and up to 1851, buffalo hides entered the picture and many of the animals were killed for their hides alone. No large herds were left in Canada after 1847, and commercial hunting was virtually over.

In earlier years pemmican was bartered for on an open market. By 1840 the Hudson's Bay Company had established the price at two pence a pound. Even at this price, hunters made as much as farmers of the area received for a whole season's work in the fields.

The fur empire of the far Northwest had been based upon cheap provisions. By the late 1840s pemmican was becoming so scarce that the price had gone up to one shilling three pence a pound. This latter price was prohibitive, and it marked the twilight of the fur baron's domain. The passing of pemmican more than any other factor, brought an end to an empire that had reigned supreme in the Canadian Northwest during the first half of the 19th Century.

The Deadly Reata

(Continued from page 39)

so scatter the people. Several times a serenade party, singing and playing by moonlight, was suddenly broken up by two or three grizzlies trotting down the hill into the street.

"Then the gay *caballeros* with their guitars would spring over the adobe walls and run for their horses, which always stood saddled, with a reata coiled, ready for use, at the saddle bow. It was the custom in every family to keep saddled horses in easy reach, day and night."

During the Mexican War, James Hobbs, who had been trading and collecting bounties on scalps in Chihuahua and who later wrote a book entitled *Wild Life in the Far West*, made a report on the Mexican forces opposed to Doniphan, who, with his motley army, was about to capture Chihuahua City. According to Hobbs, many of the Mexican soldiers had no lances or guns and "expected to fight by throwing the lasso, the only mode of warfare with which they were acquainted." Shortly after making his report, Hobbs saw a vaquero lasso an Indian, jerk him off his horse, and drag him three hundred yards. The Indian still wasn't dead and had to be finished off by hand.

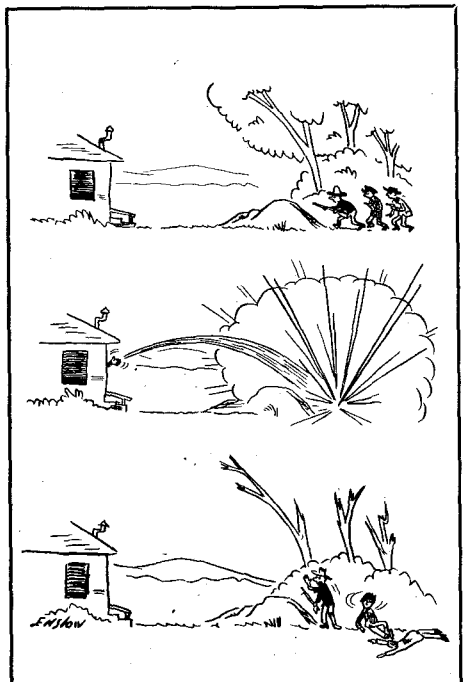
Immediately preceding the Mexican War, Waddy Thompson was minister plenipotentiary from the United States to Mexico. In his *Recollections* he tells of a discussion with a Mexican army officer over infantry versus cavalry. Waddy Thompson held that a well-disciplined and well-armed square of infantry was impregnable to cavalry. That might be true for most cavalry forces, the Mexican officer replied, but not for Mexican cavalry.

He said that, armed with the lasso, Mexican cavalrymen could ride up to a square of infantrymen, rope them, drag them out of line, and thus open a breach. The trouble with his theory was that a bullet can bring finality to its target with a speed impossible to any roper.

The Mexican officer's idea reminds me of a piece of lore from De Quincey. He wrote that in the 18th Century "kicking was a maneuver regularly taught to Austrian cavalry as a ready way of opening the doors of cottages."

THE FACT remains that during the Mexican War there were numerous instances of lassoing Americans by Mexicans. I shall quote only one authority, S. Compton Smith, a surgeon with General Taylor's army, who wrote a diverting book entitled *Chili. con Carne*. The following passage is from that source.

"While we were in possession of the city of Saltillo, it was absolutely dangerous for an individual, or even small



"Come on out, Willie. We know you're in there!"

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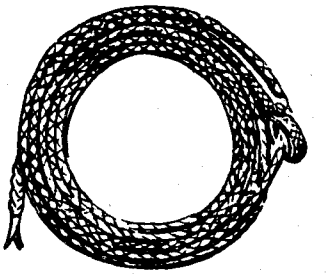

Reata

parties of three or four persons, to visit the outskirts of the town, as they were liable to be knifed or lassoed. . . . After the battle of Buena Vista, assassinations by means of the lasso became so frequent that General Wool issued an order permitting soldiers to shoot down any Mexican found within the limits of the city with a lasso attached to his saddle-bow.

"This order, however, was soon rescinded, as our men often revenged themselves by shooting down all such as they had a reason to suspect"—which means anybody they did not like—"and legalizing the killing by leaving a lasso on the dead man's person."

When the Mexican Revolution of 1910 overthrew Don Porfirio Diaz, one of his old generals named Matias Cantu retired in exile to a ranchito near McAllen, Texas. There my friend, Victor Lieb, used to get him to talk.

General Cantu was twelve years old when he entered his first battle. That was on May 5, 1862, at Puebla, where the Mexicans overcame the French, associated with Spanish royalists. The date of that victory remains one of the main Mexican holidays—Cinco de Mayo.

Just before the battle, as old Cantu loved to tell, his general made a speech to the soldiers, many of them mere boys. "My men," he said, "a few of you have guns. Some have machetes. Our people have no arms or ammunition to give you. You are going against trained soldiers well armed. There is one weapon that nearly all of you are trained to use. That is the reata. And you have your reatas. Use them. Charge!"

At the word, the vaqueros and other paisanos charged. They roped Frenchmen and Spaniards and dragged them to death.

Some had, no doubt, had practice at that sort of thing. While on his way across Mexico to California gold in 1949, A. C. Ferris encountered a company of highly ornamented "rangers, or lancers" soon after they had hanged three dead bullet-riddled robbers. Despite other arms, "their favorite method of attack," according to Ferris, "was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him."

At a date when English-speaking plainsmen were still snaring mustangs with a loop attached to one end of a long pole, certain tribesmen of the West had learned—from Mexicans—to swing the loop and cast it over the head of a running mustang. Indian use of the reata as a weapon, however, never became common. Captain John G. Bourke gives in his rich and noble book, *On the Border with Crook,* the only instance with which I am familiar.

At Tucson in the '70s he saw "a poor wretch," a Mexican, who had "lost all the brain he ever had through fright in an Apache ambuscade." He thought he had escaped "until he heard the swish and felt the pull of the noose of a lariat which a young Apache hiding behind a sagebrush had dexterously thrown across his shoulders.

"The Mexican drew his ever-ready knife, slashed the rawhide rope in two, and away he flew on the road to Tucson, never ceasing to spur his mule until both of them arrived, trembling, covered with dust and lather, and scared out of their wits, and half-dead, within sight of the green cottonwoods on the banks of the Santa Cruz."

I have heard and read that in the early days, Mexican vaqueros in the lower border country of Texas fought duels with reatas, but no particularized account of such a duel has come my way. Just as the rider of a good horse derives from him vitality and a sense of liveness not to be derived by any driver from any automobile, I imagine that an expert roper who enjoyed killing would get more satisfaction out of lassoing a human victim than out of merely shooting him.

The only pleasure any cowboy ever got out of killing a beef was in roping him first. According to tradition, Joaquin Murieta, the daring bandit of California, was so expert with the reata and took so much pleasure in using it that "many of the men he killed he first lassoed and dragged from their saddles."

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Seems like when we get them in the hands of a new person, we've got another reader—so this help from you would be a terrific boost!

Battle of the Mighty Three

(Continued from page 28)

Frank Grouard to summon help from General Crook and the infantry. He also ordered Major North and the Pawnees to destroy the Cheyenne village, but by this time the village had been pretty well plundered by the troops and Indian scouts. Conclusive evidence was found, however, that the Cheyennes had a prominent part in the battles of the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud.

Found were a 7th Cavalry silk guidon, guard roster roll of Co. G, cavalry horses branded U. S. and 7 C, saddles, canteens, nosebags, curry combs, company rosters,

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shovels and axes—all marked with the company of the 7th, to which they had belonged. An officer's blue mackintosh and cape and a buckskin jacket believed to have been the property of Captain Tom Custer were among the spoils.

Also found was the hat of William Allen, Co. I, 3rd Cavalry, killed at the Rosebud. A Shoshone scalp, two necklaces of Shoshone fingers, and a bag containing the right hands of Shoshone babies were turned over to the wailing Shoshone scouts. These gruesome mementoes were the result of a recent Shoshone village's destruction by the Cheyennes under Dull Knife. The dances held the previous night had been in celebration of that victory.

Pawnees, under the direction of the North brothers, started dismantling camp. However, the complete demolition later claimed was probably physically impossible. There were tons upon tons of cured meat, blankets, buffalo robes, many metal tools and weapons. There wasn't enough firewood to provide complete destruction, but enough supplies were ruined to force the Cheyennes onto the reservation, as normal village life could no longer be sustained.

The Norths paused in the destruction of the village for a late evening meal. For old hands on the frontier, they made a very bad mistake—they sat between the fire and the long range Cheyenne sharpshooter. His first shot killed a mule on the other side of the fire from them. They remained sitting on their log, believing it to be either a lucky or a stray shot. The second shot of the Cheyenne knocked a quart cup of coffee off the log between them. Convinced now, they scooted for cover, out of the firelight. This was said to have been the last shot of the day, for the Cheyennes.

There were frequent false alarms and flurries of shots during the night by the troops, who spent very little time sleeping. It was decided that night to abandon the field. Care was needed for the wounded and the raw recruits had expended too many rounds of ammunition. It had grown much colder and had started to snow. The Cheyennes in the parley that afternoon had said they were summoning help from a nearby camp of Sioux. If this meant Crazy Horse and he arrived before the infantry reinforcements, it was curtains for Mackenzie and his men.

The next day, Cheyenne travois and lodge poles converted to travois, were used to transport the white wounded back to the Crazy Woman camp. The Pawnees loaded 100 of the 700 captured horses with the choicest salvage of the camp. As the expedition set out for the base camp, Indians could be seen returning to their village from all directions.

THOSE WHO have written of the battle attest to the fighting ability of the Cheyennes. One said that the only gains made by the whites were in the first surprise attack of the morning—after that, they couldn't drive the Cheyennes an inch.

Another stated that if the troops had not had the advantage of surprise, the Cheyennes could have set a trap that would have created another Little Big Horn, or if the numbers of the troops had been less, it would have been another Fetterman massacre.

Some of these writers seemed relieved that there was no investigation of the battle as there had been in the Reynolds attack on a Cheyenne village the previous spring. So it would seem that while all of them proclaimed a victory by the troops, there was an undercurrent of doubt, considering the almost two to one odds in favor of the soldiers and their Indian allies.

Loss to both sides was comparatively light compared to the length of action, number of combatants involved, and the thousands upon thousands of shots fired. After the first thirty minutes of close fighting, the major action was at long range. As at the battle of the Rosebud, this was a fight of move and countermove for position, without a serious mistake on either side.

The Indians had taken one calculated risk at the beginning of the battle at the gulch, protecting the retreat of their families. If either of the opposing forces had made a careless move, it would have been very costly in men killed and wounded. The error by Lieutenant McKinney furnished ample proof of this.

Loss to the troops was universally stated to be one officer and six men killed and twenty-six wounded. Of the latter, several died on the return trip to the Crazy Woman Camp. The Cheyenne loss was variously stated to be between twenty and forty, most of whom were killed at the ravine.

The various statements and comparisons of losses seems to be typical of army reports on engagements. It may not have been the case in this particular battle, but reports of dead and wounded in other reports were full of gimmicks. Unless someone could verify the actual sight of a man killed in battle, he could be carried as a deserter. Down among the list of wounded, sometimes, there could be found those listed as mortally wounded. In regard to Indians killed, women and children would be listed among the total number of casualties, as there was no distinction between them and the warriors killed.

While Generals Crook and Mackenzie were impressive in campaigns during the Civil War and against the Indians of the Southwest, neither of them were as successful in their campaigns against the northern tribes.

The end result of the battle on the Red Fork was that the Cheyennes came in to the reservation—not because they had been defeated but because their supplies had been so reduced that the remaining alternative was starvation.

"Little Bird," Arapahoe
Museum of the American Indian

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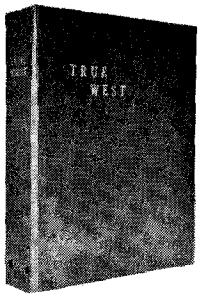

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 41)

the pile to one side, and leave it lying absolutely unguarded while they headed their animals down to the corrals for water and feed.

"Often they would consign this gold to destinations in San Francisco by ship captains, or members of the ship's crew, or passengers, never bothering to ask for a receipt or anything."

And John said he couldn't recall any instance when the trust was misplaced.

"The packers were busy fellows in those days. They brought gold from the mines to Scottsburg, and returned with provisions, mining equipment and supplies of all kinds. They could carry anything."

Charley Walker was said to have packed a billiard table on one trip—and delivered it in Jacksonville in perfect condition.

ONE DAY a fellow whose appearance marked him as "an Eastern man" strolled into the store, identified himself as a postal inspector and asked to see the records.

Hedden always spoke sparingly and wasted no words on this occasion.

"Get to work," was his laconic reply.

The inspector got busy, delved into all the affairs of the office, counted the stamps and cash and, after laborious effort, came over where John was weighing out merchandise to miners.

There was a deficit, the inspector told him, and it would have to be made good.

John reached in behind some goods and pulled out a tobacco box filled with "dust." Picking up a handful he asked, "How much?"

"Well, twenty-three cents is the exact amount," the man replied.

Shoving the box of dust toward the federal agent, Hedden said, "There's about $6,000 worth of gold in there. Take out enough to make up the shortage. I don't want Uncle Sam being broke on my account."

John Heddon was just as straight to the point when he was seventy years old. His daughter, Emma, was along when he proved it.

"We were standing behind our car which was on a ferry. The car slid back and Mother fell into the river into twenty-two feet of water. The car poised on the very edge of the ferry. No one seemed to know what to do. The ferry boy stood as if he were glued.

"But Dad was there. He hadn't been swimming for thirty-five years but he hopped right in and went right down and when he came up, he had Mother by the neck and his hat was still on his head. He swam all the way to the shore with Mother before she knew who had rescued her!"

High Rock Canyon

(Continued from page 24)

We eventually located other emigrant names along the base of the wall some seventy-five yards west of the fortification. These were not chiseled as the first inscription had been, but were painted on the cliff face (possibly with axle grease and pine soot, which was sometimes used for this purpose). Due to the weathering of many years they were barely legible and we were able to read only four inscriptions, all carrying dates in 1852.

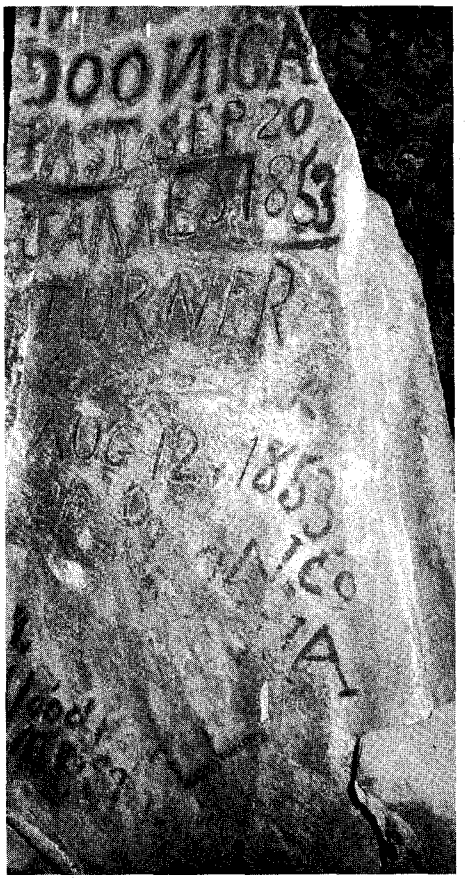
Nearby we also found the entrance to a cave, almost cellar-like in its nature. When we had lowered ourselves through its mouth and our eyes had become accustomed to the semidarkness, we found several more names painted on the walls and on a rock slab that had fallen from the ceiling. On this slab appeared the lettering:

PATRICK DOONIGA
Past Sep. 20, 1853

and below this,

JAMES TURNER
Camped here, Aug. 12, 1853.
of ---gon Co.

At the bottom of the slab were the names "Woodman" and "d. Mest," and the Masonic insignia of square and compass. Earlier names and dates appearing on the walls of the cave were so faded we found it impossible to decipher them, even with the aid of pocket flashlights.



Emigrant names on rock in cave.

We decided to make camp at the breastworks—as so many emigrants had done in years gone by. That evening I was delighted to find an ox shoe! Finding an ox shoe anywhere is a rare experience, but to find one in High Rock Canyon was, for me, the perfect end to a perfect day.

Next morning we went on up the canyon. About a half-mile above our camp the gorge widened briefly into a circular valley, covered with blue iris, wild roses, and green meadow grass. Spreading away on either side were dry flats where sagebrush grew as much as ten feet in height, with gnarled trunks a foot through. In the canyon walls encircling this small valley were numerous caves and shelters formed by overhanging ledges whose ceilings were heavily blackened by smoke. On the dusty floor of one such dwelling, I picked up a beautifully-shaped arrowpoint chipped from black obsidian. Chippings of agate, chalcedony, jasper and obsidian were scattered over the ground in profusion. Cattle bones were numerous, too—but whether these were bones of exhausted emigrant oxen seemed a question best left to fancy.

OCCASIONALLY WE took leave of the main canyon to explore side gorges, invariably so rough that we found it impossible to penetrate any of them for more than a few hundred yards. Some, such as Mahogany Canyon, which intersects High Rock from the south, carried small streams of cold, pure water, and niches in the moist walls held tiny hanging gardens of ferns and delicate flowers. Higher on the sheer rock walls yellow lichens spread a pale banner.

Due to the perpendicular walls that characterized much of the main canyon, we found it impossible to know which particular section Isaac Foote Hale had compared to "Pine Street, in New York," but many times that day we had reason to recall Fremont's description of High Rock, as given in his *Pacific Railroad Report*.

"On both sides the mountain showed often stupendous and curious-looking rocks . . . ," he had written on the night of December 30, 1843. "It was a singular place to travel through—shut up in the earth, a sort of chasm, the little strip of grass under our feet, the rough walls of bare rock on either hand, and the narrow strip of sky above. . . ."

The following morning we drove back to the entrance of the canyon and down to High Rock Lake—a small sink that captures the runoff water from both Big and Little High Rocks. Due to scant rainfall, this lake had gone dry a couple of years before, and since that time had grown up to a solid carpet of dwarf yellow primroses—one of the favorite foods of the pronghorn antelope. Scattered over the sage-grown flats surrounding the lake are millions of arrow flints, chiefly obsidian, quartz, and agate, and a couple of hours' searching yielded seven nice arrowpoints.

From High Rock Lake we turned north a couple of miles, rejoined the old emigrant road, and followed a rocky, sandy course to the top of a low rise. What a vast expanse of country! To the east lay the Black Rock range, to the north we could glimpse a small smudge of green that we knew to be Soldier Meadows, and off to the south—barely visible from this point—spread the titanic majesty of Black Rock Desert.

Still creeping along the deep ruts of the old trail, we started down the rocky six-mile grade up which thousands of ox-drawn wagons had carried their anxious passengers. No one realized more than we how much those settlers' lives had depended on High Rock Canyon.

In Memoriam

DR. WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

It is with great sadness that we announce the death of Western Publications' great friend and strongest supporter, on March 8, 1963. Due to a press deadline, further details have necessarily been postponed until our next issues.

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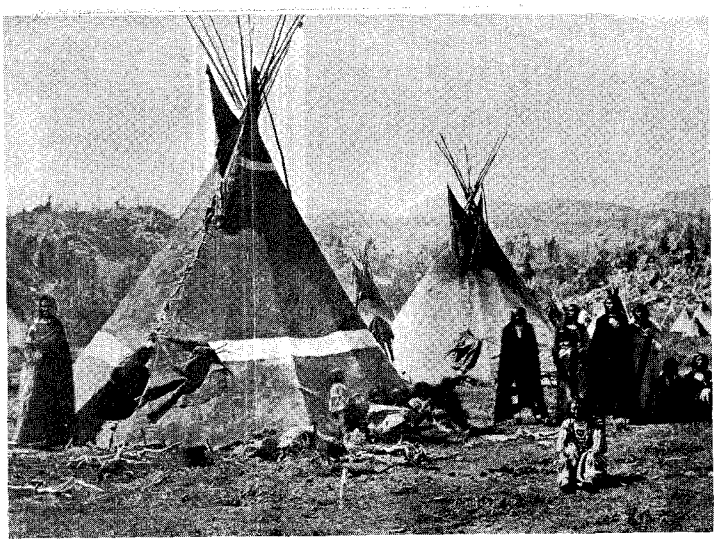

Left, war chiefs' tent, Shoshone Indians. Above, Chief Iron Crowe. Right, Washakie, chief of Shoshones. (Union Pacific Railroad photos)

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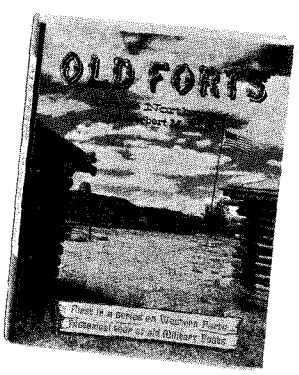

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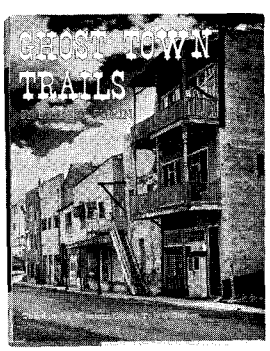

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